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FRANÇOIS FLAMENG IN HIS STUDIO

## Flameng—Interpreter of Beauty

A FRENCH BRUSH-POET WHO HAS TURNED FROM THE HORRORS OF WAR TO DEPICT THE SOULS OF RAVISHING FEMININE LOVELINESS

By Vance Thompson

**I**T was in the artist's studio one afternoon—a room high windowed and vast. On the easel was an unfinished portrait. I recognized the model—the milky face beneath the masses of wheat-colored hair, the eyes blue and equivocal as those of Botticelli's "Venus." This woman, one of our most beautiful contemporaries, is a heroine—a veritable and manifest heroine of love. Her way of life has been a series of journeys to the marriage-altar. And in the beautiful face, in the somber sapphire-colored eyes, you could read the stations of her pilgrimages.

"It's uncanny to have a power like that," I said to the painter.

M. Flameng is a soldierly, upstanding man, with mustaches *en croc*. His manner is forthcoming and frank. You had never suspected him of these subtleties—of being a sifter of souls. Yet there stands the portrait which demonstrates that nothing mysterious and intellectual escapes him. He has painted a beautiful woman—a saffron-haired woman with blue eyes—but he has painted more than that; he has painted—it may be that the model was an obscure accomplice in the work—all her compelling charm and an unreticent avowal of her pilgrimages. This is something; it is much; indeed it is the portraitist's

all—this art of laying upon canvas the profound personality of what might be merely the subject of a pretty picture.

How many women has he painted? That were hard to say.

I remember one of his illuminative phrases, "Even the ordinary woman is a thousand times better worth while than the ordinary man." After a moment he added thoughtfully, "But are women ever ordinary?" And found no answer ready.

François Flameng was born in Paris in 1856, was born in an artist's studio; naturally enough he never conceived that any way of life save that of the artist was possible. Because his father was that great engraver, Léopold Flameng, he studied, first, engraving; but by the time he was twenty he was known as a painter. The story of his life? It is so uneventful, so banal, so quotidian that were he not a great artist you might casually say he never existed.

Born in a studio, he has lived in a studio. He got his Latin and Greek at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand. There one afternoon he was at play with his fellows when a bombshell exploded in the courtyard. It was the first visiting-card the Prussians tossed into Paris. He was but fourteen years of age, but he ran away and tried to enlist. He was accepted in the ambulance corps and served there until Paris fell—upon which occasion he saw seven children killed under the window of his father's house in Montparnasse.

Driven out of Paris by the Commune, he went to Brussels and studied with Constantin Meunier. In 1872 he entered the studio of Cabanel, that great artist. Withal he made strong and brilliant studies at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. And so, save for much travel hither and yon, and the painting of many notable and important pictures—save for love and marriage, friendship and good digestion—I have narrated the biography of François Flameng, painter. After all, that is what he is—a painter of brave and beautiful pictures, a painter *et preterea nihil*.

His art-work falls apart into three chief segments—his historical pictures, his decoration, his portraiture. I do not know where those earliest historical paintings are now; there was a "Barbarossa at the Tomb of Charles V" and "The Girondins Summoned," for which he was given a medal and a *prix du Salon*. Flameng was twenty-three years of age when this award came to him. So he set out for Italy. (That is the apex of

life—to be twenty-three, to have painted your "Appel des Girondins," and to set out for Italy—for Assisi, Perugia, Florence!) Every twelvemonth since that sacred year 1879 he has gone back to Italy. Other lands he has visited, Spain, Hungary, England, but always Italy calls to him. There is something occult about the spell Italy lays upon one. The wine is bad, the women are unlovely, the music is sallow and scraggy, and yet he who has once dwelt in Italy is haunted evermore by her indefinable charm. Like Flameng.

Home again in Paris he painted the pictures that you know—bloody scenes of the Revolution, scenes Napoleonic, imperial. Here first the sure artist revealed himself. Flameng's road to Damascus was the highway which leads from Montenotte to Waterloo. That "Waterloo" of his you know. I dare say a copy of it hangs in your wainscoted room. There were, as I have intimated, preliminary pictures in which he recorded the grim story of the first Revolution. Of necessity these subjects are monstrous and terrible—episodes of death: of suicide, of murder; the death-march to the scaffold, bleeding heads tossed to the mob, as worms are thrown to an ant-heap; the massacre of helpless men and women; the "Conquerors of the Bastile" and "Marie Antoinette on her way to the Scaffold." Flameng has painted it all. Now for one hundred and sixteen years history has lied about that upheaval of things. The important thing is not that Flameng has painted the French Revolution that way; what is of interest here is the fact that he has painted it with astonishing facility of arrangement, with noteworthy science of composition, with surety of drawing, with colorful verity. Then come hussar and trooper and grenadier; then come the Napoleonic series.

Do you know that wonderful Napoleon, seated in his garret of Auxonne, meditating in front of the portrait of Paoli? And that other Napoleon of Isola Bella, listening to the singing prima donna? Napoleon as general, as consul, as emperor—at Malmaison, at Saint-Cloud, where he lifts high the little king of Rome, at Fontainebleau?

And the wild charge of Waterloo!

But you know that picture. All the world knows it now. It dates from the Salon of 1898. What it shows is the final charge when the cavalry of France flung itself in bloody foam against the red line of fighting Scots and Irishmen.



*From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.*

MME. JEAN DE RESZKE

These things will not get themselves forgotten in your day or in mine. The boy who knew the red year of the downfall of France re-created for a sad generation a little of the glory and triumph of days long dead.

And it was notably done; and well.

When next you are in Paris go to the quarter of the schools, which lies just across the somber and impure Seine. There is the Sorbonne; and there you may see, in the

mighty staircase, nine great decorative panels by François Flameng. So long ago as 1884 he had done something that way. You who are fortunate dwellers in New York may see in the Grolier Club his "Grolier, at Venice, in the Aldine workshop," with its grave and delicate understanding of the men of the sixteenth century and the haunting glimpse of the luminous city. The Sorbonne offered a wider field—from the twelfth century to

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the nineteenth, from Abelard to Renan. There is the Prior Jean Heynbin installing the first printing-press; an admirable *decor*, dignified, strong, rare in its sobriety. It would be pleasant to play at guide, going from one to another of these vast panels, discussing masterpieces. Here is "Richelieu laying the first stone of the Sorbonne," and this, at all events, may not be lightly disregarded. You know how the old official painter would have treated this subject—how lordly Richelieu had loomed up in the picture, dominant, gigantic. Possibly Flameng had seen some such ceremony. Indeed that is evident. Here is no towering cardinal. You have to search the panel to find him. Then you see him, far off and little, standing among his marshals and ecclesiastics; a huge scaffolding, groups of masons and carpenters, occupy the foreground. What has the cardinal to do there? Even the architect, with his plans under his arm, is hustled aside. All this is admirably real; and future his torians of art will write down François Flameng as one who battered down many of the absurd formulas of the old-time official painter of things official.

Thus, in his way, he has made for righteousness. Righteousness and democracy, for unquestionably it was in an exuberance of democratic feeling that he belittled the proud cardinal and gave the foreground of his picture to

sweaty mechanics and to the swarming proletariat. Honest democracy; you are not to set François Flameng down as a demagogue of art—anything but that! The other kind is the abomination of desolation. Go into one of the public buildings—say, the Mairie of La Vilette, a popular quarter. The decorative paintings represent Saint Martin's Canal, or a view of the fortifications, littered with empty wine-bottles, sardine-tins, greasy papers. The art of the people? Yes, this is the art of the people. It is the official art made for the workingmen by the French government—which is, by the way, as foolish a government as ever democracy bred. Do you think the workingman wants that sort of thing? He is not yet so barren of the ideal. Indeed he is the last great lover of noble sentiments, beautiful phrases, heroic virtues. It is in his theaters that the high-minded drama has found its last place of refuge. He does not read the dirty books of the Zolas and kindred malodorous realists. He reads the stories of love and fair romance. He is the last man to take the realistic painting of sardine-boxes and greasy papers for great art. Official French art is a base and dreary thing. That is why infinite credit should go to such a master of decorative art as Flameng. His decorative painting is rich and sane and splendid. So good the work is, so useful, so sincere, so able, you wonder



From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

MARGUERITE FLAMENG, THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER



HER MAJESTY, QUEEN ALEXANDRA OF ENGLAND

## My Way of Work

why in latter years he has turned away from it to depict the forms of pretty women.

The reason I know.

One day, in order that his destiny might be fulfilled, Flameng came upon an old engraving. He himself had made it in the long ago. In fact, the year was 1872, and Flameng was sixteen. It was an original engraving, made after his own drawing—the portrait of a man.

Portraiture—its call was instant and implacable. He had swung round the circle. He had reached the point of new beginning. If you have seen his portrait of Her Serene Highness the Princess Youssopoff, or that of the Queen of England—she is the only living excuse for monarchy—or that confidential portrait of the Grand Duchess Vladimir, you will not wonder why he has chosen this way to immortality.

How he paints men and women—the

secrets of his laboratory of art—he tells you in these pages.

John S. Sargent, that formidable man of genius, complained in a bitter moment that he was weary of painting the stagnant women of an overfed civilization. How happier has been the fate of François Flameng, painter. Blithe girls laugh from his canvases; great ladies look glowingly forth—queens with crowns upon their heads and blazing stars of empire on their breasts have posed for him in dignified attire.

Once, too, there came to him a woman with wheat-colored hair and eyes like gloomy sapphires. In his studio, high windowed and vast, in the Rue Ampère, that portrait stands now upon the easel.

Once upon a time the high gods permitted Paul of Verona to be himself—*ipsissimus*; just such a blonde woman he painted and became immortal.

## My Way of Work—By François Flameng

IT is always rather difficult to speak of oneself. One generally risks appearing too modest or else too conscious of one's own merits. However, as you insist upon it, I will take the liberty to submit to your readers a few observations on painting. I trust they will prove interesting and, at least, helpful for the education of my young colleagues.

The farther I advance in my career the more the art of portrait-painting seems to me to be absorbing, almost bewitching. Directly one adopts it, it seems to be superior to all other branches of painting, and one is "caught" by it as though by a piece of machinery from which it is almost impossible to disentangle oneself. Its difficulties are so great that all other things seem to you to be less interesting. There is a perpetual battle with the model, a constantly renewed struggle to grasp the model's personality in order to convey a suitable gesture, a familiar attitude, in order to produce the charm peculiar to each individual, for all human beings, even those least favored by nature, possess beauty, the beauty of an instant, and generally revealed to the artist too late, when his work is finished.

For each portrait it is necessary to invent a new arrangement, a mode of execution, a

style of painting which is suitable to the temperament of the model, so as to reflect, as exactly as possible, the notion of his or her moral and physical personality. Painting a portrait is like composing an air on a set theme, a theme not chosen by the composer. This complication renders the work of a portrait-painter particularly absorbing.

I have always thought that portraits ought to be arranged as pictures. This was the idea carried out by the painters of bygone times, from the Venetians to the artists of the beginning of the nineteenth century. Titian, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Hals, Van Dyck, and the French and English masters of the eighteenth century followed this method. Fashions and the style of hairdressing often change, making the resemblance of women's portraits of very short duration; after a few years the most sincere and most exact likeness is nothing more than a souvenir. It should therefore remain, at that period, a picture that is pleasant to look upon, a work of art that one would purchase to adorn the wall of a drawing-room, even if it were not the representation of one's own image. These researches for inventions complicate the task infinitely, but, at the same time, they extend the scope of combina-

tions. One can, it is true, produce a masterpiece by detaching a figure on a plain background, and in many cases a picture portrait would seem inappropriate—for instance, in the case of modest persons, who live a simple and retired life. But in such cases it is necessary that the beauty of the painter's art shall be impeccable and the rendering of the model absolutely sincere. In reality all methods are good, and every painter is right if he can give a beautiful and lasting form to his ideal.

For many years portraits have succeeded portraits in my studio, and my experience increases daily, not only in the practice of my art, but also in the social part of my task—the manner of obtaining a pose, of interesting the model and making the sittings agreeable. To make models pose properly requires quite a fund of diplomacy; one must rapidly learn their tastes and habits, what they like or dislike, what topics will put them in a good humor and make them remain in one position for a long time without noticing the fact, remaining quite natural without preparation, without effort. It is indispensable to inspire models with confidence, to put them at their ease, to make them the artist's assistants by exciting their interest in the progress of the work, by asking their advice (without following it if it seems bad), by associating them with the artist's efforts in order to produce works that please them and that approximately realize their ideal. It is necessary not to forget that an artist should produce a work as he conceives it, without weakness and without compromise. It is also necessary that the work shall please not only the person whose likeness it represents, but also his or her friends and acquaintances—a much more delicate and difficult matter to achieve. The public always wants the same thing of an artist: if he has the misfortune to score a success with a portrait he is condemned to paint



*From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.*

MME. OMER-DECUGIS, THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER AND WIFE OF THE CHAMPION TENNIS-PLAYER OF FRANCE

## My Way of Work

it again and again incessantly. Consequently it is necessary for him to employ all his skill, all his energy, and to resort to ruses of all kinds in order to vary his arrangements, his method of depiction, his style of composition. One

Then the portraitist must gradually make her adopt his views, without contradicting her, without offending her, always admitting she is in the right, but gently causing her to forget the mental image she has previously drawn up of her own portrait.

A portrait-painter should not only be endowed with talent, but should also possess the qualities of a philosopher, of a diplomatist, of an observer, of a psychologist, and be provided with inexhaustible patience—which is certainly not the easiest part of the program. It is indispensable to remain calm before remarks of the most extraordinary nature, to be courteous and at the same time unchangeable in one's views. How many portraits that were begun well have been spoiled simply because the artist wished to please the model!

Many artists will not let their work be seen until it is completed. Practical experience has convinced me of the disadvantage of this method. By showing one's work from its beginning one can avoid much annoyance, for if the portrait has not been shown and does not



*From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.*

PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE

will always encounter resistance to new and original ideas, and if a point of view is imposed on an artist he is bound to produce a work which is either commonplace or a failure. Madame X., an enormous person, has seen the portrait of Madame Z., who is as slender as a thread, and, without saying so to the artist, desires to be portrayed in the same style. Therefore she protests directly she sees the arrangement selected by the artist to render her beauty—if she has any.

please the model when it is finished, the artist generally has to start it all over again. By allowing the work to be seen constantly the portraitist avoids the concluding criticisms that are so painful to an artist. All advice-givers are the artist's natural enemies; their criticisms, which are often contradictory, wound the artist in every fiber and make him feel like a pin-cushion in which pins are stuck all over. When a work is shown from the beginning

the remarks made about it are without gravity; they may, in fact, prove useful and point to the right way. The critics, returning to the studio from time to time, see the progress made on the canvas, become interested in the artist's work, and finally harbor the belief that he owes them the greater share of his success. Thus he transforms them from systematic backbiters into staunch defenders.

It is not easy to work before visitors; many painters find their talent absolutely paralyzed by the presence of strangers in the studio. But it is possible to work in the presence of visitors if one can control one's nerves, and numerous advantages can be derived from their presence. First of all, the model is interested and amused; the artist no longer needs to double his cerebral efforts and to resort to the difficult system of mental gymnastics which consist of thinking of his painting and, at the same time, of carrying on a conversation which must always be animated and amusing, under penalty of seeing the model fall half asleep.

It was only after a long sojourn at the Russian court that I became accustomed to paint in public. The Emperor Alexander III, who to me was kindness and benevolence personified, had commissioned me to paint the portraits of the Empress and the Grand Duchess Xenia, his daughter. I therefore went to St. Petersburg to accomplish this noble and perilous mission and appeared at the Anitchkoff Palace, at ten o'clock in the morning on March 8th, attired in my best black evening coat, for it is forbidden to appear at court without

being attired in this inelegant costume unless your position entitles you to wear another uniform.

The door of the room which was to be my temporary studio was guarded by a



*From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.*

MRS. HENRI LETELLIER

redoubtable mameluke, who seemed to have stepped from a water-color by Carle Vernet. His appearance was far from reassuring, but I quickly regained my calmness, being conscious of the purity of my intentions and fully realizing that my mission was quite inoffensive and pacific. The immense room in which I found myself was tapestried with buttercup satin of a terrible hue that blinded one. On the walls were some pictures, a work of my own and another by my dear

regretted friend, Gérôme; against the walls were some enormous armchairs. In a corner was a canvas on an easel, a beautiful new canvas. A new canvas possesses something charming, virginal, unforeseen. What will develop on its surface—a masterpiece or a horror? Will this large gray square carry your name to posterity, or will it help to diminish your reputation?

I remained deeply moved amid this yellow and gold. The mameluke, at attention near the door, watched my slightest movements, while I placed my canvas in a good light. Oh! the agony of waiting! How long the minutes seemed! How I regretted being there! How I wished I was in the train, rushing at full speed toward dear old Paris! But suddenly a door was opened, and on the threshold appeared the majestic figure of the Emperor Alexander, by his side the empress. Behind them was the Grand Duchess Xenia, whose features I was to portray. Then followed a numerous suite, glittering with gold braid and decorations.

I bowed and suddenly felt my courage return, like a soldier who strengthens up in the face of danger, on hearing the bullets begin to whistle around him.

The emperor, after having introduced all present, said to me, "You may begin!" I then tried to make my young model take an attitude, but without success, for the poor grand duchess, more frightened than myself, did not know what to do. Anticipating what would happen, I had fortunately prepared an arrangement for the portrait, and bravely began to outline something on the canvas, while the illustrious company, standing mute and impassive behind me, watched me work. I felt all those eyes directed upon me, all those glances piercing me, and I wished I were a hundred feet underground. At the end of a quarter of an hour I had sketched something that gave a vague impression of a young girl seated in an armchair. I turned round to ask the empress if this partially shapeless something would satisfy her. With her customary kindly manner she replied, "It's very good," accompanying the words with a movement that almost resembled a slight courtesy. Everybody then withdrew. The next day the empress came alone with her daughter, and thereafter the empress or the hereditary grand duke (now His Majesty Nicholas II) always accompanied the grand duchess.

I saw the empress again in London. Her

sister, the admirable and charming Queen Alexandra—a fairy-tale queen, graciousness itself become a sovereign—was by her side, showing her the portrait I had just executed of the queen herself. In this task also I underwent great emotion. How could one render the supernatural beauty, the indefinable charm that makes the Queen of England the most beautiful woman present wherever she goes, notwithstanding the presence of the dazzling English beauties who surround her? Here again, thanks to the indulgence of my model and to the untiring kindness of King Edward, I was able to complete my task successfully.

I will not undertake to explain to you the genesis of a portrait or to initiate you into the secrets of the numerous processes employed to make a work of art. That would be beyond the scope of this article, and might appear obscure and boresome. Besides, there are no infallible rules; each artist makes his own, and a method that gives excellent results to one painter may prove detestable when employed by another. I will simply say to my young brother-artists that it is advisable, whenever possible, to portray people in their own homes, among their usual surroundings and in the light to which they are accustomed. Conventional studio light is too harsh, too crude. Models are not accustomed to be seen in this light, and a portrait that seems to be a good likeness when seen in the studio ceases to resemble the model when it is placed in its permanent position. In an ordinary room the light, filtered through curtains, always comes from underneath. It thus absorbs a part of the shadows and at least softens them, giving an added beauty, a charm that disappears in the harsh light of the studio. An artist can be certain of the effect produced by his work by painting it in the room in which the picture is to be hung. By doing this he can avoid the painful surprises that often await an artist when he sees his picture in its permanent place. Pictures that seem luminous on the somber background of the studio become dull and black on the bright walls of a drawing-room. Further, the model feels at ease when at home, and assumes a customary attitude without effort. He makes familiar gestures and easily surrenders his personality to the artist's observation. He is no longer at the photographer's, before the camera.

After all, those of us to whom generous nature has accorded the artistic gift—a



*From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.*

MISS CLARK, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE C. CLARK, ESQ., OF NEW YORK

genius or simply talent—are the lucky ones of this world. No lot is more enviable than that of the artist, if gentle Fortune permits him to succeed and to have his merits appreciated. As the creator of a work that is the outcome of his own brain, his own imagination, he enjoys a satisfaction that is constantly renewed, for his trade is an art. With a canvas that costs a dollar and colors costing but little more he can create a masterpiece; he can go anywhere he likes without restraint.

His factory, his office, are in his brain, in his heart, at the tips of his skilful fingers, and in a color-box which he can carry under his arm, easily, to the furthermost ends of the earth. He is fortunate when smiling destiny takes him to America, for there he is certain to encounter models who combine English beauty and Parisian elegance, and whose healthy and robust charms often render them beings that are complete, rare, and incomparable.



Drawn by Hermann C. Wall

OH, LITTLE THING, IF YOUR MAMMY HAS TO LEAVE YOU, AND BY ANY CHANCE GETS  
TO HEAVEN, THEY WON'T WANT HER THERE VERY LONG! SHE'LL ALWAYS BE  
LEANING OUT OF A TOP-STORY WINDOW, TRYING TO CATCH SIGHT OF  
HER BABY AS HE GOES OUT FOR HIS WALK

(*"Letters to My Son"*)

# Letters to my Son

*Illustrated by Hermann C. Wall*

**Editor's Note.**—Not often do we think it necessary to express an editorial opinion at the beginning of a story, but we think that in these "Letters to My Son" we have something new—new in idea, in treatment—though old as the everlasting hills in the gripping power of the mother-love they portray. We firmly believe that none of our readers is too old, or too busy, or too cynical to thoroughly enjoy these remarkable "Letters" of a mother to her unborn babe.



## I



LITTLE SON, these letters are for you, so that if I should not live to see you grow up, if I should have to leave you before ever your eyes look at me or your voice cries to me, you will know how much I loved you and longed for you, and will be able to come to them for the comfort I would have given to you if I had lived.

And you will come to them, won't you, just as you would come to me? And they shall comfort you as I would comfort you if I were really there, for indeed I shall always be "really there," sweetheart, even though you may not be able to see me. When you're a baby, and a boy, and a man; when you're good and when you're bad; when you're victorious and when you're defeated, I shall be near you, grieving for you in your sorrow, laughing with you in your joy, teaching you to know your mistakes and helping you to overcome them. You won't be your mother's own son unless you make a good many, and she will be so sorry for the birthday present she has given you that, even if she didn't love you with every breath of her body, common decency would make her share that burden with you.

There will be times, both as a child and as a man, when it will seem as if an end has come to everything and there is not one person on earth who can help. It will not be true, for while life and reason last the

end does not come. But when it happens, laddie, come away to me, and we will talk it out together. We will be foolish together and wise together and, at last, strong together, because when I was in the world it seemed as if there was no furnace that I did not tread, and even though it blistered and seared, it taught me to know all the pain—and all the joy—that the earth holds.

And remember that whatever I tell you will not be "preaching." I speak just as a man would if he were to say, "Friend, the road is rough; take my staff and let it help you." I would help you when you are perplexed or sorrowful, but I know that I cannot live your life for you, and I do not want to. I want you to make your own, and to make it well. But whichever way you make it, I am waiting for you just the same; never forget that.

## II

OH, little thing, if your mammy has to leave you, and by any chance gets to heaven, they won't want her there very long! She'll always be leaning out of a top-story window, trying to catch sight of her baby as he goes out for his walk, or else forgetting to do her singing while she worries about his gaiters being long enough or his vests warm enough. Heaven and earth will have changed places then, and I shall be on the wrong side. But I shall have had you all the beautiful time you were coming.

God bless you, little precious!

It was not for some time that I could make

## Letters to My Son

up my mind to tell Oliver—that is your father, little son—about your coming. After four years it seemed too good to be true, and if it were not true I would not have him disappointed, for, although he never said much, I knew he wanted you very badly. When he said, one morning at breakfast, "I am going to drive over to Hopwood's Farm this morning," I said, "Well, you can drop me at the station on the way"; and I went to town and saw the doctor.

It was as I had thought, but to know it to be true took all my strength away. I wanted no one just then but Nanny, the old Nanny who had washed and dressed and scolded and kissed me ever since I was a little scrap of a *wriggling*, squealing baby—just like you, my precious, and by the time you can read this she will have done the same to you many times, I know. So I got into a dingy old four-wheeler, because it seemed safer, and was trundled round to Seward Street, where Nanny and Miles—Mr. Nanny I used to call him—have their house.

Nanny opened the door for me herself. Miles was busy attending upon the second floor, she explained. Then she led the way into the sitting-room.

"Come in here," she said. "These are

your own rooms by rights, even though some one else has got them now; but he's away." She shut the door and came toward me. "Ye're looking tired, my bairn. What is it?"

I put my hands upon her shoulders, and looked into her kind, old, anxious face.

"Nanny dear," I said, trembling all over, "I'm going to have a baby. It's quite true. The doctor says so!" Then I broke down, it was all so strange and unbelievable; and Nanny's breast was there for me to cry upon, and I was tired.

We never quite get over being babies, no matter how old we grow; you'll find that, manikin. Nanny's arms were around me, and her voice was mumbling tenderesses as she put me on the sofa and took off my hat.

"There, there! Nanny'll find the pins. Don't you bother, my precious." She plumped up the cushions. "Now lie back and rest; that's better. To think of it—my bairn, that I've nursed and smacked, with a bairn of



NANNY'S ARMS WERE AROUND ME, AND HER VOICE WAS MUMBLING TENDERNESSES

her own at last! What a limb he'll be, too! I'm thinking ye'll have to hand 'im over to me right away, or else there'll be no doing anything with 'im. Just a moment now." She went out of the room and came back with a cup of tea. "Drink this, dearie; it'll keep you going till you get some lunch.

And Mr. Nanny shall do you some cutlets his very own self. You don't forget Mr. Nanny's cutlets, do you?" She pulled down the blind, and covered me over; then, when she had petted and coaxed and fussed over me, she said, "Now sleep, my bairn, till I come to you again."

"Nanny," I said, holding on to her hand hard, "you will have your lunch with me?"

"Of course I will, dearie, if you wish it; though what Miles will say to me eating his best cutlets in the best parlor, and him by himself out in the kitchen, I don't know." She laughed at her joke, but her eyes were glistening. Then she bent over me and kissed me. "Ye'll have a *good* rest, won't ye—for the bairnie's sake?" she whispered.

My son, you will never forget to be good to Nanny, will you?

When I got home again it was half-past three, and Oliver had gone out for a ride. I told the maid to tell him when he came in that I had gone up to rest, and would come to the drawing-room for tea. But there was no rest for me. After I had chosen the gown that I knew he liked me in best, I went to my own little den to lie down. That room is just papered with pictures of your father, my precious, and I lay awake looking from one to the other, till at last I had to get up and visit them all in turn, from the fat one in the shell that always makes him wild when he sees it to the one in the leather frame on the mantelpiece, the one he had taken for me the day before we were married.

There was a funny little blur of an Oliver in a long embroidered robe and shoulder-knots; a cross little Oliver in a velvet suit and pearl buttons, with his legs carefully crossed and his head thrown back; a solemn little Oliver in an Eton collar; a fine, young, swaggering Oliver, with a pencil-mark of down upon his lip, sitting astride the horse he had brought in a length ahead of the others at a country race meeting; and the steady-eyed, straight-browed Oliver who is the man of to-day. The one in the shell I call the little bath Oliver, beloved, because he hasn't a stitch on. Don't you ever, if I am not there to protect you, let anyone take you in a shell, no matter *how* beautiful your legs are! It's a shabby trick to play upon a man when he's not able to choose for himself. Just you yell and slip and slither till they lose patience and *have* to dress you like a Christian, or at least like a Christianized heathen. Insist, at any rate, that . . . shall

be a wisp of something behind which you can shelter yourself from a jeering and a heartless posterity. I found the shell portrait one day when I was turning out a drawer in an old bureau. On the back of it was written, "Oliver John T——, aged one month; weight, ten lbs."

"Oh!" I said. "You improper person! Come and look at this."

He was reading the paper by the fire. "What is it?" he asked, in a preoccupied sort of voice; then he looked up and caught sight of the picture. "That beastly thing cropped up again!" he said, quite crossly for him, because he isn't at all a cross person really—as you will have found out by this time for yourself, honey. "I thought I'd torn them all up." He held out his hand for it.

I looked at it hard for a while.

"Give it to me, Madge." He still held out his hand.

But I shook my head. "No," I said, stuffing it into the front of my blouse; "I have another use for it."

"You're not to go showing it round at your tea-parties," he said in a panic.

"You can trust me to do nothing that is unscrupulous," I said mysteriously, and he laughed and went back to his paper.

A week or two later I said, one day after lunch, "I invite you to tea in my boudoir this afternoon."

He made a bow. "It will give me very much pleasure," he said formally; then he looked at me out of the tail of his eye. "I wonder what you are up to now?"

I said nothing. That afternoon, when we had finished our tea, and he was hunting about on the mantelpiece for a match to light his cigarette with, he stopped suddenly.

"Hello, what's that?" he said, pointing to the wall.

"That," I said, "is what I invited you up to see. It is arranged on the principle of the old masterpieces in the Continental cathedrals. Here you have a small brown frame; inside the frame is a curtain hung from a minute steel rod—in reality a knitting-needle. There is a cord attached to the curtain, and secured at the side upon this hook. I detach the cord from the hook, draw the curtains aside, and the masterpiece is exposed to view—so." Oliver stared mutely at the hated photograph, under which were written the words, "My Husband." "Then I pull the *other* end of the cord, and the picture is covered up again till the next

## Letters to My Son

party of tourists have paid their quarters to see it. Neat, is it not?"

"Oh, you little stupid!" he said when at last he had got his breath. "Who rigged it up for you? I'm sure you didn't do it."

"Old Jonas (he is the carpenter, beloved) did all the mechanical part, and I put in the finishing touches, which were the picture and the curtain. I explained exactly what I wanted, and he carried it out well, I think."

He put his arm round my shoulders and stared at the frame, his mouth twitching. "And what are you going to do with it, now you've got it?"

"Nothing; believe me, nothing," I said earnestly.

"I only wanted to complete the collection, and as you seemed sensitive about it I did it in a way least calculated to give you pain. You trust me, don't you?"

"Ab-so-lute-ly," he said, kissing me a lot of times. "You're a miserable little humbug."

And that's the story of your father in the shell, my son.

After I had gone round all the photographs I drew a chair up to the fire and sat listening for the sound of his horse's hoofs. Then it came to me that this was where I would like to tell him—in this little room that had all sorts of sweet memories stored up in it. I rang the bell.

"Tell the master I am here when he comes in, Ellen; and we will have tea here instead of in the drawing-room."

Presently I heard him ride into the yard. Ellen met him on the stairs.

"The mistress is in her own room, sir," I heard her say.

"All right, thank you. I'll have my bath

first. Just turn on the water for me, will you?" He went off to his dressing-room, and in a little while he was singing in his bath. Isn't it odd, sonny, how *all* people, *always*, whether they make a beautiful noise or an ordinary noise or a hideous noise, sing

in their bath? It just seems as if they'd got to. Ever since baths—with taps—began they've done it, and as long as the world—with taps—lasts they'll go on doing it. I'm sure you make an *awful* noise in your bath, now don't you?"

And soon my heart jumped, for I heard him coming along the passage. There was a knock on the door, and then it opened and he looked in.

"Madge, are you here?" He came into the room. I got up and went toward him. He put his arms round me and kissed me.

"I haven't seen you since breakfast. What have you been doing with yourself in town?"

Ellen came in with the tray. He went and sat in the easy chair by the fire, and pulled Trixie's ears as she lay at his feet; she is never far away from either his or his horse's heels.

"I had lunch with old Nanny," I said watching Ellen light the spirit lamp under the kettle.

"Oh! How is she?"

"Very well."

Ellen went out and closed the door behind her. I could hardly wait till she was gone.

"Oliver, I went up to see the doctor," I said quickly.

He turned round sharply in his chair. "There's nothing wrong, surely! Why didn't you tell me? What is it?"



"OH!" I SAID. "YOU IMPROPER PERSON! COME AND LOOK AT THIS"

"No, there is nothing wrong. I went to see him to make sure of something before I told you. I didn't want you to be disappointed."

He sprang out of his chair like a flash. "It is not—?"

I nodded quickly. "Yes; he said I was quite right. It is true."

He stood quite still, his arms down by his sides. "Oh, Margie!" he said at last. And the tea was like ink when we came to drink it.

My little son, if you could have seen your father's face and heard his voice as he said, "Oh, Margie!" you would never hesitate to go to him with all your troubles, great and small.

### III

Such a day as I've had to-day, babykin; spending money all day long. Indeed, if you're not the handsomest man-child that ever lay in a bassinet it won't be the fault of Nanny and me, for we've set all the people working to weave you clothes that will make the fairies feel they must put up their shutters at once and take to road-mending.

Oliver drove me to the station and put me into the train, and Nanny met me with a brougham and Jenks on the box. Jenks used to drive for an uncle a long time ago, when I was a little girl; now he has retired from service and bought a carriage of his own, and he hires it out.

First we went and chose your cot and your basket; they're just the whitest, softest things that ever grew in a shop; and do you know, honey, the cot has got ribbon bows on its ankles! It's too sillyanlovely!

That kept us busy till lunch, when Nanny and I and Jenks and the horse had a rest for a while, and after that we all started out again. I wonder if you'll ever have to shop for a baby? I don't mind telling you you'll have to have a very firm equilibrium not to lose it, if you do. I'll just make a list for you now of a *few* of the things necessary to keep a little crumpled thing that mightn't



HE LOOKED UP AND CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE PICTURE. "THAT BEASTLY THING CROPPED UP AGAIN!" HE SAID

weigh much more than half a dozen pounds happy and warm. There are woven swathes and flannel swathes and night-flannels and day-flannels and nightgowns and daygowns and long slips and embroidered robes and head-squares and flannel squares and bibs and shoes and—I won't tell you any more things, honey, because I'm tired of writing them.

I wouldn't let them send the things from the shops, because I wanted to look at them again before I went to bed, so Nanny stacked them on the seat beside me, and I brought them down in the train. When they were all in the cart, and we were driving home, Oliver said,

"You seem to have brought the best part of town home with you."

I said: "Oh, no; I've brought only a few things; most of them are being made to order, and I am going to make the others myself. These are just some for patterns."

"Good heavens, Margie!" he said. "We'll have to move into the Town Hall if that's the truth."

Honey, I'll tell you a secret. When he lifted me out of the cart he kissed me. No one saw.

There was Jackson at the pony's head and Ellen at the door, and he stole it under their very noses. There was just one second when my face brushed his, and in that second he did it.

Some day, beloved, when you have a woman of your own, she'll tell you, if she's a real one and speaks the truth, that it is these unexpected things that turn an ordinary world into a paradise.

After dinner that night we went to my room, and undid the parcels; and I made Oliver guess what some of the most puzzling things were. It was lovely to see him turning a binder slowly round in his hands, his eyes going from it to me and back again to it helplessly.

"Those are his corsets," I said.

"Corsets!" he repeated bewilderedly.

"Yes; don't you know that all the very newest things, boys and girls both, have to wear corsets till their little insides have learned their proper places?"

"I'm sure I didn't," he said, putting it down and taking up a little wisp of white

## Letters to My Son

stuff. "And what do you call this? It looks like a doll's handkerchief with holes in it."

"I'm sure you did, or you wouldn't be such a nice shape now," I said. "That is a shirt."

He put two fingers through the armholes and looked at it wonderingly. Such a scrap of a thing it was, beloved, with its tiny little lace-edged armholes and its ridiculous little flaps. I watched Oliver.

"Surely nothing ever born could be small enough to go inside that," he said in an awestruck voice. Then a great tenderness seemed to come into his face, and he looked up at me. "The little thing!" he said slowly, and held out his arms to me. I felt a laugh and a sob break in my throat, and I ran to him. Oh, honey!

## IV

I'VE begun my sewing for you, and I keep it in two baskets. Into the one I put all the *pernickety* things, such as the shirts and the tops for the robes and the nightgowns. You see, they take a lot of thinking out and planning and arranging; and to do them well you have to give the whole of your attention to them. There are sleeves no bigger than a good-sized finger-stall, and shoulder-seams quite an inch and a half deep, and neck-places that look like wrist-holes, and wrist-holes that look like nothing. Then, when the bodies have had the sleeves set into them, and the sleeves have had the bands put on to them, and the bands have had the lace whipped round them, you've got to turn the whole thing on its face and make the loops for the buttons! It's no light matter, I can tell you, beloved, because you have to sew it all with stitches no bigger than a fairy's first tooth; and you'll know better than I can tell you what that means! Into the other basket I put all the things with the long seams, and all the time I am sewing I am thinking of you and of what it will be like when you come.

There have been some fine spring days lately, and whenever the sun is shining Ellen carries a chair and the basket with the long seams out onto the little grass-plot where the apple-trees grow; and I sit and sew and dream the whole lovely warm morning through.

I don't think there could be a lovelier spot than this in the world. This morning, as I

sat sewing, a little breeze was ruffling the stream that runs by the garden, and a great white butterfly was making love to a purple iris growing down by the rushes. On the other side of the stream the meadows were gold with buttercups. And every now and then, honey, the breeze would climb up into the apple-tree overhead and whisper something to a blossom, and down would come a soft little fluttering petal as pink as the sole of your foot will be. I heard what the breeze said, although it never knew I did. It thought it was being very cute and quiet, but it wasn't as cute as I was. I listened for it every time, and every time it went by it gave a nudge to the old tree, and said, "Blow him a kiss; go on, blow him a kiss," and down would come the petals, and off would go the breeze, very satisfied with himself. He was a hearty little breeze, beloved, and I liked him extra well because he seemed so fond of you.

And as I sit sewing, all your life opens out before me. I see you a little, tender, helpless thing, lying close in the hollow of my arm; I see you hoisted on your father's shoulder, shouting and beating the top of his head, your little legs twisted round his neck for safety, your limbs as lusty as your lungs. And I sit and watch the two of you come up from the meadows toward me, scarcely daring to believe that such joy could at last be my son.

This morning I was basting a long seam, and before I had done three inches of it you were fifteen years old, and going to bat in your first school game. All the mothers and fathers were going, and it was to be a great day. Do you know, beloved, I couldn't make up my mind which frock to put on! I had them all out on the bed, and as fast as I chose one and got it half on it had to come off again. At last I put on a white linen and a big hat with roses. No one can make a mistake with white, and when you were a baby you were very fond of roses.

Oliver and I drove over in time to get good seats in the little stand. You had gone directly after breakfast; you were a person that day, and you had to be on the ground early, so we didn't see you till you came on the field. Your side had lost the toss; that meant we were not going to see you cover yourself with glory for quite a long time. I'm sure all the boys who went to bat did it very nicely, but I forgot to look at them very often, beloved, because all the time I was



"AND WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS? IT LOOKS LIKE A DOLL'S HANDKERCHIEF  
WITH HOLES IN IT"

watching a little alert body out in the field, and once when you caught a man out I nearly jumped up and clapped my hands, but I knew men didn't like their womenkind to make a fuss, so I kept quite still and said nothing.

Then the other side went out, and yours came in. Although you had not been at bat yet it seemed to me that the ninth inning was being played. You were the fifth man up, and it wasn't long before you came stalking out to the plate, bat in hand, head thrown back, just as your father walks. I sat up straight and clasped my hands in my lap. There were two out and two on base; the other side led by two runs, but that would soon be altered. A home-run—yes, indeed! And the score three to one. You were going to show the pitcher that he could take no liberties with you; *you* were going to punish him, weren't you, my son?

The pitcher looked at the plate, and swung his arm; the ball flew through the air, and your mammy looked to the high fence at the

end of the field. There was a storm of applause, a groan from a boy beside me, and a lull. I looked back to you.

Oh, beloved, you weren't running at all. There you stood, your sturdy legs well braced, still facing the pitcher. Again he threw, and again the crowd yelled and the boy beside me called out, "Hit it!" Honey, I nearly fainted when I realized that two of your chances were gone. Then I saw you throw back your shoulders and poised your bat for the next ball. It came, and I saw you strike, and then a mist came before my eyes. When I could see again you had thrown your bat on the ground and were walking off the field with your head held higher than ever. And you went as if you didn't see anything that was before you. You had struck out.

Nobody knew better than I did what you would have given to be able to cry. And it wouldn't have been cry-babyishness, either. You knew everyone was looking to you, and you felt quite able to do what was expected

## Letters to My Son

of you. Then, when that awful thing happened, it was the sudden shock of it that upset you. It's happened to me, too, honey, in other ways, and I knew why your head was so terribly high as you walked away, and why your smile was so wide when you passed your school captain at the club-house steps, who said, "Never mind, old man; better luck next time." I knew why you went blindly into the first empty bathroom and shut the door and turned on the tap. A fellow couldn't cry because he had "fanned," so he walked like a mace-bearer and smiled like a sick Columbine. But he couldn't have kept it up for longer than just to get through the crowd, and he rushed to hide somewhere till he could pull himself together, and he turned on the tap because he had to do something, and because the sound of the water splashing would keep anyone from hearing the noises that were happening inside his throat.

Do you know, honey, as I imagined it all, a lump came into my throat, and the tears dropped onto the work I was doing. I saw your father sitting up straight beside me, and although the only thing he said was, "He swung too hard," I knew he was minding very badly—for you.

Oh, I couldn't leave it there! I made it a "double-header," and before the second game I made it rain and rain and rain till the field was like a sponge. Then, just as they were wondering if they would have to postpone the game, the sun came out, and the clouds disappeared, and everything was blazing summer again. But I had spoiled the other pitcher's chances. I meant to. I knew he could not pitch a wet ball, and yet, even so, the other side had the same score against you in the ninth inning as they had had before.

Then your side came in. Poor lambs! They could scarcely keep their feet standing, and when it came to run-getting, they were slipping about like a lot of old gentlemen on an ice-slide. They made a brave attempt. There was a man on third and another on first, but you needed three runs—and there were two out.

I know that in an ordinary way that doesn't seem a very big score to wipe out, but you'll understand that with the new pitcher they put in it was a terrible task. Nobody thought your side could do it, and the other side was beginning to get very cocky, and your side was growing very quiet, when you came out.

As you took your place at the plate, a sandy-haired, freckled scrap of a boy next me shouted out, "Go it, young feller," and I saw you square your little shoulders and shake your head as if you were tossing the hair out of your eyes, and then you began.

Oh, beloved! I didn't dare look at you. I just stared into my lap, waiting every minute for the strikes to be called. But as neither your father, on the left of me, nor the sandy boy, on the right, nor the boy for the other side, who was sitting behind me, said anything, I looked up at last to see what was going on.

"Two strikes," shouted the umpire.

"He'll hit it out yet!" said the sandy boy critically.

"Hit it out?" said the boy behind contemptuously. "Who'll hit it out? He can't hit a balloon."

"Young Oliver will," said the sandy boy, sharp as a pistol shot, and turning round to face him. Then he turned quickly again to the game. I didn't kiss him, beloved, but it wasn't his fault.

"One ball; two balls; three balls," droned the umpire.

"He's playing the right game," said Oliver; "there's plenty of time, and he's not taking any risks."

I suppose it was dull for the other side, but nothing was dull for me as long as you had a chance. It's just the point of view, as you'll find directly you have one.

"Oh, hurry up!" said the boy at the back to the pitcher. "What are you wasting time for?"

"Wasting time?" said the sandy boy, screwing round again and grinning ecstatically. "He isn't wasting time; he's afraid of him."

There was a yell from the losing side, and the boy beside me shot into the air.

"Well played, my son," said Oliver.

Oh, honey! you'd hit the ball so hard that you turned at second before they fielded it, and the sandy boy contented himself with saying, "See?" very tenderly to the boy back of us, and everyone jumped up to watch you. But the ball was fielded perfectly. You had to run it. You had turned third base and were running "home" when some one yelled, "Go back!" But it was too late to turn back, so you made your run like mad. Oh, you couldn't do it! The ball had already been thrown from the field, and you were only halfway home. It was caught at second

and thrown to the plate like a flash. If only you hadn't tried to make it a home-run.

"Missed, by Jove!" said Oliver.

"Missed, you fool!" shouted the boy at the back.

"Missed, you beauty!" yelled the sandy boy, dancing like a dervish. But quick as a flash the catcher had picked up the ball and made a swing for you.

"How's that?" roared the crowd.

"Out!" said the boy at the back, and the sandy boy and Oliver seemed as if they had forgotten to breathe.

And you, sonny? My heart gave a jump, and then seemed as if it had stopped beating. You were stretched motionless on the ground, your hands flung out in front of you.

Oh! were you hurt?

The umpire ran forward and peered at you.

"Not out!" came a thin voice from the field, and "Not out!" screamed a hundred boys as their hats flew up into the air.

And you weren't hurt, beloved; you were a great general that day, and you were taking your only chance, and it won. It won!



Oliver forgot he was your father, and yelled and shouted like the rest of them; the sandy boy turned round and with his hands shook the back of the bench we were sitting on just as a puppy tears a rag to pieces with his teeth, and the crowd yelled out, "Well done, young man!" and even the boy at the back clapped and said, "Good play, little un!" And you were mine, honey; you were mine!

As you carried out your bat, I saw you look up, with your dear eyes all shining, into the grand stand, and I knew you were searching for me. I'd have known it, honey, even if you hadn't told me afterward. My head was up nearly as high as yours was after you

had made your duck—and I shouldn't be surprised if it were from the same cause, except that mine, if they *had* come, would have been happy ones—and I felt myself saying inside, very hoightly-toightly, "That is Oliver's and my son."

It was just as well the people didn't hear me, beloved. But the only really active part I played in the affair was to rub you very thoroughly with embrocation for some nights after.

Do you know, honey, the whole of that dream happened long before I had got to the end of my seam.

# The Man Up-stairs

A TENSE SITUATION THAT DEVELOPED INTO A ROMANCE

By P. G. Wodehouse

*Author of "The Matrimonial Sweepstakes"*

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg



HERE were three distinct stages in the evolution of Annette Brougham's attitude toward the knocking in the room above. In the beginning it had been merely a vague discomfort. Absorbed in the composition of her waltz, she had heard it almost subconsciously. The second stage set in when it became a physical pain, like red-hot pincers wrenching her mind from her music. Finally, with a thrill of indignation, she knew it for what it was—an insult. The unseen brute disliked her playing, and was intimating his views with a boot-heel.

Defiantly, with her foot on the loud pedal, she struck—almost slapped—the keys once more.

"Bang!" from the room above. "Bang! BANG!!"

Annette rose. Her face was pink, her chin tilted. Her eyes sparkled with the light of battle. She left the room, and started to mount the stairs. No spectator, however just, could have helped but feel a pang of pity for the wretched man who stood unconscious of imminent doom, possibly even triumphant, behind the door at which she was on the point of tapping. When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for the American Girl to assert her rights the safest place is up a tall tree.

"Come in!" cried a voice. Rather a pleasant voice, but what is a pleasant voice if the soul be vile?

Annette went in. The room was a typical Washington Square studio, scantily furnished and lacking a carpet. In the center was an easel, behind which were visible a

pair of trousered legs. A cloud of smoke was curling up over the top of the easel.

"I beg your pardon," began Annette.

"I don't want any models at present," said the Brute. "Leave your card on the table."

"I am not a model," said Annette coldly. "I merely came—"

At this the Brute emerged from his fortifications, and, removing his pipe from his mouth, jerked his chair out into the open.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

How reckless is nature in the distribution of her gifts! Not only had this black-hearted knocker on floors a pleasant voice, but, in addition, he had a pleasing exterior. He was slightly disheveled at the moment, and his hair stood up in a disordered mop; but in spite of these drawbacks he was quite passably good looking. Annette admitted this. Though wrathful, she was fair.

"I thought it was another model," he explained. "They've been coming in at the rate of ten an hour ever since I settled here. I didn't object at first, but after about the eightieth child of sunny Italy had shown up it began to get on my nerves."

Annette waited coldly till he had finished. "I am sorry," she said in a this-is-where-you-get-yours voice, "if my playing disturbed you."

One would have thought nobody but an Eskimo wearing his furs and winter underclothing could have withstood the iciness of her manner, but the Brute did not freeze.

"I am sorry," repeated Annette, well below zero, "if my playing disturbed you. I live in the room below, and I heard you knocking."

"No, no," protested the young man affably. "I like it. Really I do."

"Then why knock on the floor?" said Annette, turning to go. "It is so bad for my ceiling," she said over her shoulder. "I thought you would not mind my mentioning it. Good afternoon."

"No, but one moment. Don't go."

She stopped. He was surveying her with a friendly smile. She noted most reluctantly that he had a nice smile. His composure began to enrage her more and more. Long ere this he should have been writhing at her feet in the dust, crushed and abject.

"You see," he said, "I'm awfully sorry, but it's like this. I love music, but—what I mean is, you weren't playing a *tune*. It was just the same bit over and over again."

"I was trying to get a phrase," said Annette, with dignity, but less coldly. In spite of herself she was beginning to thaw. There was something that was singularly attractive about this shock-headed youth.

"A phrase?" he said.

"Of music. For my waltz. I am composing a waltz."

A look of such unqualified admiration overspread the young man's face that the last remnants of the ice-pack melted. For the first time since they had met, Annette found herself positively liking this cool-mannered floor-smiter.

"Can you compose music?" he said, impressed.

"I have written one or two songs."

"It must be great to be able to do things—artistic things, I mean, like composing."

"Well, you do, don't you? You paint."

The young man shook his head, with a cheerful grin. "I fancy," he said, "I should make a pretty good house-painter. I want scope. Canvas seems to cramp me."

It seemed to cause him no discomfort. Rather he appeared amused.

"Let me look." She crossed over to the easel.

"I shouldn't," he warned her. "You really want to? Is this not mere recklessness? Very well, then."

To the eye of an experienced critic the picture would certainly have seemed crude. It was a study of a dark-eyed child holding a large black cat. Statisticians estimate that there is no moment during the day when one or more young artists somewhere on the face of the globe are not painting pictures of children holding cats.

"I call it 'Child and Cat,'" said the young man. "Rather a neat title, don't you think? Gives you the main idea of the thing right away. This," he explained, pointing obligingly with the stem of his pipe, "is the cat."

Annette belonged to that large section of the public which likes or dislikes a picture according to whether its subject happens to please or displease them. Probably there was not one of the million or so child-and-cat eyesores at present in existence



"I DON'T WANT ANY MODELS AT PRESENT," SAID THE BRUTE.  
"LEAVE YOUR CARD ON THE TABLE"

## The Man Up-stairs

which she would not have liked. Besides—he had been very nice about her music.

"I think it's splendid," she announced.

The young man's face displayed almost more surprise than joy. "Honest? Do you really?" he said. "Then I can die happy. That is, if you'll let me come down and listen to those songs of yours first."

"You would only knock on the floor," objected Annette.

"I'll never knock on another floor as long as I live," said the ex-Brute reassuringly. "I hate knocking on floors. I don't see what people want to knock on floors *for*, anyway."

Friendships ripen quickly in Washington Square. Within the space of an hour and a quarter Annette had learned that the young man's name was Alan Beverley; that he did not depend entirely on his work for a living, having a little money of his own; and that he considered this a fortunate thing. From the very beginning of their talk he pleased her. She found him an absolutely new and original variety of the unsuccessful painter. Unlike Reginald Sellers, who had a studio in the same building and sometimes dropped in to drink her coffee and pour out his troubles, he did not attribute his non-success to any malice or stupidity on the part of the public. She was so used to hearing Sellers lash the Philistine and hold forth on unappreciated merit that she could hardly believe the miracle when, in answer to a sympathetic bromide on the popular lack of taste in art, Beverley replied that, as far as he was concerned, the public showed strong good sense. If he had been striving with every nerve to win her esteem he could not have done it more surely than with that one remark. Though she invariably listened with a sweet patience which encouraged them to continue long after the point at which she had begun in spirit to throw things at them, Annette had no sympathy with men who whined. She herself was a little fighter. She hated as much as anyone the sickening blows which fate hands out to the struggling and ambitious; but she never made them the basis of a monologue act. Often, after a dreary trip round the offices of the music-publishers, she would howl bitterly in secret and even gnaw her pillow in the watches of the night; but in public her pride kept her unvaryingly bright and cheerful. The verb "to quit" was not in her lexicon.

To-day, for the first time, she revealed

something of her woes. There was that about the mop-headed young man which invited confidences. She told him of the stony-heartedness of music-publishers, of the difficulty of getting songs printed unless you paid for them, of their wretched sales.

"But those songs you've been playing," said Beverley—"they've been published?"

"Yes, those three. But they are the only ones."

"And didn't they sell?"

"Hardly at all. You see, a song doesn't sell unless somebody well known sings it. And people promise to sing them and then don't keep their word. You can't depend on what they say."

"Give me their names," said Beverley, "and I'll go round to-morrow and shoot the whole bunch. But can't you do anything?"

"Only keep on keeping on. You're a very demoralizing influence, Mr. Beverley," she added with a smile. "You've made me break my rule never to bore my friends with my troubles."

"I only wish," he said, "that, any time you're feeling blue about things, you would come up and pour out the poison on me. It's no good bottling it up. Come up and tell me about it, and you'll feel a whole heap better. Or let me come down. Any time things aren't going right, just knock on the ceiling."

She laughed.

"Don't rub it in," pleaded Beverley. "It isn't fair. There's nobody so sensitive as a reformed floor-knocker. You will come up, or let me come down, won't you? Just knock on the ceiling, and I'll come charging down and see if there's anything I can do to help."

"You'll be sorry you ever said this."

"I won't," he said stoutly.

"If you really mean it, it *would* be a relief," she admitted. "Sometimes I'd give all the money I'm ever likely to make for some one to shriek my grievances at. I always think it must have been so nice for the people in the old novels, when they used to say, 'Sit down and I will tell you the story of my life.' Mustn't it have been heavenly?"

"Well," said Beverley, rising, "you know where I am, if I'm wanted. Right up there where the knocking came from."

"Knocking?" said Annette. "I remember no knocking."

"Would you mind shaking hands?" said Beverley.



"WELL, IN A WORD, THEN, IT IS LIFELESS," DECLARED SELLERS. "NEITHER THE CHILD NOR THE CAT LIVES"

A particularly maddening hour with one of her pupils drove her up the very next day. Her pupils were at once her salvation and her despair. They gave her the means of supporting life, but they made life hardly worth supporting. Some of them were learning the piano. Others thought they sang. All had solid ivory skulls. There was about a teaspoonful of gray matter distributed among the entire squad, and the pupil Annette had been teaching that afternoon had come in at the tail-end of the division.

In the studio with Beverley she found Reginald Sellers, standing in a critical attitude before the easel. She was not very fond of him. He was an offensive, patronizing person, with a mustache that looked like a smear of charcoal, and a habit of addressing her as, "Ah, little one!"

Beverley looked up. "Have you brought your hammer, Miss Brougham? If you have, you're just in time to join in a massacre of the innocents. Sellers has been smiting my 'Child and Cat' hip and thigh. Look at his eye. There! Did you see it flash then? He's on the war-path again."

"My dear Beverley," said Sellers rather stiffly, "I am merely endeavoring to give

you my idea of the picture's defects. I am sorry if my criticism has to be a little harsh."

"Go right on," said Beverley cordially. "I'm not kicking. It's all for my good."

"Well, in a word, then, it is lifeless. Neither the child nor the cat lives." He stepped back a pace and made a frame of his hands. "The cat, now," he said. "It is—how shall I put it? It has no—no—er—"

"That kind of cat wouldn't," said Beverley. "It isn't that breed."

"I think it's a dear cat," said Annette. She felt her temper, always quick, getting the better of her. She knew just how incompetent Sellers was, and it irritated her beyond endurance to see Beverley's good-humored acceptance of his patronage.

"At any rate," said Beverley with a grin, "you both seem to recognize that it *is* a cat. You're solid on that point. And that's something, seeing I'm only a beginner."

"I know, my dear fellow, I know," said Sellers graciously. "You must not let my criticism discourage you. Don't think that your work lacks promise. Far from it. I am sure that in time you will do very well indeed. Quite well."

A cold glitter might have been observed

in Annette's eye. "Mr. Sellers," she said smoothly, "had to work very hard himself before he reached his present position. You know his work, of course?"

For the first time Beverley seemed somewhat confused. "I-er-why—" he began.

"Oh, but of course you do," she went on sweetly. "It's in all the magazines."

Beverley looked at the great man with admiration, and saw that he had flushed uncomfortably. He put this down to the modesty of genius.

"In the advertisement pages," said Annette. "Mr. Sellers drew that picture of the Waukeesy Shoe and the Restawhile Settee and the tin of sardines in the Little Gem Sardine advertisement. He is very good at still life."

There was a tense silence. Beverley could almost hear the voice of the referee uttering the count.

"Miss Brougham," said Sellers at last, spitting out the words, "has confined herself to the purely commercial side of my work. There is another."

"Why, of course there is. You sold a landscape for thirty dollars only eight months ago, didn't you? And another three months before that."

It was the knock-out. Sellers bowed stiffly and stalked from the room.

Beverley picked up a duster and began slowly to sweep the floor with it.

"What are you doing?" demanded Annette in a choking voice.

"The fragments of the wretched man," whispered Beverley. "They must be swept up and decently interred. You certainly have got the punch, Miss Brougham."

He dropped the duster with a startled exclamation, for Annette had suddenly burst into a flood of tears. With her face buried in her hands, she sat in her chair and sobbed desperately.

"Good Lord!" said Beverley blankly.

"I'm a cat! I'm a beast! I hate myself."

"Good Lord!" said Beverley blankly.

"I'm a pig! I'm a fiend!"

"Good Lord!" said Beverley blankly.

"We're all struggling and trying to get on, and having hard luck, and instead of doing what I can to help I go and t-t-taunt him with not being able to sell his pictures! I'm not fit to live! Oh!"

"Good Lord!" said Beverley blankly.

A series of gulping sobs followed, diminishing by degrees into silence. Presently she looked up and smiled a moist and pathetic smile.

"I'm sorry," she said, "for being so stupid. But he was so horrid and patronizing to you, I couldn't help scratching. I believe I'm the worst cat in New York."

"No, this is," said Beverley, pointing to the canvas. "At least, according to the late Sellers. But, say, tell me, isn't the deceased a great artist, then? He came curveting in here with his chest out, and started to knock my masterpiece, so I naturally said: 'What ho! 'Tis a genius! Isn't he?'"

"He can't sell his pictures anywhere. He lives on the little he can get from illustrating advertisements. And I t-taunt—"

"Please!" cried Beverley apprehensively.

She recovered herself with a gulp. "I can't help it," she said miserably. "I rubbed it in. Oh! It was hateful of me! But I was all on edge from teaching one of my awful pupils, and when he started to patronize you—" She blinked.

"Poor devil!" said Beverley. "I never guessed. Good Lord!"

Annette rose. "I must go and tell him I'm sorry," she said. "He'll snub me horribly, but I must."

She went out. Beverley lit a pipe, and stood at the window looking thoughtfully down into the square.

It is a good rule in life never to apologize. The right sort of people do not want apologies, and the wrong sort take a mean advantage of them. Sellers belonged to the latter class. When Annette, meek, penitent, with all her claws sheathed, came to him and groveled, he forgave her with a repulsive magnanimity which, in a less subdued mood, would have stung her to a renewed pugnacity. As it was, she allowed herself to be forgiven, and retired with a dismal conviction that from now on he would be more insufferable than ever.

Her surmise proved absolutely correct. His visits to the newcomer's studio began again, and Beverley's picture, now nearing completion, came in for criticism enough to have filled a volume. The good humor with which he received it amazed Annette. She had no proprietary interest in the painting beyond what she acquired from a growing regard for its parent (which disturbed her a good deal when she had time to think of it);

but there were moments when only the recollection of her remorse for her previous outbreak kept her from rending the critic. Beverley, however, appeared to have no artistic sensitiveness whatsoever. His long-sufferingness was beyond Annette's comprehension.

To make his position as critic still more impregnable, Sellers was now able to speak as one having authority. After years of floundering, his luck seemed at last to have turned. His pictures, which for months had lain at an agent's, careened like crippled battleships, had at length begun to find a market. Within the past two weeks three landscapes and an allegorical painting had sold for good prices; and under the influence of success he expanded like an opening floweret. When Epstein, the agent, wrote to say that the allegory had been purchased by a Pittsburg plutocrat of the name of Bates for eight hundred and fifty dollars, Sellers's views on Philistines and their crass materialism and lack of taste underwent a marked modification. He spoke with some friendliness of the man Bates.

"To me," said Beverley, when informed of the event by Annette, "the matter has a deeper significance. It proves that Pittsburg has at last produced a sober man. No drinker would have dared face that allegory. The whole business is very gratifying."

Beverley himself was progressing slowly in the field of art. He had finished the "Child and Cat" and had taken it to Epstein together with a letter of introduction from Sellers. Sellers's habitual attitude now was of the kindly celebrity who has arrived and wishes to give the youngsters a chance. Since its departure Beverley had not done much in the way of actual execution. Whenever Annette came to his studio he was either sitting in a rocking-chair with his feet on the window-sill, smoking or—in the same attitude—listening to Sellers's views on art. Sellers, being on the upgrade, a man with many hundred dollars to his credit in the bank, had more leisure now. He had given up his advertisement work, and was planning a great canvas, another allegorical work. This left him free to devote a good deal of time to Beverley; and he



HE DROPPED THE DUSTER WITH A STARTLED EXCLAMATION, FOR ANNETTE HAD SUDDENLY BURST INTO A FLOOD OF TEARS

James Montgomery Flagg

## The Man Up-stairs

did so. Beverley sat and smoked through his harangues. He may have been listening, or he may not. Annette listened once or twice, and the experience had the effect of sending her to Beverley, quivering with indignation.

"Why do you *let* him patronize you like that?" she demanded. "If anybody came and talked to me like that about my music, I'd—I'd—I don't know what I'd do. Yes, even if he were really a great musician."

"Don't you consider Sellers a great artist, then, even now?"

"He seems to be able to sell his pictures, so I suppose they must be good, but nothing could give him the right to patronize you as he does."

"My learned friend's manner would be intolerable in Almighty God to a black beetle," quoted Beverley. "Well, what are we going to do about it?"

"If only you would sell a picture, too!"

"Ah! Well, I've done my part of the contract. I've delivered the goods. There the thing is at Epstein's. The public can't blame me if it doesn't sell. All they've got to do is to waltz in in their thousands and fight for it. And, by the way, talking of waltzes——"

"Oh, it's finished," said Annette dispiritedly. "Published, too, for that matter."

"Published! What's the matter, then? Why this drooping sadness? Why aren't you running around the square, singing like a bird? Why isn't your beaming smile one of the principal sights shown to the rubber-neck wagons?"

"Because," said Annette, "unfortunately I had to pay the expense of publication. It was only thirty dollars, but the sales haven't caught up with that yet. If they ever do, perhaps there'll be a new edition."

"And will you have to pay for that?"

"No. The publishers would."

"Who are they?"

"Gruscinsky and Buchterkirch."

"Heavens! Then what are you worrying about? The thing's a cinch. A man with a name like Gruscinsky could sell a dozen editions by himself. Helped and inspired by Buchterkirch he will make the waltz the talk of the country."

"He didn't seem to think so when I saw him last."

"Of course not. He doesn't know his own power. Gruscinsky's shrinking diffidence is a byword on Broadway. He is the

genuine human violet. You must give him time."

"I'll give him anything if he'll only sell an edition or two," said Annette.

The astonishing thing was that he did. There seemed no particular reason why the sale of that waltz should not have been as small and as slow as that of any other waltz by an unknown composer. But almost without warning it expanded from a trickle into a flood. Gruscinsky, beaming paternally whenever Annette entered the shop—which was often—announced two new editions in the week. Beverley, his artistic growth still under the watchful eye of Sellers, said he had never had any doubts as to the success of the thing from the moment when a single phrase in it had so carried him away that he had been compelled to stamp his approval enthusiastically on the floor. Even Sellers forgot his own triumphs long enough to allow him to offer affable congratulations.

And money came rolling in, smoothing the path of life. Those were great days. There was a hat——

Life, in short, was very full and splendid. There was, indeed, but one thing which kept it from being perfect. The usual drawback to success is that it annoys one's friends so; but in Annette's case this drawback was absent. Sellers's demeanor toward her was that of an old-established inmate welcoming a novice into the hall of fame. Her pupils, worthy souls though bone headed, fawned upon her. Beverley seemed more pleased than anyone. Yet it was Beverley who prevented her paradise from being complete. Successful herself, she wanted all her friends to be successful; but Beverley, to her discomfort, remained a cheery failure, and, worse, absolutely refused to snub Sellers. It was not as if Sellers's advice and comments were disinterested. Beverley was simply the instrument on which he played his songs of triumph. It distressed Annette to such an extent that now, if she went upstairs and heard Sellers's voice in the studio, she came down again without knocking.

One afternoon, sitting in her room, she heard the telephone bell ring. The telephone was on the stairs just outside her door. She went out and took up the receiver.

"Hello!" said a querulous voice. "Is Mr. Beverley there?"

Annette remembered having heard him go out. She could always tell his footsteps. "He is out," she said. "Is there any message?"

"Yes," said the voice emphatically. "Tell him that Rupert Morrison called up from Pittsburg to ask what he was to do with all this great stack of music that's arrived. Does he want it forwarded on to him, or what?"

The voice was growing high and excited. Evidently Mr. Morrison was in that state of nervous tension when a man does not care particularly who hears his troubles so long as he unburdens himself of them to some one.

"Music?" said Annette.

"Music!" shrilled Mr. Morrison. "Stacks and stacks and stacks of it. Is he playing a practical joke on me, or what?" he demanded hysterically. Plainly he had now come to regard Annette as a legitimate confidante. She was listening. That was the main point. He wanted some one—he did not care who—who would listen. "He lends me his rooms," wailed Mr. Morrison, "so that I can be perfectly undisturbed while I write my novel, and, first thing I know, this music starts to arrive. How can I be quiet and undisturbed when the floor's littered two yards high with great parcels of music, and more coming every day?"

Annette clung weakly to the telephone-box. Her mind was in a whirl, but she was beginning to see many things.

"Are you there?" called Mr. Morrison.

"Yes. What—what firm does the music come from?"

"What's that?"

"Who are the publishers who send the music?"

"I can't remember. Some long name. I've got it—Grusczinsky and some one."

"I'll tell Mr. Beverley," said Annette quietly. A great weight seemed to have settled on her head.

"Hello! Hello! Are you there?" came Mr. Morrison's voice.

"Yes."

"And tell him there are some pictures, too."

"Pictures?"

"Four great beastly pictures, the size of elephants. I tell you, there isn't room to move. And—"

Annette hung up the receiver.

Mr. Beverley, returned from his walk, was racing up the stairs three at a time in his energetic way when, as he arrived at Annette's door, it opened.

"Have you a minute to spare?" said Annette.

"Sure. What's the trouble? Have they sold another edition of the waltz?"

"I have not heard, Mr.—Bates."

For once she looked to see the cheerful composure of the man up-stairs become ruffled; but he received the blow without agitation.

"You know my name?" he said.

"I know a good deal more than your name. You are a Pittsburg millionaire."

"It's true," he admitted. "But it's hereditary. My father was one before me."

"And you use your money," said Annette bitterly, "creating fools' paradises for your friends, which last, I suppose, until you grow tired of the amusement and destroy them. Doesn't it ever strike you, Mr. Bates, that it's a little cruel? Do you think Mr. Sellers will settle down again cheerfully to hack-work when you stop buying his pictures and he finds out that—that—"

"I sha'n't stop," said the young man. "If a Pittsburg millionaire mayn't buy Sellers's allegorical pictures, whose allegorical pictures may he buy? Sellers will never find out. He'll go on painting, and I'll go on buying, and all will be joy and peace."

"Indeed? And what future have you arranged for me?"

"You?" he said reflectively. "I want to marry you."

"Marry me?" Annette stiffened from head to foot. He met her blazing eyes with a look of quiet devotion.

"I know what you are thinking," he said. "Your mind is dwelling on the prospect of living in a house decorated throughout with Sellers's allegorical pictures. But it won't be. We'll store them in the attic."

She began to speak, but he stopped her.

"Listen," he said. "Sit down and I will tell you the story of my life. We'll skip the first twenty-eight years and three months, merely mentioning that for the greater part of that time I was looking for somebody just like you. A month and nine days ago I nailed the Stars and Stripes—I mean, I found you. You were crossing Herald Square. I was also crossing Herald Square. In a taxi. I stopped the taxi, got out, and observed you just stepping onto the moving staircase at the Thirty-third Street Elevated. I sprang—"

"This does not interest me," said Annette.

"The plot thickens," he assured her. "We left our hero springing, I think. Just so. Well, you took the down-town train and

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got off at Eighth Street. So did I. You crossed the street, turned into Washington Square, and finally arrived here. I followed. I saw a notice up, 'Studio to Let.' I reflected that, having done a little painting in an amateur way, I could pose as an artist and get away with it, so I took the studio. Also the name of Alan Beverley. My own is Bill Bates. I had often wondered what it would feel like to be called by some name like Alan Beverley or Cyril Trevelyan. It was simply the spin of the coin which decided me in favor of the former. Once in, the problem was how to get to know you. When I heard you playing I knew it was all right. I had only to keep knocking on the floor long enough——"

"Do — you — mean — to — tell — me" — Annette's voice trembled—"Do you mean to tell me that you knocked that time simply to make me come up?"

"That was it. Rather a scheme, don't you think? And now, would you mind telling me how you found out that I have been buying your waltz? Those remarks of yours about fools' parades were not inspired solely by the affairs of Sellers. But it beats me how you did it. I swore Rozinsky, or whatever his name is, to secrecy."

"A Mr. Morrison," said Annette indifferently, "called up from Pittsburg on the telephone and asked me to tell you that he was greatly worried by the piles of music which were littering the rooms you lent him."

The young man burst into a roar of laughter. "Poor old Morrison! I forgot all about him. He's writing a novel, and he can't work if the slightest thing goes wrong. It just shows——"

"Mr. Bates."

"Yes?"

"Perhaps you didn't intend to hurt me. I dare say you meant only to be kind. But—but—oh, can't you see how you have humiliated me? You have treated me like a child, giving me a make-believe success just to—just to keep me quiet, I suppose. You——"

He was fumbling in his pocket. "May I read you a letter?" he said.

"A letter?"

"Quite a short one. It is from Epstein, the picture-dealer. This is what he says. 'Sir,' meaning me. Not 'Dear Bill,' mind you, just 'Sir.' I am glad to be able to inform you that I have this morning received an offer of fifty dollars for your picture,

"Child and Cat." Kindly let me know if I am to dispose of it at this price."

"Well?" said Annette in a small voice.

"I have just been to Epstein's. It seems that the purchaser is a Miss Brown. She gave an address in Eleventh Street. I called at the address. No Miss Brown lives there, but one of your pupils does. I asked her if she was expecting a parcel for Miss Brown, and she said that she had had your letter and quite understood, and would take it in when it arrived."

Annette was hiding her face in her hands. "Go away!" said she faintly.

Mr. Bates moved a step nearer. "Do you remember that story of the people on the island who eked out a precarious livelihood by taking in one another's washing?" he asked casually.

"Go away!" cried Annette.

"I've always thought," he said, "that it must have drawn them very close together; made them feel rather attached to each other. Don't you?"

"Go away!"

"I don't want to go away. I want to stay and hear you say you will marry me."

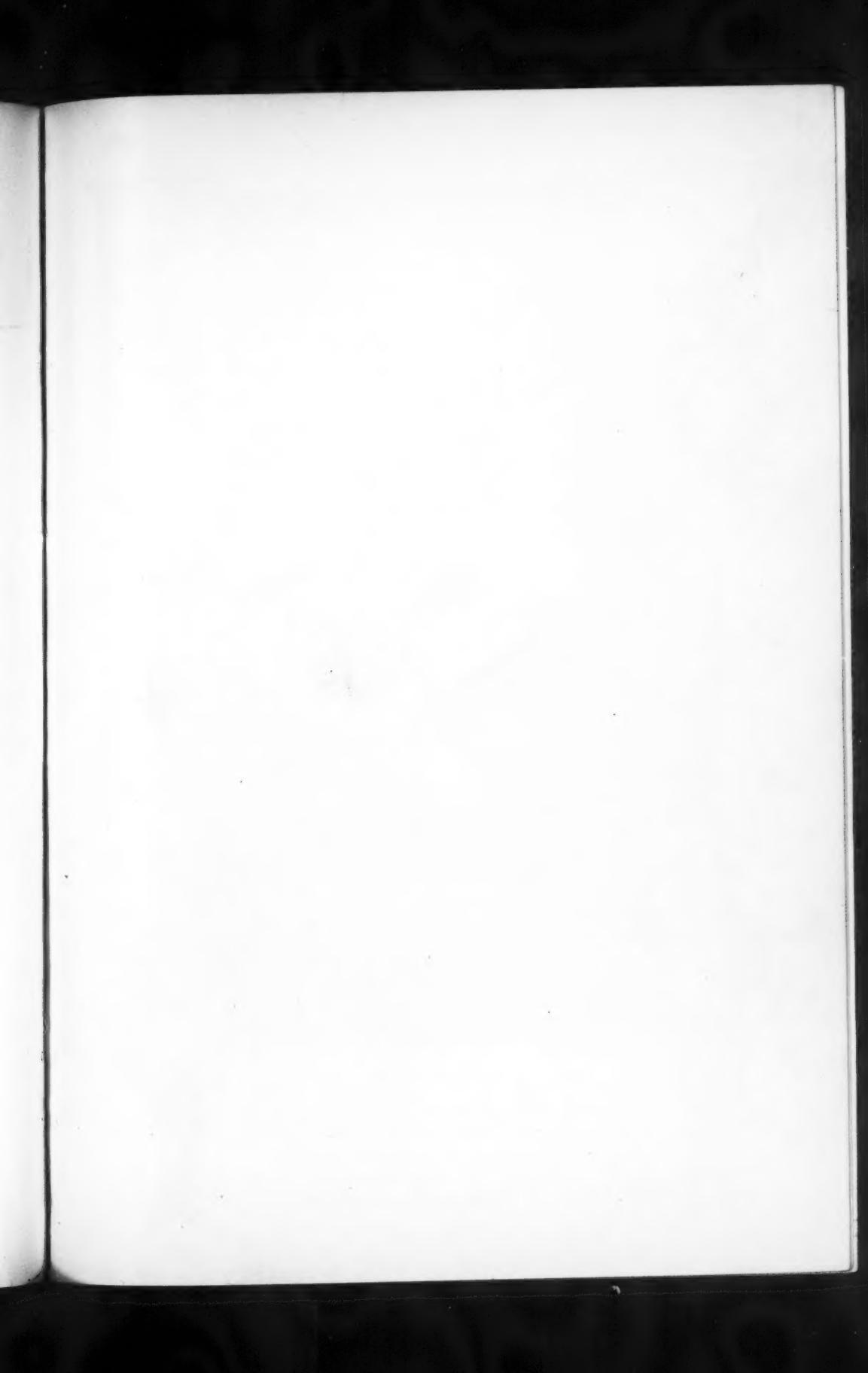
"Please go away. I want to think."

She heard him moving toward the door. He stopped, then went on again. The door closed quietly. Presently from the room above came the sound of footsteps, pacing monotonously to and fro.

Annette sat, listening. There was no break in the footsteps. Suddenly she got up. In one corner of the room was a long pole used for raising and lowering the window-sash. She took it, and for a moment stood irresolute. Then, with a quick movement, she lifted it and stabbed hard three times at the ceiling.



SHE LIFTED THE WINDOW-  
POLE AND STABBED THREE  
TIMES AT THE CEILING





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**WILLIAM H. TAFT AND PORFIRIO DIAZ**

The historic meeting of the Presidents of the two great American republics, October 16, 1909—President Taft the guest of President Diaz in the government building at Juarez, Mexico. The lower figures are Captain Butt and Colonel Escadon, aides to the two Presidents

# The Maligners of Mexico

By Alfred Henry Lewis



O villify one's neighbors is never graceful as an exercise, never profitable as a pursuit. And this is as true of nations as of individuals. It is ever worth while to refrain from ill-speaking of the commonwealth over the border. Not through fear, but intelligence. What in communal advantage is that strength which can maintain a war compared with that sagacity that concludes and keeps a peace?

This wisdom, which is not of Epictetus but myself, is drawn forth by what libels against Mexico have—for recent months—been making their mean rounds in certain newspapers and magazines. In this connection, too, only yesterday a traveler from the thither side of the Rio Grande was remarking upon the trade preference evinced by Mexico against America in favor of Germany and England. And why not, pray? Has not commerce a sentimental side? The press of England and of Germany is not employed in wholesale slanders of Mexico, nor does it occupy itself in picturing President Diaz as a Western Nero, pillaging and torturing a population of slaves. Why shouldn't Mexico, as against us, prefer either the Germans or the English? Money profits being even, is it not natural that folk would rather deal with those who paint them white than with those who paint them black?

These persistent assaults upon Mexico excited my interest as a writer. Personally I knew as much of Mexicans and Mexico as any, the strain of whose Americanism has gone without a cross for full two hundred years. Knowing Mexicans and Mexico, I stood well aware that these libels possessed less of sense than cause, less of truth than sense. Nor could I conceive of any sordid cash-box argument for these publications. No one wanted to buy them, since no one cared to read them. Also there was no racial, no national, reason for their appearance. As Americans we neither feared nor hated Mexico, which, so far as we were concerned, lived as much without threat as without offense.

Why, then, this insistent and conspicuous playing upon Mexico with our batteries of

ink? Had it been Canada—England—I might have felt about and found what I esteemed to be a cause. England—Canada—has a half-billion dollars' worth of guns pointed directly at us. She has a fleet on the Great Lakes, wanting only the cannon, and they're ashore at Toronto and Port Stanley, to be trundled aboard and mounted inside of a day. Had it been England—Canada—instead of Mexico, I might have understood.

As Americans we pay ourselves the usual compliment of fancying that a people different from ourselves is a people worse than ourselves. The Mexican differs from the American in important respects. He hasn't the American's force, fertility, or genius to invent. And when it comes to mere dollar-chasing, the American, in the ferocious bitterness of that pursuit, will overrun him like a landslide. In sundry of the Christian virtues, however, the Mexican more than holds his own. Among ten thousand Mexicans you would find none who was impolite. Hospitable, generous, kindly, every Mexican door stands open to the wayfarer, every scrap of food in the establishment is at that wayfarer's command.

Consider the forty years last past. In what has publicly gone forward, wherein may we look down upon Mexico? She owns her own railroads, and makes them pay her a profit. Our railroads own us, and squeeze our enslaved pockets for their final dimes. Look at the map. Our country lies caught in a black network of railroads like a great fish in a seine. Such, too, is its condition. That is not the Mexican story. South of the Rio Grande the railroads work for the people, not the people for them.

Ransack the cities of Chihuahua, Vera Cruz, Mexico, you will find no Rockefeller—with his National City Bank—who by withdrawing his ninety million dollars of call loans can blow business as flat as a field of turnips, and lay the common prosperity on its beam-ends.

Search where you will in every Mexican corner, from the Pacific to the Gulf, from Yucatan to the Arizona line, you will meet no sugar trust to cheat the government with false scales, no coal trust to steal the fires from the

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poor man's chimney, no wool or cotton trust to strip the clothes off his back, no beef trust to filch the meat from his table, no leather trust to take the shoes off his feet. They talk of Mexican slavery! The most enslaved and burden-broken Mexican is freer than the freest American of us all.

There is no Carnegie in Mexico, with his income of twenty-five million dollars a year drawn from an investment of two hundred and forty thousand dollars less than a third of a century ago. And twenty-five million dollars in gold, upon the principle of a ton to a team, would call for fifty teams to haul it! Also, at five dollars a day—a pretty fair wage—it would take a workingman about seventeen thousand years to pile it up. Upon such an argument, one Carnegie equals and is entitled to as much as one million one hundred and ninety thousand common men, with their wives and clinging children. Mexico has none of these. The trusts do not exist in Mexico. They flourish here. Which means that not Mexico, but we, are slaves.

In reading these libels against Mexico, one cannot say which more to wonder at, the thinness of their mendacity or the dull thickness of their ignorance. The murderous Yaquis, adrip with innocent blood from their slayings, are rounded up by Diaz and placed on reservations in Yucatan. And this, by our ingenuous magazinists, is told in gasping horror as a tale of Mexican cruelties. We on our own humane side—first killing all we could—have penned our own murderous Apaches—but Northern Yaquis, these—on reservations, and carried some in irons as far from their native heath as Florida to do so. Upon a proverb which renders voiceless the pot in the ebon presence of the kettle, we of all upon the map should say nothing of Mexico's Indian policy. It has been—and is—bread-and-milk humanity compared with ours.

One writer in one unguarded periodical, taking little or less heed of whither on the tides of his own figures he was drifting, told of a valley so small that Westchester County, New York, by the side of it would swell to be an empire. Having placed this little valley to the utmost Mexican disadvantage, he told of how half the public machinery of Mexico was constantly employed in catching slaves wherever with to fill it. Taking for it what figures our Munchausen was so weak minded as to compile, that same valley should now possess a population of double density to that of New York's East Side.

As though that were not enough, a foolish photograph of some thirty of these "slaves," taken as they toiled, was published. There were no fetters. No scowling Winchestered guards were shown in the picture. The "slaves"—smiling like so many pleased peasants at a fair—in neat linen suits, each hatted like unto a Cavalier of old Spain, presented as idle, as languid, as listlessly contented a skirmish line of industry as the laziest among us could either wish or hope to see. If such be a portrait of Mexican slavery, then there are thousands of whom I wot who would be glad of three months of just such serfdom and call it a vacation.

Speaking of Mexican slavery, some two months ago in the run East from San Francisco, I made the acquaintance of a traveling passenger agent for the Harriman system. His next mission would be to lower Germany, from which region he was to bring over several hundred families and plant them on Mexican lands already assigned them by President Diaz. Would Diaz go to the trouble—not to say the risk—of importing settlers from Europe with a final purpose of enslaving them? Would Germany permit it? Would the settlers—not quite "dumb, driven cattle"—come? Would the railroads be found wasting themselves over such a losing traffic?

Were one called upon to name the ten great men of the century, he could not omit Diaz. Diaz has fought, suffered, starved, moiled, toiled, lived for Mexico. Her life has been his life, her welfare his welfare. He has dared the state, withstood the church, in her defense. A modern Cromwell, he is as much entitled to the name of Protector as was old Oliver. Ever a patriot, he has not swerved from his ideals. The old nation-builder is seventy-nine. Think you, with these achievements, he has turned slave-catcher in his old age and fills his pockets by the sale of shivering flesh and blood?

My amazement is never silent. I was voicing my wonder—to a friend—over the mendacity and expansive ignorance manifested in these magazine-newspaper libels upon Mexico. I couldn't understand the dull argument which produced them. The more since the public taste neither desired nor asked for such poor and causeless stuff.

"Perhaps," said the gentleman to whom I expressed my astonishment, and who was none other than that trans-Rio Grande traveler adverted to above—"perhaps I can indicate the bug beneath the chip. Every one

of those magazine articles—every one of those newspaper stories and editorials—was inspired by Standard Oil. It has tried and tried again to force its way into Mexico. Diaz has barred it out and kicked it out again and again. They, the Standard Oilers, are behind these batteries of villifying ink. Perhaps they are only after revenge. Possibly they seek to create an American hatred, an American loathing, for Mexico and things Mexican, that shall make it easy in the ripeness of time for Washington to declare a Mexican war. I won't say what Standard Oil is aiming at. It has strange policies. Its diplomacies are always oblique. What I do not hesitate to declare, however—and Diaz and all Mexico will tell you the same—is that the inspiration of these libels comes from 26 Broadway."

While my traveled one stood talking, I was remembering divers things. For one matter memories arose to aid in the assumption that the real traducer of Diaz and Mexico is none other than Standard Oil. For years Standard Oil—that black nurse of every sin of commerce—has been extending itself in print. My eye was first called to it—or I should have said my ear—by a high officer of Standard Oil, whom I'd known for thirty years. He spoke of the "attacks"—as he phrased them—on Standard Oil, and said that, while there was a story against, there was a story in favor of, the great trust. The time had arrived, he explained, when the Standard Oil side should be put in type. Would it be possible to enlist me in the campaign? He assured me, too, that such employment would not disparage but enhance my reputation.

In reply I said that I had no doubt but the world would call any championship of Standard Oil "respectable." Neither was I afraid personally of what soul-rust might ensue. "The moon," I exclaimed, for I was full of a fine hyperbole and prone to vain flights that day—"the moon shines on the muck-heap, and it is not corrupted; the little bird—name forgotten—finds its dinner in the mouth of the crocodile, and comes forth unscathed! Certainly, and with respectable safety, I might take the money of Standard Oil. Was it not Vespasian who said, 'The smell of all money is sweet'?" But—I went on—there were other than moral or reputational grounds which made a defense of Standard Oil by me impossible. My mendacity was too erratic and of too brittle a genius to be

entrusted with the work. I might lie for a day, or a week, when of a sudden, smash! would go that treacherous, untrustworthy mendacity of mine, and the whole load be in the veracious ditch. My good friend saw the force of my objection, and the business wasn't pressed.

To be sure, the above doesn't prove that Standard Oil is inkishly engaged in attacking Mexico. It does show, however, that a half-decade ago Standard Oil was feeling its way into print.

Standard Oil has its feud with Mexico for being kicked out. Mexico, without magazine rhyme or newspaper reason, has been, and is being, most bitterly assailed. Put two and two together. Some malign influence is at the bottom of it. And from what or from whom should such malice flow more naturally than from Standard Oil?—hating Mexico, hating Diaz, and intriguing for vengeance in the black glory of its heart! There is Standard Oil; there is the grievance; there is the attack. Given the smoke, we infer the fire, and he who hears the gnawing behind the wainscot is at liberty to deduce the mouse.

Moreover, Standard Oil has been for some time a steady patron of the printing-press, and has tamed and used that restless engine in plowing and harrowing the fields of its iniquities. One need not go backward in the world's history farther than the annals of the last national campaign. From the files of a New York paper I copy certain letters written by little Mr. Archbold of Standard Oil and never denied by him or by those to whom they were addressed.

These illuminative missives convey their own explanation:

26 BROADWAY. October, 10, 1902.

Mr. H. H. EDMONDS,

Baltimore, Md.

MY DEAR SIR: Responding to your favor of the 9th, it gives me pleasure to enclose you herewith certificate of deposit to your favor for \$3,000 covering a year's subscription to the *Manufacturers' Record*.

Truly yours,  
JNO. D. ARCHBOLD.

Covering a year's subscription! As said Mr. William Randolph Hearst when he read this letter from the platform, "Mr. Archbold was either subsidizing the *Manufacturers' Record*, or he was subscribing for seven hundred and fifty years!" It serves to make

## The Maligners of Mexico

plain, however, how prone is Standard Oil to call to its aid the periodicals, once it starts upon a campaign of public education.

Here is another of an earlier date:

26 BROADWAY.

Dec. 18, 1901.

Mr. THOMAS P. GRASTY, care of Buck & Pratt, Room 1203, 27 William St., City.

DEAR MR. GRASTY: I have your favor of yesterday, and I beg to return to you herewith the telegram from Mr. Edmonds to you. We are willing to continue the subscription of \$5,000 to the *Southern Farm Magazine* for another year, payments to be made the same as they have been this year. We do not doubt but the influence of your publication throughout the South is of the most helpful character. With good wishes, I am

Very truly yours,

JNO. D. ARCHBOLD.

"Since," said Mr. Hearst as he read the above—"since the subscription price of the paper referred to was but fifty cents a year, Mr. Archbold's five thousand dollars was either a subsidy, or a subscription for ten thousand years."

Not through the magazines alone does Standard Oil bring public opinion up—or down—to its own slimy, slippery levels. Observe the following:

26 BROADWAY.

To Prof. GEORGE GUNTON,

41 Union Square, City.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR: Responding to your favor it gives me pleasure to enclose you herewith certificate of deposit to your favor of five thousand dollars as an additional contribution to that agreed upon to aid you in your most excellent work. I most earnestly hope that the way will open for an enlarged scope as you anticipate.

Yours very truly,

JNO. D. ARCHBOLD.

"Which shows," said Mr. Hearst, "that assuming the total contribution to this professor to have been ten thousand dollars, and learning that admission to his lecture was fifty cents, we must conclude that Mr. Archbold was either subsidizing the professor, or purchasing a season ticket for twenty thousand performances."

As indicating that the newspaper press was not forgotten in Standard Oil's crusade for popular enlightenment, read this:

26 BROADWAY.

Hon. W. A. MAGEE,

Pittsburg, Pa.

DEAR SIR: As per understanding herewith enclosed find certificate of deposit to your order for \$1,250, the receipt of which kindly acknowledge.

Truly yours,

JNO. D. ARCHBOLD.

"We have thus seen," said Mr. Hearst, when he had finished reading the above, "that Standard Oil endeavors to influence magazines, newspapers, lecturers, and every medium of publicity for its political and financial purposes." Which brings me back in long, sure, graceful swoops to the utterances of my traveled friend, and gives color to his claim that behind what libels and printed lies against Mexico have been going the dingy rounds, stands that scheming Lucifer of the corporations, Standard Oil.

Alas, the trail of the serpent is over us all! As shedding a dubious ray I take up now a letter to Mr. Archbold from Representative "Joe" Sibley. This Sibley letter was, and is, a shock to me. I knew him when he was a happy, innocent Democrat, and before he became a Republican and sunk to writing notes to Mr. Archbold. The missive is too long to give in full. It spoke of "Senator B." of Messrs. Long and Curtis of Kansas, of "an important official" who recommended a "back-fire," of Mr. Campbell as "a clever boy who seeks notoriety but is harmless in himself," and then urged—and this might assist the theory of a printing-press assault by Standard Oil upon Mexico and President Diaz—"an efficient literary bureau is needed not for a day or for a crisis, but a permanent control of the Associated Press and kindred avenues. It will cost money, but will be the cheapest in the end."

Standard Oil is Mexico's enemy, as well as ours, and it is Standard Oil, I doubt not, that is financing the libel warfare against her. The truth on that point can only be come at by inference. Surely Standard Oil will not confess it. Its ways are much too dark; its nature much too secret. Planning in whispers not above a breath, only its evil deeds break on one with the roar of nine-inch guns. It acts in primer, talks in nonpareil. It would be quite within the scope of its chicane, quite within the purview of its mean policy, to set every libel-mill to grinding in Mexican disfavor.

Space narrows and I must halt. Every right American should defend Mexico from her detractors. She possesses defects; who does not? Venus had a mole on her cheek, Helen a scar on her chin. But Mexico has her virtues; and—aside from being our good friend and keeping the faith with us—sets an example we might with advantage follow in her attitude toward the trusts.



PROBABLY NO OTHER PERSON IN THE WORLD IS SO CONTENTED WITH HIS LOT AS IS THE MEXICAN LABORER

*WHAT is the present condition of affairs in Mexico? Is its ruler a despot governing in his own interest and allowing the fundamental laws to be subverted in behalf of wealthy landowners? Is the life of any laborer in the hands of his employer? Is the lash the reward of toil, and the halter the price of a determination to be free? In short, is Mexico barbarous? Such assertions have been widely published. If true, they are*

## Mexico the Progressive

By Otheman Stevens

TO OVERCOME  
HIS LACK OF EN-  
ERGY IS THE TASK  
OF THOSE WHO WOULD  
HAVE MEXICO'S GREAT  
RESOURCES DEVELOPED

*important, for Mexico's wonderful resources have attracted many millions of American capital which are not safe under the conditions pictured. If not true, they are important, for the amicable relations existing between the two countries are at stake. To find the truth without bias Mr. Stevens was sent to Mexico with instructions to whitewash nothing. The report of his findings is begun herewith.*

**I**HAVE resided for five weeks under the rule of an autocrat, and I have found his government the most democratic I ever experienced. My only other experience with a dictator was in the domain of Nicholas of Russia, where, during two weeks, I had his foot on my neck, in the way of the vexatious annoyances of a traveler who finds that some one else does all his thinking for him, and lived in as sat-



urated an atmosphere of militarism as existed in California during President Taft's recent visit. In Russia I found that it caused a suspicion of lese-majesty whenever I attempted to send a telegram. In California, on the occasion of one banquet to the President, though the telegraph office was but a few yards from the banquet-room, two gorgeously panoplied National Guardsmen presented bayonet points at my

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abdomen and gave me the alternative of being run through or obeying the order that no telegrams should be sent while Mr. Taft was dining. The fact that Nicholas had law to back up his restrictions on sending news and the militiamen had none, other than the attenuated argument their bayonets presented, did not prevent me from seeing the point.

In Mexico there are no bayonets about the telegraph office, either at dinner-time or at any other hour. In fact, the only objection I have found to the rule of President Diaz is that it is the same for a poor man as for a millionaire; the same for a peon as for a magnate. This leads one to believe that, after all, justice can exist without ruining individuals or "interests," for I can prove that Mexico is in many ways as civilized as our own country and in other ways more so, though in a few ways less so; that its law as regards individuals is better administered; that its progress in the past twenty-five years has been greater; that its development is now advancing more rapidly; that no region I know of presents equal inducements to investors; and that life and property are as safe—well, I will not say as in New York, but to show absence of bias, London. And I can produce a number of other facts equally creditable to the country.

Mexico could not avoid accomplishing all these things, for she is ruled by a dictator who has been at the same time a high-minded and, better still, a capable-minded administrator, a dictator who has loved his country better than he has loved any who opposed his idea of his destiny. Whatever I may say hereafter, pro or con, about the Diaz rule, a sidelight on the man may be given here by relating an incident which occurred not long ago when he gave an audience to a commission of eminent lawyers from the States, who had been here studying Mexican laws and practice. The spokesman of the commission addressed the President in complimentary terms, saying that the general scheme of the laws had been found admirable and the administration, in a general way, commendable. "But, Mr. President," he added, "we have found a number of atrocious statutes on the books, laws which your country inherited from Spanish rule and which it has outgrown. Some of these cause hardship and injustice; others are not based on enlightenment. These are all apparent, and I want to ask you why you have not had them wiped off the records."

As if he had not heard the question, as the story is told to me, President Diaz went on to tell about the christening of a child of a relative. "It was about five years ago," he related, "and I stood godfather for the little one. Present at the ceremony was another relative, who lived in a distant portion of the Republic, but who was tenderly attached to the parents. About four years after the christening this relative thought he should remember the little boy, and he sent to Paris for a beautiful suit of clothes. The box arrived in due time, and was sent to the youngster's parents, and when it was opened it contained a suit of clothes of great beauty and of the finest material, but of the dimensions for a child of twelve or more. You are correct when you say what you have about some of our laws, but we believe it is better for a nation to wear the conditions which fit it at the time, rather than to change too quickly and possibly array itself in institutions which it is not ready to wear gracefully."

This trait of conservatism does not controvert the fact that Diaz has been progressive, has worked a miracle in giving Mexico a government no less stable than our own, and has wrinkled the map of his country with railways built with American money, and is now opening to settlement vast tracts of the richest land on the continent, to be fertilized by irrigation-plants no less imposing and no less examples of the perfection of the engineer's skill than those which are to change our heretofore arid wastes into grain-gardens.

While a five weeks' residence in a country naturally fits a newspaper man to write a shelfful of books about it, it is not the purpose to give the readers of this magazine merely impressions. What is written here is based on facts of record or from reliable sources. My presence in Mexico is a result of recent publications about the country, which used as arguments against this nation certain allegations of arrant brutality and of political methods contrary to those considered decent and beneficial by people brought up with the example before them of Tammany, in New York, and the railway machine in California. These magazine articles attacking Mexico have caused an immense amount of resentment, and in some instances are regarded as a direct menace to the progress and prosperity of the Republic. This feeling has not as yet taken the form of hostile trade relations, but this is a practical danger which threatens the business men of the United States. My



A STREET IN THE MODERN PORTION OF THE CITY OF MEXICO, ONE OF THE MOST ANCIENT CITIES ON THE CONTINENT

commission contained instructions to tell the truth, and to use fairness in telling it. I have collected facts, statements, and figures that cannot be controverted. The ulcers that I have found will be diagnosed and diagramed; the healthful part of the body politic shall also have its due.

Certain facts about the administration of the law can be told now, and can be accepted as facts, which are of a class unfortunately too rare in our own country in relative cases. One concerns a planter in Yucatan, where the laborers are said to be treated as slaves, to be *de facto* slaves. The planter is a millionaire, and is said to be not unknown on Broadway, nor in gilded hostellries of the luxurious, where filtered air gives atmosphere to the art of silken hangings and rarefies objections to altitudinous bills. Becoming enraged at one of his peons (so called), he hammered him over the head, and the peon, enraged at having failed to give as good as he got, appealed to the police judge of the place. A *rurale* was promptly sent to the plantation, with orders to bring the planter into court. There each party, the laborer who was pain-

fully working out the debt he had contracted and the volatile-spirited millionaire, told his story. The witnesses told theirs, and the judge sentenced the planter to a prolonged confinement in jail, with a heavy fine. The case was appealed by the planter, and the sentence was confirmed. Attempts had been made to bring "pulls" into play, but to no effect. The planter had to pay his fine, and is now serving his time, while the peon is working out his debt on the farm.

Possibly there are some Mexican judges who can be purchased, but here was an instance in which nothing could swerve justice, and which, without justifying the system of peonage, illustrates that the peon is, after all, not so badly off in the matter of protecting his rights as many a section-hand in the States who has over him a boss who wears red hair on his fists.

In another case a planter near San Luis Potosi got into an altercation with a peon, with the result that while the employer was badly cut up the peon died. That man is also a millionaire, for there are more of that class here than you can find in Wall Street,

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but nevertheless he is serving a long-time sentence for manslaughter, or its Mexican equivalent, and will not get out of jail until his time is finished.

To comprehend the force of these incidents it should be remembered that Mexico has no middle class. You are either somebody or nobody here. So to find that the somebodies have looked so well after the nobodies as to make laws that apply to one class as well as the other is at least startling to a visitor who had always imagined that the only really, truly practical dictator was a policeman of his native land, and that nobodies had no legal rights which even the most inexperienced blue-coated autocrat was bound to respect. The man from the States, at first, finds this system of no discrimination in the administration of the laws irksome, and sometimes worse. Like all unfamiliar features it appears to be appalling; it is found, however, to arouse a general feeling of prudence, and a genuine sentiment of respect for legal administration.

That the law is not found obstructive to industry is proved at a glance. As one journeys from El Paso to this city, enterprises involving millions are shown at frequent intervals, and *all backed by American dollars*. Almost all the railway mileage in the Republic was constructed with American money, and seventy-five per cent. of these investments have proved profitable to the investors—to the original investors, not the ones who reorganize wrecked companies, for such are unknown here. I can make the assertion without fear of contradiction that in no instance where American capital has been invested with discretion and with honest purpose, and directed by capable minds, has a failure resulted, nor has a most satisfactory profit been wanting. And I find that in the financial centers of the United States the utmost confidence is felt in Mexican enterprises. Recently the government authorized the raising of twenty million dollars as a fund to forward private irrigation undertakings. The entire sum was subscribed at once by one of the notably conservative banking firms of New York, and is now being used here.

Happily, due to the policy of friendliness and invitation to American financiers, established by President Diaz, every facility is found at hand for cautious and reliable investigation by intending investors. A Yankee with money does not find himself com-

elled to rely on the promises and assertions of promoters or agents. If he desires to meet and talk with President Diaz he can do so. If he wishes to have the views of the ministers of finance and agriculture, he can meet those able men, and secure whatever their departments may contain that will serve his purpose.

With this alluring state of things, there is no terrifying labor question to make the investor hesitate. A strike is unknown, and there is no danger of a shortage of labor, skilled or otherwise. An experience I had since coming here will illustrate these points. An American who has a bank, and who manages as well the local interests of two great money powers of our country, was talking with me about industries, and happened to mention that three years ago he had established a shoe-factory with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars.

"Have you found it profitable?" I asked him.

"I used American capital," he replied. "I imported the best American machinery, and I have never failed to pay dividends to at least forty per cent. of the investment. I have also a soap-factory that returns regularly one hundred per cent. on the investment, and these are all operated by Mexican labor."

"Do you mean that you have educated Mexicans to operate those intricate shoe-making machines?" I queried.

"Come with me and I will show you," he answered.

We walked to the entrance of his office, on a street that was as busy as any in Chicago, and he hailed a taxicab. Taxicabs, by the way, are as numerous as in any city in the United States, and, whatever other barbarousness may be ascribed to Mexico, their meters are the most civilized to be found in the world, and their drivers are honest.

The drive took us through the section of the city occupied by the poorest class of peons. There was some squalor visible, but no misery. There was poverty, but a fair amount of comfort. And there was contentment, and careless happiness, visible on every face. This trait is most portentous to the entire nation. If there was more revolt at conditions among the poor, if there was a discontent visible and expressed, it would augur better for a rapid growth of the laboring class into aggressively progressive citizens.

"This enterprise," said my friend, "was



A CLASS OF GIRLS DOING MILLINERY WORK UNDER THE TUTELAGE OF A NATIVE MILLINER



A TYPE OF LABORER WHO REPRESENTS A CONDITION THAT IS PASSING. HIS CHILDREN ARE IN THE SCHOOLS FACING A BETTER FUTURE

established without any governmental assistance, is purely a business matter, and I think you will find it creditable."

We drew up in front of a handsome concrete building, and I was put in charge of a

foreman who was instructed to tell me anything I wanted to know. I found five hundred Mexicans, the smaller portion being girls, at work turning out shoes, from the rough sides of leather to the completed article, amid the whir of wheels and the bustle of electric-driven machines.

"How much do the hands get?" I inquired.

"The ordinary workers are paid by the piece," was the reply, "and they average from ten to twelve dollars a week."

That was calculated in Mexican silver, which means in our money from five to six dollars.

"Here is a machine for heelng shoes; its capacity in the United States would be about a thousand pairs of shoes a day, and the operator there would receive forty or fifty dollars a week in your money. We pay him eighteen dollars a week, and he averages about eight hundred pairs a day."

That eighteen dollars means nine dollars in our money, and that is big pay here. But this operative was dressed as well or better than the average employee in a factory in the States, and he lives just about as well on his nine dollars a week as a man does on fifteen or twenty dollars in our country. If you are rich it costs you almost as much to exist in Mexico as it does in New York. But if you are of very moderate means it costs less than one-twentieth as much, for the working people here have few wants; it would take

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them years to acquire the desire to eat much of anything else than tortillas and frijoles, and whatever money they have, after buying the necessities, they squander. So far it has been impossible to teach them to save. They do not care much what they spend their money for, but they must spend every cent they have, and no amount of advice or attempt at control of this wastrel trait has been of any avail.

The workers are employed nine hours a day, and are evidently treated with kindness and consideration, for there was no apprehension visible on their faces, and their attitude was that of the calm assumption of equality which is a trait of the Latin, wherever he may be found and whatever his station in life. Fortunately, they have not arrived at the air of aggressive superiority which often marks the same class elsewhere, and which, while possibly justifiable, is no less frequently irritating and conducive to friction between employee and employer.

Some of those shoemaking machines are as intricate and delicate as a linotype, or a quadruplex telegraph, and three years ago not an operative in that big factory had ever seen one, in fact did not know that such things existed in the world. Yet the product turned out is entirely equal to our best known shoes, and neither this, nor any other factory here, can fill all the orders it receives.

About wages: Five years ago the maximum for unskilled laborers was 62½ cents a day, Mexican. Now it is \$1.75. Five years ago there was practically no skilled native labor; now there is ample quantity, and it ranges in pay from \$2.25 to \$5.00 and in railway and steel-working trades as high as \$7.50. While these figures represent in exchange only half the amount in our money, it must be remembered that a peso is a peso, as much as a dollar is a dollar, and that a peso in Mexico buys a dollar's worth of goods.

It is no country now for an American workingman. He would not live as simply as his brothers here; he would demand and would have to have features of luxury that to the Mexican of that class are undreamed of and undesired. But the prospects of the Mexican worker are bright, for the poorer people are gradually being educated, and education means a refinement of necessities and an extension of the perspective of comfort.

To offset these prospects of early industrial advances is the contract-labor system, and

contract labor in Mexico is a bad institution. The only worse condition that could arise would be its immediate, or early, abolition. Its repulsive feature to our eyes is the fact that, while the laborer enters voluntarily into the contract, the law gives the employer a right over the workman's person in the enforcement of the contract. Its necessity in the eyes of those Americans who come to Mexico to engage in affairs is due to the scarcity of labor in the districts where most energy is being used; to the impossibility of making the free laborer understand the slightest degree of responsibility to his employer; and to the excessive piety of the Mexican laborer, who, whenever a saint's day arrives, insists on quitting work and getting drunk.

As saints' days are as numerous as pulque shops, as more money than he requires for his meager daily needs is of no consequence to the laborer, as no amount of peril to his employer's crops or undertakings has any effect on him, and as, when he is dead broke and his frijoles and tortillas are conspicuously absent, he joyfully signs a contract for six months' labor in Vera Cruz, Campeachy, or Yucatan, the ethics of the situation do not appeal strongly to the employer, and he appeals to the labor agent.

I have no wish to deny that when *enganchados* (contract laborers) fall into the hands of naturally brutal employers who are isolated from the authorities, wrong is often done. But I have known and seen the same wrongs in similar cases of isolation in my own country.

Theoretically there is no argument to be made for contract labor; practically there is nothing else to be done here, in many localities. No employer employs contract labor where free labor can be had that is reliable. No employer will have either free or contract labor where men can be had who will work "stints." If you pay a Mexican fifty cents, one dollar, or two dollars a day, he will do only what work he feels he must do. If the employer marks out a certain "stint" of labor, and offers so much money for its completion, the laborer will often earn two days' pay in one, and will be deluded with the joy of thinking he has got the better of his employer.

In judging Mexican labor it must be borne in mind that neither the man himself nor any of his forebears for centuries has been taught to read or write or think; that he is emotionally, mentally, and morally a child.

Physically the men look like dancing masters. They are slim waisted like a girl, narrow thighed, and spare legged. But from my room window, in Mexico City, I saw, all day long, men of this type packing on their backs sacks of broken stone which weighed from three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds a sack. It is not likely that there are a dozen stevedores in New York who either could or would do that work at any price.

In viewing this question of contract labor I selected neither the worst nor probably the best example. The hacienda of Cuatotlapam comprises forty-three thousand acres; it is a sugar-cane plantation, owned by two unsentimental Americans, who have invested something like seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in it, and who are making twenty-five per cent. profit. They have as manager a young American, who has made a success out of the venture after a Boston company failed. These men do not own the property with any idea of being philanthropists, and while they are sober, sensible men, as kindly and considerate as the average American who deals with thousands of laborers, their view is a purely business one. Their *enganchados* are fed well, bedded well, and accorded decent treatment, as the sensible farmer will well feed, well bed, and well treat his horses and oxen.

An apprehensive person will feel quavers as he views the population, as every man looks like one of the chorus in "Fra Diavolo." A machete is as habitual a weapon here as a toothpick is in a hotel lobby at home. I saw more six-shooters and knives in belts than in several years' travel in olden days in Arizona and New Mexico. The natives are swarthy, with eyes that readily gleam fiery sparks, but beyond this theatricalism of garb, they are docile, gentle mannered, and, when not inspired by pulque, timid. On the hacienda I saw squads of fifty or more *enganchados*, all carrying machetes, and controlled absolutely by a strong-chinned little man carrying as a weapon a lissome cane.

We have nothing at home that corresponds exactly to a hacienda, for there is about all of them more or less of a feudal tone. On this one there is a population of about eighteen hundred souls, to whom the manager corresponds to an autocratic mayor. There are one hundred and forty families of free laborers—tenants who have their patches of land, and who work in the cane-fields when they want to, receiving one dollar a day. In

the height of the cane season there are fourteen hundred *enganchados*. These are housed in three *galeras*, or barracks—decent buildings, built up from the ground on concrete piles, well ventilated and sanitized. In the center of each group of *galeras* is a cook-house, where the meals are served. Rations are figured much as in the United States army. The allowance consists of one pound of fresh meat every other day; a half-pound of rice, a half-pound of beans, and two pounds of corn daily, with liberal apportionments of chiles, onions, and garlic.

The laborers are turned out at five in the morning and work until eleven thirty, when they return to the *galeras* for dinner, and have until one to themselves; in the hot season they are given two hours off in the middle of the day. The afternoon labor lasts until six. They have to be in their bunks by nine at night, when the doors are locked.

There are two hospitals, one for men and one for women, with a doctor and nurses in charge; medical attendance is provided without charge.

The machinery of getting these men is: Labor agents have their offices in the cities. If a man goes broke, or for any reason wishes to leave his "tierra" for a time, he goes to the agent, and signs a contract to work for six months on such and such a hacienda. In substance this contract reads: "I contract to work for six months, for which I am to be paid fifty cents a day, be provided with free board and lodging and free medical attendance. If for any reason I find it impossible for me to complete my contract I can cancel the same by paying what I may owe to the hacienda."

On signing this the agent advances the man from ten to twenty dollars in cash, which, with his railway fare, is charged to his account. He can bring his wife—real or near—with him if he chooses, and she is employed during the term of the contract as a house servant.

Planters pay to the labor agent ten dollars a head for the men, but this sum is not charged to them. An interventor, a governmental official, questions each man before the contract is signed, and even after his signature is given, if he offers objections and declares that he was deceived in any way, the interventor cancels the agreement. No man not a citizen of Mexico can enter into a labor contract.

I saw several gangs of *enganchados* on the



A MARKET SCENE IN THE CITY  
OF MEXICO



MR. STEVENS INTERVIEWING DR. EZEQUIEL CHAVEZ,  
FIRST ASSISTANT TO THE MINISTER OF  
PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

railway trains on their way to work, and I saw them arrive at this hacienda, and in no case were they fettered or cowed; nor in any way did they present different aspects from gangs of laboring men being shipped about our own country. The one difference, in fact, is that after signing the contract they must fulfil it, and if they rebel or mutiny they can be forced to work.

After they arrive at the hacienda, governmental inspectors are obliged at intervals to inspect their quarters, their food, and their treatment. If anything is wrong the contract is arbitrarily canceled, and the hacienda is punished. There are instances where graft and influence doubtless side with the interests of the planters, but even in countries where the workingman has intelligence and organization, and knows how to fight for his rights, he none the less holds the weaker hand in the game of existence.

The reverse side of the picture is bad, but not as a rule horrifying. If an *enganchado* rebels or is insolent or lazy, that lithe rod in the hands of the "boss" of the gang winds around him, and he soon understands that he must fill his part of the contract. If he runs away, a reward of ten dollars is paid to whoever brings him back, and that sum is deducted from his pay. His clothes are taken away from him, and he is clad in a gunny-sack with holes cut for arms and legs.

I saw several car-loads of these workmen arrive at the hacienda. They were greeted effusively by those already at work, and these latter in turn saluted in amity the labor agent who had sent them. About ten per cent. of these men return each season to the cane-field, and in many instances work into better conditions. The boss of the sawmill formerly was an *enganchado*, and now he is paid three dollars a day. Several others have graduated to places in the mill and on



HOLIDAY-MAKERS NEAR THE CATHEDRAL  
DE GUADALUPE

the fourteen miles of private railway on the hacienda, and receive good wages.

There is no advantage in cost in employing *enganchados*. That they can be made to work is the cause of the existence of the system. When the fee paid to the labor agent, the cost of their maintenance, their wages of fifty cents a day, and the cost of the medical department of the ranch are figured, the cost of *enganchados* per head is considerably more than that of free labor; but they have no saints' days, they cannot become unfit for work as a result of too many pulque punches, and the machinery of the system enables a hacienda to roll out tremendous profits.

As has been pointed out by a writer on Mexico, the national vice is not laziness, but lack of energy. There is a vast difference between those two terms. When the free laborer greets a holy day at sunrise, he does not refrain from work because he is lazy, but because he has enough money to buy beans and tortillas and a few drinks of pulque that day, and tradition has taught him that the proper action on a saint's day is inaction. He will wander down to the cane-field and gaze dreamily at the undulating expanse of green. His employer can storm and plead



CARPENTRY CLASS, COMPOSED OF THE SONS OF PEON AND CASTILIAN, IN ONE OF THE NUMEROUS INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS

earnestly for his assistance to save perhaps many thousand dollars' worth of cane. He will blink sympathetically in the sunshine, and listen gravely, and then he will roll a cigarette, and the engine of the sugar-mill dies, the cane rots, and the planter can figure a decrease of dividends of imposing amount, because his four or five hundred men are celebrating some one or other saint's fête by sitting on their haunches and smoking cigarettes all the day.

This strapping, healthy young American who manages this hacienda was given a very large salary when he took the place, for he was

worth it, and was also given a contingent interest in the profits. Before he left Mexico City for the ranch the owners told him that they would send down a thousand *enganchados* in a few days.

"Am I to work contract labor?" the young man asked. And when he was told that he was, he sat down at the desk in the room and wrote his resignation on the spot. "I cannot do anything so un-American," he explained.

The owners smiled and told him all right. "You go down there, and run that hacienda any way you see fit," they said. "If you do not want *enganchados*, use any labor you desire; all we look to you for is returns."

He went down, and rallied all the free labor to be had. There were something like eight or nine hundred men on his pay-roll, and these averaged from one hundred and fifty to two hundred daily actually working. With the others it was the eternal fêtes of saints, or the funeral of their uncle's grandmother's cousin's brother-in-law's stepfather, or the christening of a friend's baby, or the celebration of the contract marriage—the contract consisting of simply the assent of both woman and man, for fees for a regular wedding are considered a useless extravagance—or some form of piety or gaiety, the two being more synonymous here than elsewhere, and ruin stared him in the face, and stood with outstretched welcoming arms.

He surrendered at once, just as you would have done, after vainly scouting the entire district for reliable free laborers, and fourteen hundred *enganchados* were sent to this place; and outside of the three or four hundred free-labor tenants who work when they can be persuaded to, the contract men have made the place, have created a magnificent property, have changed a jungle into miles of smiling fields, and no man has ever been triced up and flogged, nor abused to as great a degree as a section boss in the United States would abuse his workmen.

A complete understanding of the system may be had by comparing it to military service. *Enganchado* properly means a recruit. When a man signs the contract for so many months' labor he empowers his employer to enforce its provisions. His service is for a specified time, and during that time he must live up to his agreement, just as a soldier must to his.

Among the arrivals of *enganchados* at the hacienda, a large proportion bore the stigmata of pulque fiends. These men were anemic,

carrying comic-supplement little abdomens, and with nerve-racked bodies. Their fellows who had been at work on the ranch for some months, who lived in sanitary conditions, had known hygienic discipline, and had followed regular hours and a healthy diet, were, on the contrary, full of vitality, their muscles were firm, their bodies well nourished and plastic. Voluntary servitude in this form of labor proves to be involuntary sanity and well-being physically.

Outside of the restrictions of dogmatic controversy, there is only one phase that makes a wrong right, and that is necessity. A legal enforcement of a contract by using physical force over the person is in itself wrong. On the other hand, legislation now prohibiting contract labor would work a greater wrong, for it would destroy millions of investment, would retard a most beneficent and rapid development of the richest region on this continent, if not in the world, and would, by reflexes, work more harm to the very people it would intend to aid than an indefinite continuance of the present conditions. These laborers, their children, and finally their children's children, will change all this smoothly, evolutionally, and profitably to each side.

While laborers are still termed peons, there is no such thing in Mexico as peonage, which was permanent slavery for debt. Contract labor has succeeded that, universal free labor will succeed this, just as certainly, and just as rapidly as the schoolhouse is scattered over the land. And to that, in his Diazpotic way, the president is bending every energy, every resource.

Tropical Mexico is the loveliest and the richest natural region I have ever seen. And that jungle land is vibrating with latent life. But with the same precautions wise people use in living in any region, tropical Mexico is as healthful to live in as any place. A comprehensive system of sanitation has made epidemics of serious maladies impossible. To the ears of most of us in the United States the name Vera Cruz is synonymous with yellow fever. But to-day Vera Cruz is a health resort, an instance of more of a despot's work. A few years ago the city's sewers were open ditches in the center of the streets; fever patients were not isolated, and the mosquito was cultured. Diaz had a modern sewer system constructed, the streets paved, a pure water supply furnished, a city health office established. The result is shown in



some statistics which are correct, as they have been verified by the foreign consuls.

In 1903 there were 1075 cases of yellow fever in that city, with 376 deaths; the population is about 40,000. That was the year the work of fighting dirt and mosquitoes began. In 1904 there were seventy-three cases and twelve deaths; the rate ran down in direct ratio yearly to two cases and one death in 1907, and by imported infection in 1908 rose to forty-two cases and twenty deaths. To this date this year (1909) there has been one case and no death.

President Milan, of the Vera Cruz & Isthmus Railway, has achieved the same result along his line. Formerly his engineers, conductors, and brakemen died almost as rapidly as they were imported. In a division headquarters called Tierra Blanca there are hundreds and hundreds of graves of Americans. Mr. Milan cleaned everything, drained, fought mosquitoes, taught common-sense methods of living, discharged men who drank whiskey, and now has no more trouble, and his employees are as healthy and safe as if they lived in any modern community in the United States and have forgotten the taste of quinine.

If a man is of sober habits, and has capital, either portion of Mexico offers extraordinary



THE "RAW MATERIAL" OF SKILLED LABOR

A SUBURB OF THE CITY OF MEXICO.  
MOST OF THE PEOPLE SEEN  
ARE PURE AZTECS

inducements and surety of profit —provided he knows what he is about, and knows that he does not know all that is to be known. All through the tropical states, Americans are investing their money. Down the west coast it is the same. Americans are building the railways there; Americans are responsible for the deportation of the Yaquis, for our countrymen saw the richness of the Indians' lands, and now have them, and are selling farms from them to Americans. Everywhere the Mexicans and the jungle are giving way to Americans with money. Climb into the Pullmans on any train of the Vera Cruz & Isthmus line, and from the starting point on the Gulf side to Salina Cruz on the Pacific, nine-tenths of the men in these cars are Americans, and are in one or more of the many luxuriant fields of enterprise.

These trains as to speed are Fifteenth Century Limiteds, but the comfortable rate of twenty-five miles an hour does not irritate. Every mile of the way is a charming moving picture of the novel, of the piquant, of the rich. For while Mexico is five or six centuries old in the point of European civilization, in actual *Verwaerts* spirit, in *Zeitgeist*, it is only thirty-three years old, for it is in that time that Diaz, the nation-builder, has had its destinies in his brain.

To know what he has done, you must see Mexico, and when you see it do not make

## Mexico—the Progressive

comparisons with the United States, as of one republic with another, for Mexico is further from being a republic than Russia is, and at the same time, in general terms, it can be said to be as well governed as our own country. But it is absolutely a one-man power. When Diaz got control of this country in 1876, the governmental revenue was \$6,000,000, gold, or \$12,000,000, silver. National expenditures were \$9,500,000, gold, or twice that in silver. The exports of the country were \$27,000,000, gold, and the imports \$18,000,000. For the fiscal year of 1909 the national governmental expenditures were \$104,000,000, gold, and the receipts were \$110,000,000. For this same period the exports were \$231,000,000, and the imports \$156,000,000.

I do not think contemporaneous history records any other administrator of a nation who can approach that record. No civilized country in the world can show the same rate of progress, the same record of achievement, in the past thirty-three years, that Mexico emblazons to the view of every visitor. And with it all, with the magnificent governmental emergence from chaos into rigid rule, with concessions and aid given here and there in countless profusion to any and everything that would benefit the nation, with a magnificent paternalism of development in every walk of industry, Mexico's national debt is to-day the insignificant sum—as public debts go—of \$218,000,000.

A study of the plateau region of Mexico and what Americans are doing there, then a view of the tropical states and what Americans are doing there, leaves but one prospect in view: the ultimate Americanization of Mexico. For we are doing here what we did in Texas, what we did in California and Arizona and Nevada and Utah. We are materialistic conquistadors. We do not come to Mexico and, as our prototypes did, roast the feet of Aztecs until they give us their gold. But we do come and find where the gold is, and we make it come into view and we clutch it from mines, from the sugar-cane, from the mahogany-tree, from the rubber-tree, from the factory, from the peon who buys a ticket on a railroad or a trolley line, or who burns a gas-jet or an incandescent, and with it all we think and learn and neglect not altogether the beauties of life.

I know an American mining engineer who when these lines are being read will be the

*What Diaz, the nation-builder, has done, is doing, and hopes to do will be described in Mr. Stevens's next article. The Cosmopolitan's representative, in addition to first-hand information, had from the President's own lips a refutation of some of the most serious charges recently made against his country.*

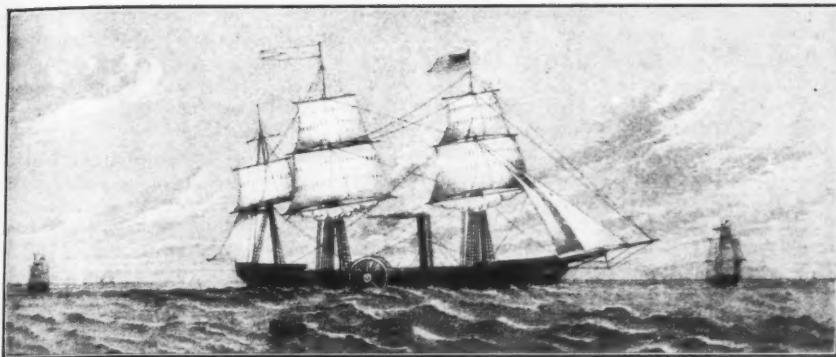
only man who can read, write, or shoot straight in a region that knows no *jeje político* nor rurales. That man can recite offhand Francis Thompson's incomparable "Hound of Heaven," and how many men, who are content to sit at home and sell stocks in Wall Street, or operate department stores in Chicago, know that there is such a poem, or that such a man as Thompson died a pauper, with wealth enough in his brain to equal all the national debts in the world?

Mexico used to be the refuge of Americans who had to leave their own country between two suns. To-day it is the haven of the men who are impatient of the confines of office and tradition and the slow advancement where competition murders enterprise. These are the men who know full well that President Diaz is Mexico; they know that elections are stage managed, and the votes are stage properties. They know that Diaz names every congressman and senator, every judge, every governor, and every *jeje político*—in short, that Diaz is the government; and they rejoice in the fact, and in the man, and in his wise serenity of power and calm reliance on himself and his ideas.

These are the men who know that the compact, able group of men who, when Diaz relinquishes his chair or passes, will have the destiny of Mexico in their hands, will see to it that no tumultuous demagogue disturbs the order of things established.

You ask a man who has millions in Mexico, "What will happen after Diaz?" and he smiles tolerantly at you for your ignorance, and he tells you why he knows that nothing will happen, except what is happening now. Remember the population figures—fifteen to seventeen million people. Not to exceed one-third of them with any degree of education, position, or wealth. A group of the brainiest, richest, keenest of that one-third solidly bound by interest, and patriotism as well, to the continuance of the magnificent results attained to-day. Add to that millions of American money pouring into the country every month, and thousands of American men following the money—a dominant race invading commercially and industrially the domain of a comfortably contented, unenergetic race.

The answer should be readily given even by those unfamiliar with Mexico of to-day. There is no hesitation about the response from those who come here and see.



*From an old print*

THE AMERICAN STEAMSHIP *SAVANNAH*, THE FIRST STEAMER TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

# Selling a Nation's Birthright

By Lewis Nixon

Editor's Note.—To-day in the trade and barter in the world's markets America is the football of the great powers. They kick us about as they please. They enter and control markets which of right are ours. They demand tribute of hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to carry our foreign trade. And we sit by supine and inactive. We allow our great opportunity—the opportunity to control the world's commerce—to slip by. Why? The prize amounts to \$22,000,000,000, enough to pay our national debt more than twenty times over. And yet in the trade-carrying of the world only eleven ships fly the American flag. In the following article Hon. Lewis Nixon gives an eye-opening revelation of the reasons, bound up in blind acceptance of musty traditions against American interests, which, to-day, make our merchant marine a laughing-stock to the great commercial nations of the world.



MERICA a nation of slaves, a British colony, a French province, a German dependency, a mere pawn on the great chess-board of the Old World nations! Does the idea seem strange to you? Does it seem within the bounds of belief that without the good-will and active assistance of foreign nations our great fleet of war-vessels would be as useless and impotent as so many piles of scrap-iron? Do you realize that our splendid harbors, in which we are investing millions of dollars, are to-day merely ports of call for the ships of other nations; that for the past forty years—the lifetime of an average American business man—we have not had a single balance of transportation in our favor; and that with

exports of nearly two billion dollars a year we are allowing Great Britain, France, and Germany to monopolize the shipbuilding industry of the world and by their increase and activity to perfect the strangle-hold they secured more than half a century ago on our foreign commerce?

Do these things seem queer and unlikely to you? And yet we are told that nothing can be done. We are told that during the past century we have entered into treaties and conventions which must not be disturbed. We are assured that the only result of proclaiming our commercial independence would be a ruinous trade war with foreign countries. It is an extraordinary situation. It implies not only fear of foreign influence in Congress, but a stupendous and almost unbelievable failure to understand

## Selling a Nation's Birthright

our present disgraceful predicament and to take the steps that could be taken to place America in the first rank among the world's nations.

To the great majority of our people the development of an adequate merchant marine means "subsidy," and to the uninitiated "subsidy" spells "graft." It is an opinion which has been dexterously fostered by certain "foreign interests" that have much to lose by the proper development of our shipping—the same interests that have made it their business to alarm our legislators in Congress by the cry of "commercial war." Now what are the facts? We have

at the present time outstanding commercial treaties to the number of about twenty-five. What would happen if these treaties were ignored or abrogated? Are these treaties and conventions really sacred? What are the conditions under which they were made? In a word, is it a serious menace that threatens, provided America takes her proper place as a sea power, or is the threat of commercial retaliation merely a bugaboo to frighten Congress from establishing an effective merchant marine on a basis which would allow it to compete for the trade of the world?

In the very earliest days of our freedom, before it was found necessary to form a compact of union for the mutual protection of the various states, it was an easy matter for older nations to pass regulations hostile to the interests of the lately freed colonies. For years before the adoption of the Constitution our balance of trade with England was unfavorable. For every dollar imported more than one-half was returned. The country was gradually being drained of coin. The need of a marine and of merchants was obvious. Drastic action was imperative. It was the recognition of this situation that led Virginia to take the first step toward a general convention to revise the state of the Union. In May, 1787, this historical convention met in Philadelphia with representatives from all the states except Rhode Island. On September 17th of the same year, General Washington, president of the convention, transmitted the Constitution of the United States to Congress. In his letter accompanying it Washington said,

"The friends of our country have long seen

and desired that the power of making war, peace, and treaties and of levying money and regulating commerce, and the corresponding executive and judicial authorities, should be fully and effectually vested in the General Government of the Union."

It is obvious, therefore, that the compelling cause of the adoption of the Constitution was the power to regulate commerce; and in adopting the Constitution the General Government took upon itself this delegated power

as a sacred duty.  
*That we have departed from this policy to-day is a treacherous breach of faith and a betrayal of the explicit provisions of the Constitution.*

It is not to the moderation and justice of others we are to look for fair and equal access to market with our productions, or for our due share in the transportation of them, but to our own means of independence and the firm will to use them.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

The federal Congress began its work April 8, 1789. A tariff bill was promptly passed giving foreign freight in American vessels a preference of ten per cent. in duty over freight brought in foreign ships. A little later an extra ten per cent. was granted, and additional preference was given by levying a tonnage tax of six cents a ton on American-built and American-owned vessels; thirty cents a ton on American-built and foreign-owned vessels; but charging fifty cents a ton on foreign-built and foreign-owned vessels. Further, to secure the coasting trade, it was provided that American vessels should pay the tonnage tax once a year, while foreign vessels were required to pay the fifty-cent tax a ton at each entry. Discriminations in favor of American ships were also made in the tea trade of the Far East; and a special act was passed to foster American shipbuilding by allowing only such vessels as were built and owned in America to reap the benefits of these discriminations. By the terms of this act the registry of American vessels was clearly defined. It was explicitly stated that "Vessels built in the United States and belonging fully to a citizen or citizens, or not built in the United States but on the sixteenth of May, 1789, belonging to a citizen or citizens, and thereafter continuing so, of which the master is a citizen, and no other, shall be deemed and taken to be a ship of the United States, and entitled to the benefits of law as such."

This is the famous and much criticized Registry Law, which is in force to-day. It was passed September 1, 1789. Three years later it was supplemented by a law permitting the registry of ships or vessels "which



Drawn by J. D. Gleason

THE CLOSING OF NEARER PORTS DROVE AMERICAN VESSELS TO THE FAR EAST FOR TRADE. A CLIPPER SHIP TAKING ON A CARGO OF TEA AT CANTON

## Selling a Nation's Birthright



*From the painting by Gilbert Stuart*

JOHN JAY, WHO NEGOTIATED WITH LORD GRENVILLE  
A COMMERCIAL TREATY FOR WHICH HE  
WAS BURNED IN EFFIGY THROUGHOUT  
THE UNITED STATES

may hereafter be captured in war, and lawfully condemned as prizes." This law required that to secure the registry of a vessel a certificate must be produced under the affidavit of the principal or master carpenter, testifying to the character of construction and the time and place of building. To-day this provision is still valid.

Under such preference and discrimination in favor of American vessels our shipping increased by leaps and bounds. In four years our tonnage entries in foreign trade increased three hundred per cent.; our share of carriage increased from thirty to seventy-seven per cent. in exports and, more striking still, from eighteen to eighty-two per cent. in imports. This was a direct result of the frank and plain recognition of the power of Congress, under the federal Constitution, to regulate commerce.

Meanwhile the great nations of the world, particularly Great Britain, redoubled their acts of jealousy and hostility toward our growing merchant marine. In 1789 Great Britain appointed a committee under Lord Liverpool to examine our laws and to suggest means to nullify or counteract them. Two years later this committee reported. They

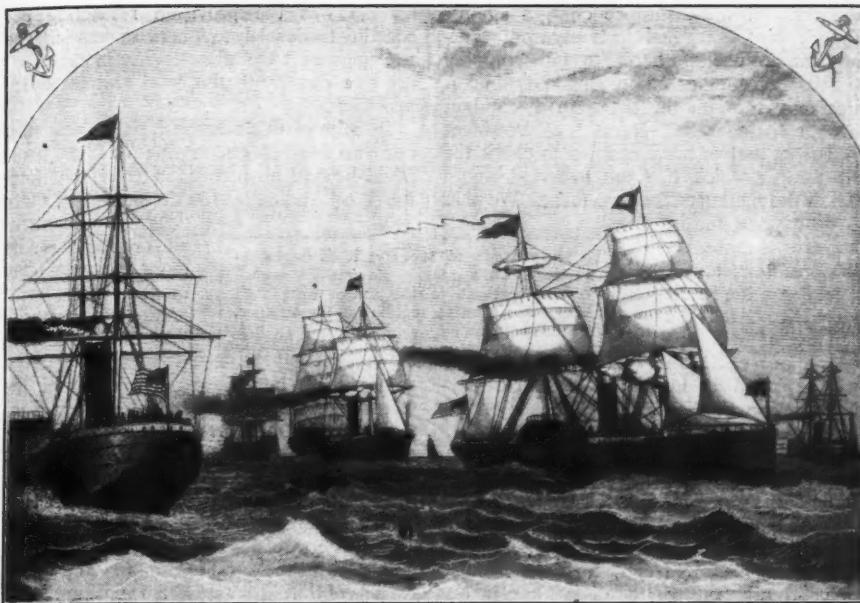
saw clearly that American commerce was no longer at the mercy of thirteen different legislative bodies nor under control of king and council. But there was no suggestion of giving any real return for favors wheedled from us. Their report explicitly stated that "if Congress should propose, as they will, that the principle of equality should be extended to the ports of our colonies and islands, and that the ships of the United States should be there treated as British ships, *it should be answered that this demand cannot be admitted even as a subject of negotiation.*"

The policy outlined by Lord Liverpool was followed to the letter. We were admitting British vessels into all our ports subject to a tonnage duty of forty-four cents more than that demanded from our own ships and with an addition of one-tenth of customs duties on cargoes. On her part, England prohibited our ships from entering the rich ports of the West Indies, Canada, and Honduras Bay, and from taking any part in the lucrative trade of the East Indies. She prohibited the employment of American-built vessels by her citizens in many branches of trade; she prohibited the importation of goods into Great Britain by American vessels from any other country



*From a print published in 1818*

LORD LIVERPOOL, WHO RECOMMENDED TO THE  
BRITISH GOVERNMENT RESTRICTIONS ON  
AMERICAN SHIPPING THAT PRACTICALLY  
CLOSED BRITISH PORTS  
TO OUR VESSELS



*From an old print*

THE COLLINS FLEET OF NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, THE FIRST FLEET OF MAIL-STEAMERS DEVELOPED  
UNDER SUBSIDIES GRANTED BY THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. THESE SHIPS ECLIPSED  
IN EVERY RESPECT THE MAIL-SHIPS SUBSIDIZED BY ENGLAND

than the United States; and she prohibited the consumption of certain American produce of which she allowed the importation. These were some of the discriminations in favor of English ships which we met chiefly by a small discrimination in tonnage duties in favor of American vessels.

It was under these conditions that we began the commercial treaty-making which today furnishes the excuse for allowing foreign nations to continue their strangle-hold on our commerce and prevents the new Declaration of Independence which should place America in the front rank among the nations of the world. The famous Jay Treaty, which was proposed at this time (1794) and passed two years later, was one of the first great legislative-diplomatic blunders of our commercial history. We expected through it to get a fair share of the trade of the West Indies, but American vessels were limited in size to fifty tons and could not possibly compete with the larger British vessels. We expected from the treaty prohibition of the impressment of American seamen; instead we offered hospitable reception to British men-of-war, even

when bent upon impressment, and we confirmed it by an article in the treaty. We bartered our interests and received nothing in return. "Before the treaty," said Representative Giles, of Virginia, "the right of laying a special, as well as a general, embargo existed in the United States; the right of levying a special embargo upon British vessels is suspended. Before the treaty, the right of sequestration existed, and the exercise of it was proposed; this right, so far as it respects Great Britain, is forever surrendered. Before the treaty, the right of discriminating against British goods in favor of those of other nations existed, and the exercise of it was proposed. This right is surrendered. Before the treaty, the right of suspending commercial intercourse with Great Britain existed and was proposed to be exercised; the exercise of that right is stipulated against for a limited time. All these are restrictions of the rights of national sovereignty." Thus the Jay Treaty made us to all intents a serf nation and a province of Great Britain.

Fortunately the Continental wars, interrupted only by the short peace of Amiens, and

## Selling a Nation's Birthright

the unusual war-insurance charges against British ships, prevented the treaty from working the immediate harm to our shipping which was anticipated in England; but it was only through the determined stand of Congress, under the direction of President Jefferson, that we were enabled to check the advantages which England expected would follow the signing of the agreement. We paid a dear price for it, however, for the result was war; and it was a war the result of which was the signing of still one more convention which played an important part in depriving us of our national independence on the high seas.

It must be remembered that up to this time we had clung persistently to the differential impost in favor of American ships. At the close of the War of 1812 peace was secured at a criminal sacrifice of this great protecting principle. We were faced with the alternative of continuing the war or of yielding in our policy of discrimination by a ten per cent. preference for our own vessels. We fought against Great Britain's right of search, but no mention of it was made in the treaty of Ghent. We demanded a right to lawful trade with rivals or enemies of England, but no notice was taken of this demand. We asked that impressment of American seamen should cease, but were told that this was inadmissible. England fought to make us abandon discrimination between her ports and ours and to bar our vessels from her colonial ports. She secured full reciprocity on our part in the direct trade and gave us partial reciprocity and only so much as in no way affected her commerce.

But even this betrayal of their constitutional duty did not satisfy our legislators in Congress. In 1817 they passed an act giving to all other foreign countries the same privilege of free entry which we accorded to England. It seemed to be the set purpose of Congress to admit the ships of every foreign country into our carrying trade to our own detriment. We opened wide the door to flags of nations which were not worth reciprocity. The only legislation passed at this time which really benefited permanently our merchant

To allow trade to regulate itself is not to be admitted as a maxim universally sound. In certain cases it is the same thing with allowing one nation to regulate it for another.

—James Madison.

marine was the provision restricting our coasting trade solely to American vessels. The few flags we have afloat to-day in this trade are due directly to this wise and far-seeing provision.

In spite of this adverse legislation against our own interests our marine for a time flourished beyond all precedent. Shut out from the West Indies by the duplicity and sharp dealing of Great Britain, our flag was seen more and more often in the other great markets of the world. We entered with wonderful courage

and success into the great market of the East Indies. Our flag floated over Yankee merchantmen in the far corners of the world. We took our share and more of the rich tea trade of China and the Far East. Enormous hulls were laid in Maine and elsewhere to supply the demand for ships in the Far Eastern trade. We increased our ships in size from the two-hundred-ton and lighter vessels of the old West Indian trade to the six- and seven-hundred-tonner of the new trade in the East. Beginning with 1820 our trade increased nearly one-half in eight years. England began to see that to some extent at least we were independent of her discriminations and hostility. She saw that we were carrying, in spite of her efforts to kill our shipping, nearly ninety per cent. of our commerce in our own ships. In 1825 she decided that her own growth on the sea would make it safe to open her West Indian trade to American merchants.

She made the definite proposition to give us the direct trade with the West Indian market provided we would abandon the last point of preference and discrimination

by which our marine was gradually being built up, namely, discrimination in our indirect trade.

While this demand was refused, the unusual prosperity and growth of our foreign trade turned the heads of a few leaders in Congress. We seemed to be under the delusion that we could rule the world; that we could build ships cheaper than any other nation; and that the time had come when with one step we could control the world's shipping by letting down the last barrier in our favor. John

The right to regulate commerce with foreign powers is necessary as well to enable Congress to lay and collect duties and imports, as to support the rights of a nation in the intercourse with foreign powers.—James Monroe.

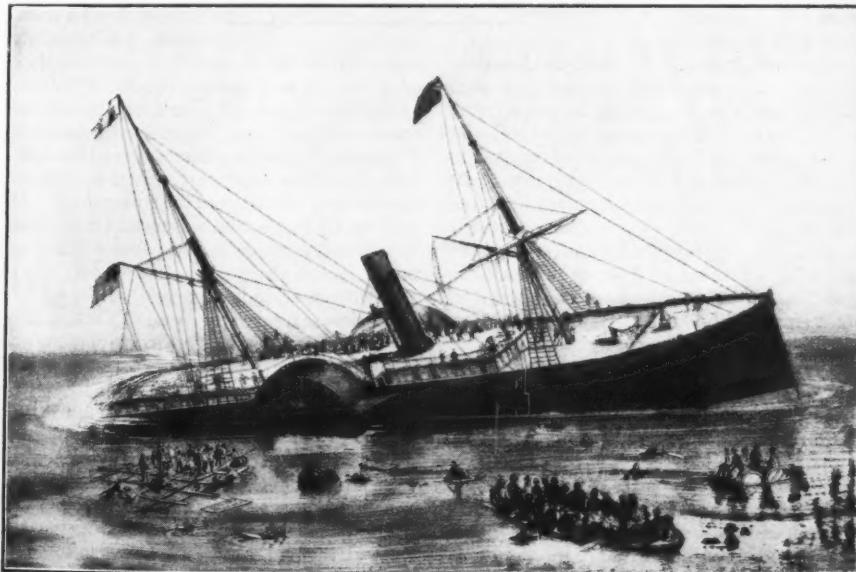
Quincy Adams was one of the leaders who proposed that we should abandon all rights of regulating commerce and try the experiment of increasing our shipping by reversing absolutely the old and successful policy of preference and discrimination in favor of American vessels. So by a crowning act of unwise and constitutional betrayal we suspended, in May, 1828, our entire right to regulate commerce. At one stroke we abandoned the principle which for years had made our merchant marine the wonder of the world and the glory of the nation.

That date is a landmark in American history. It points to the underlying cause of the absolute extinction of American sea power. It was this convention which has served as a model for succeeding treaties and conventions, as the result of which America to-day is practically without influence on the high seas, without adequate vessels to serve our men-of-war in time of war, and without the means to support and to foster the development of our international trade. Up to this time, it should be remembered, we had made reciprocity agreements with only three nations, Great Britain, Sweden and Norway, and France. We carried more than ninety

per cent. of our imports and nearly the same percentage of exports. Within two years we had become so deluded with the new glamour of "reciprocity" that we made agreements with eighteen countries. At the end of that time we had lost about one-tenth of our carrying trade. By 1850 we had passed twenty-five reciprocity agreements and had lost another tenth of trade carried in American ships. In a word, with the convention of 1828 began the decline from which American shipping has never recovered.

One instance will show how futile and detrimental to American interests were the principle and spirit of this convention. A little more than ten years ago Sweden and Norway, under the original convention of 1828, claimed that we should charge their vessels only half the tonnage paid by our own or any other ships coming from their ports. The Commissioner of Navigation, instead of recommending the immediate annulment of the agreement, as provided by an article of the treaty, issued an order to collect only three cents a ton instead of six cents on all vessels from any Scandinavian port. *And yet we had not a single vessel affected by the agreement!*

Why, then, should we stand by these disas-



From an old lithograph

THE LOSS OF THE *ARCTIC*, THE FINEST OF THE ORIGINAL COLLINS LINERS. THIS DISASTER, WHICH WAS SOON FOLLOWED BY ADVERSE LEGISLATION, MARKED THE BEGINNING OF THE FINAL DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE

## Selling a Nation's Birthright

trous conventions? Is it because we fear to antagonize the agents of foreign nations who are primer-like in their reiteration that we must endure our bondage; that we can only resort to subsidies to improve the condition of the American merchant marine; and that the conventions, though admittedly no longer equitable, must be held sacred and under no condition be modified or abrogated? The fact is that since the old treaties and conventions were entered into conditions in international trade have materially changed. Our rivals have created new devices in their own favor which, while not barred by the letter of our agreements, are distinctly opposed to their spirit. As a result, these devices and secret discriminations against us have done much to cut us out of our just share of foreign trade, while we ourselves have so little regarded our own interests that we have submitted without protest. The bonded warehouse system is a good example. To-day our

warehouses are almost exclusively a foreign aid. Before the War of 1812 our merchants were given a short credit, but the war practically cleared the country of foreign importers

and jobbers and left the field to America. Presently the condition of our national finances made it impossible to extend this credit, but in 1846 it was again revived, and our importers and shippers were relieved in part of the necessity of cash payments. At that time we carried nearly ninety per cent. of our own trade. Now we carry comparatively none of it, and yet the bonded warehouse system is still in force. Foreign products are stored and foreign salesmen are given this preference in bringing goods into the country and in selling them in competition with our own factories. It is again the spirit of 1828—generosity to our rivals and absolute lack of consideration of our own interests. In the commercial world to-day our charity begins abroad.

It was twenty-one years after the passage of the reciprocity act of 1828 before England decided to take full advantage of it. To a large extent she was busy with her own domestic affairs. She waited also to see what the result to American shipping would be. But she was roused to action in 1849 when a member of Parliament called attention in an exhaus-

tive analysis to the benefits other nations were deriving from America's policy. He showed how they were profiting at our expense and finally convinced Parliament that England was losing a wonderful commercial opportunity in not taking advantage of our indirect trade.

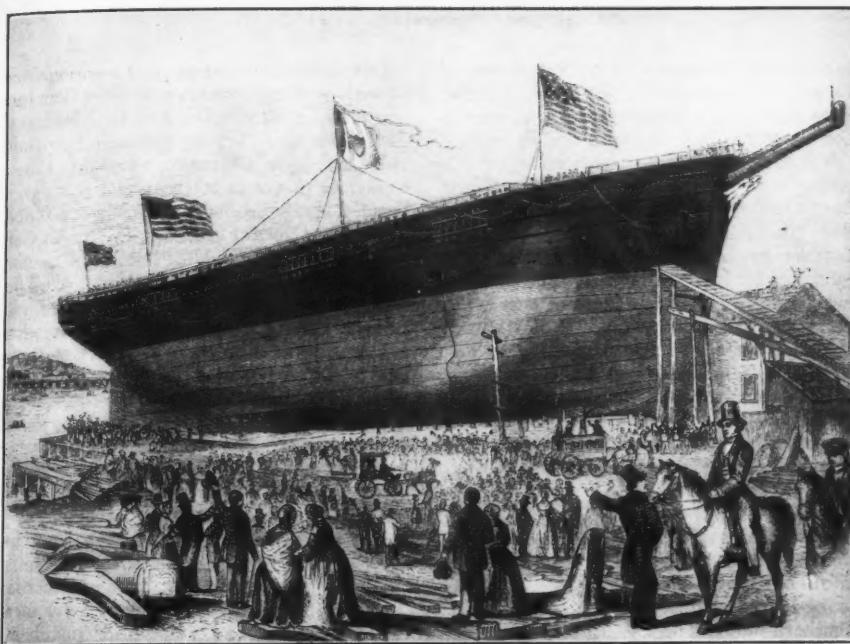
But between the passage of the act in 1828 and the decision of Parliament to take part in our indirect trade many important changes had been made in the world of international trade. In the decade and a half following 1830 most of the nations of the civilized world were at peace. Yankee skill and ingenuity had kept American vessels ahead of their competitors. Our shipyards were busy. The famous American packet-ships and clippers were the wonder of all nations and were unsurpassed by the ships of any foreign power. We had packet lines to London, Havre, Liverpool, and many other important foreign ports. Such was the fame of the Yankee sailing craft at that time that between 1815 and 1840 nearly three hundred and fifty thousand tons of shipping built in the United States were sold to foreign countries.

Unfortunately

our shipbuilders at that time confined their efforts chiefly to wooden ships. Great Britain, on the other hand, with her cheap metals and numerous workshops, began in advance of us to develop iron ships. Almost from the beginning the ships built in England for packet service received aid from the government. As early as 1838 a request was made for aid from the government by a company which proposed to run ships across the ocean, and a year later a subsidy of nearly half a million dollars was granted to Samuel Cunard and his associates for a steam service to America. This was the beginning of the famous Cunard Steamship Company. From the very outset it was a protected enterprise and while it had to meet the competition of the splendid American sail-packets it gradually succeeded in securing the best part of the passenger and freight trade across the ocean. Without aid from the government, American merchants even at this early date were unable to compete with the subsidized steamships of Great Britain.

This bold attempt of Great Britain to secure the commerce of the world by generous

To the spread of our trade in peace and the defense of our flag in war a great and prosperous merchant marine is indispensable. We should have ships of our own and seamen of our own to convey our goods to neutral markets, and in case of need to reinforce our battle line.—*Theodore Roosevelt*.



*From an old woodcut*

LAUNCHING THE GREAT REPUBLIC, THE LARGEST MERCHANT SHIP IN THE WORLD. SHE WAS BUILT FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO TRADE, BUT WAS SOON CHARTERED BY FRANCE FOR TRANSPORT SERVICE DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR

subsidies met, for a time, with no response from the American government. Presently, however—in 1845—Congress passed an act offering certain inducements to American ships in the carrying of United States mails. The action of Congress made it possible to establish a transatlantic mail service from New York to Havre and Bremen. The amount paid was two hundred thousand dollars a year for twenty trips. It was about half the subsidy paid by the English government to the Cunard Line. Two large steamers were built to carry out this contract. In 1850 two more ships were added. Then followed ships to the West Indies, to the Isthmus of Panama, and to ports of the Pacific. Furthermore, in ten years, nearly thirty fine steamers had been built to carry the gold-seekers of California to Pacific ports. It is estimated that in that time the Pacific Mail Company carried one hundred and seventy-five thousand passengers and brought back two hundred million dollars in gold. But it is notorious that had it not been for the gold fever of '49 the subsidy granted to this line by the government would not have been sufficient to keep it from bankruptcy.

In 1847, nearly ten years after England's initiative, our government decided to subsidize a transatlantic steamship line which should compete with the Cunard line of Great Britain. It was a long delay and the subsidy was insufficient, amounting to only \$385,000 a year. This was a smaller sum than was given originally to the Cunard line and very much less than this line was now receiving. But it marked the beginning of a governmental policy which, to some extent, has been followed up to the present time. Unfortunately, it was abruptly abandoned in 1855 after a few short years of trial. That marks the modern turning-point toward the final decline and failure of our merchant marine. In the first years of the adoption of a national policy of subsidies members of all parties, North and South, united in their efforts to protect and to foster our commerce and shipbuilding. The sentiment in favor of giving our merchants and ships the most liberal subsidies was unanimous. Senator Cass, of Michigan, speaking in Congress, in 1852, said, "Well, sir, it is a question of protection, of high and important and holy protection, in the best sense of the term; the protection of our country of

## Selling a Nation's Birthright

our expatriated seamen, of our commerce, of our interests, of our honor, of our soil, of all that gives dignity and character to nations; protection against defeat, disgrace, and dishonor."

This sentiment was shared without a dissenting voice by the legislators of the North, East, and South. There was some opposition from the people of the middle West to the increase in the Collins mail subsidy from \$385,000 for twenty trips to \$858,000 for twenty-six trips, but the increase was finally sanctioned by all parties. Unfortunately sectional strife was now beginning to gain considerable headway. A large percentage of the subsidized mail-steamers were owned by Northern merchants. The victories won by converted merchant ships in former wars were still recalled. In case war was declared between the North and the South, these powerful ships might well be converted into floating arsenals to be turned against Southern ports. The ocean mail system, therefore, became a burning issue. New propositions were debated in Congress to change the whole idea of the subsidy system and to substitute for fixed subsidies sea and inland postage on mail actually carried. This led to the adoption of a plan which eventually allowed Great Britain to obtain control over practically all the postal service of the Atlantic.

It was a death-blow to American commerce. The Collins Line was abandoned, and its steamships sold. The *Adriatic*, one of the newly built ships of the Collins fleet, was purchased by a subsidized British corporation. The British ensign which flew from her mast-head was a vivid monument to our own short-sightedness, defeat, and humiliation, for this American-built vessel for a long time held the record on the international race-course of the North Atlantic. Our other transatlantic lines were gradually abandoned. The lines to the West Indies and the Pacific Mail Lines were enabled to continue their voyages not through any advantage given to them by patriotic action in Congress, but merely from the fact that they were not paralleled by heavily subsidized competitors.

Meanwhile the great nations of Europe

From my observations, I think the country is now ready to try a comprehensive ocean mail law, and to witness its effects upon the foreign trade of the United States. If it is successful, experiments will show how the policy can best be expanded and enlarged, and the American commercial flag be made to wave upon the seas as it did before the Civil War.—William H. Taft.

were making the most of their opportunities. In one year Great Britain gave more than four and a half millions of dollars in subsidies to British vessels. France followed England's example. Even Germany, up to that time a negligible power in international commerce, began its subsidies, which are still continued, to the great fleet of vessels of the North German Lloyd line. The legislators of these foreign countries stood by their ships. Ours deserted our merchant marine fleet like rats from a sinking ship and at a time when aid was most needed. We reversed our governmental policy of protection at a time when its continuation would have meant the supremacy of America throughout the world of commerce; for at that time we were not only a match for Great Britain in the number and excellence of our ocean-going ships, but we far surpassed, man for man, engineer for engineer, and merchant for merchant, all those engaged in international commerce.

What was the result? We can record from the adoption of our patriotic policy of protection, in 1789, to 1828 a wonderful and splendid growth of our merchant marine. Beginning with our first reversal of this policy in 1828, we see the commercial ships of the nation gradually dwindling as new treaties were entered into with various foreign powers. For years after the withdrawal of our subsidies from ocean mail lines our shipping was at a standstill. In four years—from 1855 to 1859—our tonnage launched fell from more than half a million tons to scarcely more than one hundred and fifty thousand. It was the most alarming and unprecedented shrinkage in our history. It was the tangible result of our treacherous denial of the explicit provisions of the Constitution. It was the precedent set for future generations of legislators who today have condemned our commercial growth by the same failure to obey their constitutional oaths. It showed the outcome of the most disgraceful reversal of policy known in the history of our government. It marked the sale of our nation's richest birthright without return and without price.

*In the third and concluding article of this series Mr. Nixon will point out the splendid future which lies within our grasp in rebuilding our merchant marine; and he will show definitely how, in his opinion, this great national reward can be won by Americans solely for American interests.*

# The Case of Horace Bliffington

By Ellis Parker Butler  
*Author of Pigs Is Pigs,  
That Spy, Teeth Is Teeth  
Etc.*

LONG about the year 1902 Horace Bliffington fell into the bay and was drowned, and seven years later he was sitting in a hall bedroom on Fifty-eighth Street with a wide grin on his face and an evening paper in his hand. "Great!" he said. "Now me and Mary can get together again, and we will take the kids and scoot for the West. Ten thousand dollars! Think of that!" For seven long years he had not been able to state positively that he was dead, but now he knew he was—officially and legally dead—and he felt cheerful.

"Well," he said proudly, "I guess I'm dead all right! I rather think so!"

In 1902 Horace was very much in debt, the rent money was absent, and the annual payment on his ten-thousand-dollar policy was coming due, so he took his wife and two children sailing on the bay, and fell overboard. It was a work of art. He stood up and let the boom do it as it swung around, and he went down like a log. By the time he reached shore Mary, weeping over her fatherless children, was being rescued by a tug. The next week she put in a claim for the insurance money. Horace hoped he was dead, but the insurance company had its doubts. Mary did what she could, by means of the courts, to coax the insurance company into seeing that Horace was quite dead, but it was not until seven years had rolled away that he became legally defunct.

Horace was justly proud. He sat gloating over the small court item in the paper until the shades of night darkened the



"YOU GET OUT OF HERE!" SAID  
MR. BLIFFINGTON, TAKING A  
STEP TOWARD THE GHOST

## The Case of Horace Bliffington

hall bedroom, when suddenly he felt that he was not alone in the room. His hair seemed to be pulling at its roots, and a cold and clammy feeling took the place of the glow of pride. He turned his head slowly and beheld a misty stranger standing in his doorway. The stranger was slightly phosphorescent, and waned and flickered like the glow from a wet match-head when it is rubbed in the palm of the hand.

"Excuse me," he said pleasantly. "I'll get better in a few minutes. I'm not very well set yet, being so new."

"Now, look here!" said Mr. Bliffington sharply. "You get out of here! This is my room—"

"Then this is where I belong," said the stranger. "I'm your ghost, you know."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Bliffington. "You must have made a mistake. Get out! I won't have any ghosts hanging around! You can't be my ghost because—"

He was about to say because he was not dead, but he paused, for he remembered that but a minute before he had been congratulating himself on his death. It was rather a delicate situation, and a coarse-spirited ghost might have made things very uncomfortable, but Mr. Bliffington's ghost merely smiled in a deprecatory manner.

"I had hoped," it said gently, "that we might be good friends. I trusted that you would receive me kindly, for my situation is a very difficult one. I feel that I need your help in many ways—your help and advice. I am in a most unusual situation, and it is your fault. You are only legally dead, and very few ghosts have ever been called upon to do ghostly duty in similar circumstances. In ordinary cases the rules are very simple and well defined, but I hardly know how to set about ghosting a man who is actually alive, though legally dead."

"You get out of here!" said Mr. Bliffington, arising and taking a step toward the ghost. The ghost, which had already begun to assume stronger mistiness, backed part way through the door. A look of sadness took the place of the winning smile.

"Of course, if you insist," it said regretfully. "In ordinary circumstances it would be my duty to haunt one person, and one person only—the murderer. But your case is so unusual! I thought perhaps you could advise me. But there! Never mind! I don't want to intrude where I am not wanted. Perhaps you are right. You did what you could to be

legally dead, but the judge was really the man who legally killed you. I'll go haunt him. No doubt, with his legal mind, when I explain that you are not actually dead, but only legally dead, he can—"

"You come back here!" said Mr. Bliffington energetically. "You come back and sit down!"

The ghost hesitated a moment and then oozed into the room again. It laid its ghostly hat on the folding bed and sat down in a chair. Mr. Bliffington forced himself to appear pleased. He saw that it would not do to have the ghost babbling to the judge that Horace Bliffington was still alive, however illegally alive.

"Now, then," said Mr. Bliffington, "what is it you want to do?"

"Well," said the ghost hesitatingly, "I don't just know. I suppose I have got to haunt around—to haunt around and—I can't rattle chains, you know."

"I should hope not!" exclaimed Mr. Bliffington. "In a boarding-house?"

"No," said the ghost regretfully. "Chain-rattling wouldn't do. That is for dungeons. I am sorry, for it is great sport. Do you think I could moan a little?"

"Heavens, no!" cried Mr. Bliffington.

"Of course not!" said the ghost, as if such an idea had never occurred to it. "But I ought to do something doleful, oughtn't I?" it asked wistfully.

"No, sir!" said Mr. Bliffington positively.

The ghost's face fell. "I'm afraid I'm not going to get much fun out of it," it said sadly.

"I can't help that," said Mr. Bliffington firmly.

"I guess this isn't going to be much of a job," said the ghost, with evident dissatisfaction. "I wouldn't give two cents for it. I wish I hadn't taken it."

Mr. Bliffington smiled internally, but he did not let his face show his satisfaction. He felt that he had found the way to handle his ghost. "I'll tell you one thing," he said. "You ought to be thankful that it is any job at all. You want to remember that if it hadn't been for me you would be nowhere. And you want to remember that any time I get tired of you all I have to do is to go to the judge and show him I am alive and he'll declare that I am not even legally dead. Then where would you be?"

Of course Mr. Bliffington had not the slightest idea of going to the judge, but it served to cow the ghost.

"Now," said Mr. Bliffington, when he saw that the ghost was thoroughly frightened, "I am going out to get my dinner, and I'll leave you here, but I want you to behave. I don't want you running around the place, or kicking up any haunt racket. Just stay in the room and smile. Do you want me to bring you anything to eat?"

"No," said the ghost faintly. "Ghosts don't eat anything."

Mr. Bliffington went out and closed the door. He stood a moment in the hall, thinking, and then he opened the door again. "If you hear anyone at the door," he said to the ghost, "you get into my laundry-bag, do you hear? Get in and stay in until I tell you to come out!"

"Yes, sir," said the ghost meekly.

Mr. Bliffington dined at a small place on Columbus Avenue. He had, of course, carefully hidden his name during his period of enforced seclusion, and was known as John R. Jones to his few acquaintances among the frequenters of the restaurant. As he entered he cast his eye around, and his face lighted as he saw, sitting at one of the tables, a young man with whom he had become rather intimate. He took a seat at the same table.

"Billy," he said, "you are just the man I want to see. I need a little legal information, and you can give it to me. Of course this is confidential." Then he carefully laid before the young lawyer his whole story, ending with the question, "Now, has that ghost a right to haunt me?"

Billy considered the case silently for some time. "Yes," he said at length, "it has. A full-fledged ghost would have no rights in the premises, but a merely legal ghost is quite within its rights in haunting a legally dead

man. I don't see how you can get rid of it except by going into court and having your legal death annulled. That would annul the ghost."

"And put me in the penitentiary! No, thank you!"

"You can take your choice," said Billy, "but if you choose the ghost you want to be mighty careful. People are suspicious of ghosts nowadays. No one believes in them any more, and any man who is seen with a ghost tagging around after him is going to excite comment. You want to keep that ghost dark."

"I wish I could," said Mr. Bliffington. "But he isn't the dark kind of ghost—he is the glowing, phosphorescent kind."

"What I meant," explained Billy, "was that you must keep him cowed and afraid of you, so that he will not venture out when you tell him to stay at home. Keep him scared to death."

When Mr. Bliffington returned to his room Billy went with him. As they entered the room total

darkness greeted them, except for a soft glow that came from the laundry-bag. Mr. Bliffington kicked the bag.

"You come out of there, and come quick!" he exclaimed peremptorily, and the ghost came out. "Mr. Wright," said Mr. Bliffington, "this is my ghost. Pretty poor specimen, isn't it?"

"Mighty poor!" said Mr. Wright. "I wouldn't have the thing around, if he was mine."

"I feel that way myself," said Mr. Bliffington. "If he doesn't mind what I tell him, and that pretty sharply, off he goes!"

"It would be easy to get rid of him," said Billy. "Just a legal form."



"I GUESS THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE MUCH OF A JOB," SAID THE GHOST, WITH EVIDENT DISSATISFACTION.  
"I WISH I HADN'T TAKEN IT"



AS MARY STEPPED FORWARD WITH HER HANDS EXTENDED A GENTLE BREEZE TOUCHED HER CHEEK, AND SHE DREW BACK IN TERROR. IT MIGHT BE THE GHOST

The ghost was standing with a pained smile, rubbing its hands nervously. "Now, gentlemen," it said pleadingly, "I hope you will not be hard on me. I admit that I am inexperienced, but I am willing to learn. I only aim to please."

"Well," said Mr. Bliffington, "you had better aim to please! You take that from me! No nonsense!"

"No, sir," said the ghost meekly.

"Well, I am going out with my friend now," said Mr. Bliffington. "Get back into that laundry-bag."

The ghost oozed himself into the bag.

"That's all right," said Mr. Bliffington. "And you stay there until I come back. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the ghost, and when Mr. Bliffington left the room with Billy only the ghost's glowing head was visible.

If Mr. Bliffington had read the account of his legal death with a light heart, his joy was now changed to nervous worriment. For seven long years he had worked at his plan. He had chosen the town in the West to which he would hasten as soon as the insurance money was paid, and he had planned the method by which he would make his existence known to his wife. The children could hardly remember him, and certainly would not, disguised as he was by a full beard and his increased baldness. But Mary had an unreasoning fear of ghosts. This had been Mr. Bliffington's one cause of uneasiness—Mary might think he was his own ghost. What she might do if she saw an actual ghost accompanying him he was afraid to consider.

When he left Billy he walked the street with bent head, considering the sad state of affairs, but he would have been still more depressed could he have known what was

happening in his hall bedroom. Hardly had he left the house when a light wagon backed up to the door and a boy entered the basement. He said a word or two to the maid that came to the door, and the maid hurried to Mr. Bliffington's room. As her hand touched the door-knob the ghost hastily drew its head into the laundry-bag, and a minute later the bag was lifted from its hook and carried downstairs and handed to the boy, who carried it to the street and threw it carelessly into the wagon.

Mr. Bliffington could come to but one conclusion. He must tell his wife, fairly and frankly, that he had a ghost, and before he returned to his room he dropped into a hotel and wrote her a short letter, briefly announcing his existence, telling of his continued love, and making an appointment for the next day. Then, as a postscript, he added these words: "I must add, dearest Mary, that I have a ghost. I trust this information will not annoy you. The ghost is well behaved and meek, and might, I think, become useful in our new home. He would at least do as a night light in a bedroom, as he gives forth a gentle glow that is easy on the eyes. I know you will like him when you see him. Until to-morrow!"

When Mr. Bliffington returned to his room he immediately noticed the absence of the laundry-bag, and he shook with fear. His first act was to rush to a telephone to demand the return of the bag, but the laundry was closed for the night. As he toiled up his stairs again a new thought came to him. As soon as the laundry discovered the ghost it would return it to him. Then he would brazenly disown it. He would say that it was no property of his, and bid them take it away. He was rather pleased with this solution, and he waited in his room until noon the

next day, but no one appeared with the ghost. He waited until within a few minutes of the time he had set to meet Mary, and was then forced to hasten not to keep her waiting.

Mary Bliffington had passed an awful forenoon. The shock of the revelation that her husband still lived was awful, but would have been a joyful shock had not the postscript about the ghost congealed her blood with terror. The mere thought of a ghost sent thrills of horror through her inmost being. There ensued a struggle between love and terror that left her weak and trembling, but in the end love won. She would take Horace back, even with his ghostly addition. At the hour set she put on her hat and went out to meet him.

The joy of Mary Bliffington as she saw Horace approach was cooled by her fear of the ghost, and Horace noticed it. The spot he had chosen was a secluded nook in Central Park, and as Mary stepped forward with her hands extended a gentle breeze touched her cheek, and she drew back in horror. The moist air thus caressing her might be the ghost! She knew that ghosts are invisible by daylight, and Horace's ghost might be anywhere. Thus the ghost, though absent, cast its saddening spell over their first meeting.

Mr. Bliffington had considered what he would say. Now that he was rid of the ghost, it was unfortunate that he had mentioned it. "Mary," he said, when he had folded her in his arms, "I must confess! I have no ghost."

"You said you had," she said suspiciously, drawing away from him. "You wrote that you had."

"Yes," said Mr. Bliffington, forcing a smile, "I did. But it was to test your love."

"But you *said* you had a ghost," Mary insisted.

"I know it!" said Mr. Bliffington. "But I haven't. Understand?"

"I don't see why you said you had a ghost if you didn't have any," said Mary insistently. "If you did have a ghost——"

"My dear," said Mr. Bliffington, "I have told you I said so to test your love."

"If you say you have a ghost at one time,

and say you have not at another, how am I ever to know when you are telling the truth?" asked Mrs. Bliffington. "You say you are Horace Bliffington, but I saw you drown. Then you tell me you are alive and have a ghost, and just when I made myself believe it, you say the letter was part lie. How am I to know it was not all a lie?"

Mr. Bliffington was at his wits' end. He saw he had made a false start, and that he must correct his error the best he could. "Very well," he said. "And if I admit the letter was partly untrue, what then?"

"I could never believe you again," said Mrs. Bliffington positively. "And I think it would be best for us to part now, forever."

"Mary," said Mr. Bliffington frankly, "every word of that letter was true. I have a ghost."

"I will believe you," said Mrs. Bliffington simply, "when I see the ghost."

Mr. Bliffington gasped. A sudden fear that the ghost might be lost forever flashed upon his mind. He recalled the many times the laundry had lost things for him. Of course it replaced the lost articles, or paid for them, but with a lost ghost the matter would be more difficult. Mary would never be satisfied with a substitute ghost. But before he could speak Mary spoke again.

"Horace," she said, "I feel it my duty to my children and myself to let things remain as they are until you produce the ghost. These subterfuges and lies are not like the husband I knew. I am afraid you are not yourself. I am afraid you are only your ghost."

"That I am my ghost!" cried Mr. Bliffington. "Surely, Mary, you do not believe——"

"Produce the ghost, Horace Bliffington," said Mrs. Bliffington firmly, and she turned away.

From the interview thus ended Horace Bliffington scarcely knew how he departed. For several hours he walked the park in agony. At times he started in the direction of the laundry with long, hasty steps, fully decided to run to the blonde cashier and demand his ghost, and then, as he remembered



WITH EAGER FINGERS HE SCATTERED THE SHIRTS, THOUGH HE KNEW HE COULD NOT SEE THE GHOST IN THE GLARE OF DAY

## The Case of Horace Bliffington

the businesslike manner and disconcerting blue eyes of the blonde, he stopped short and turned about. There are some things a man hates to do, not the least of them being to step up to a window in a laundry and say, "When you were sorting out my socks did you run across my ghost?"

Hoping against hope, Mr. Bliffington returned to his boarding-house. Possibly the ghost had returned of its own accord. He found it had not. Two days of the utmost nervous strain passed, and on the third day the laundry-boy brought home the laundry-bag and its contents. When the maid handed it to Mr. Bliffington he could hardly wait until she had left the room to tear open the crisp paper parcel. With eager fingers he scattered the shirts and collars over his bed and opened the draw-string of the crumpled laundry-bag. He knew he could not see the ghost in the glare of day, but he put his face close to the opening of the bag.

"Are you there?" he whispered tremulously into the bag. "Ghost, are you there?" He ran his hand into the bag and clawed around in it. He took the bag by the corners and shook it, upside down. He turned the bag wrong side out. "Oh, ghost," he pleaded, "are you there?" and all the while he knew this was useless, for the ghost could not appear until the shades of night had fallen.

As the sun disappeared and darkness slowly settled over the town Mr. Bliffington sat in his room straining his eyes for the first faint phosphorescent glimmer of the ghost. From time to time he spoke gently, "Oh, ghost!" or "Say, ghost!" but he received no answer. Blackness invaded the room, but no glimmer of ghost lessened the blackness. The ghost had not come back!

All the next day Horace Bliffington spent in walking the park, forcing his mind to grapple with his problem, picking up one impossible solution after another and dropping each in disgust when it had been followed to its logically idiotic end. The most insane ideas proposed themselves—to rent a ghost, to borrow a ghost, to rig up an imitation ghost—until he wore himself out with it all, and returned to his room. The setting of the sun brought him a temporary renewal of hope, but this fled as the full darkness came, with no ghost.

The next morning Mr. Bliffington hardened his resolution and went to the laundry.

For a moment he hesitated at the door, and then he bolted in. The blue-eyed cashier glanced up carelessly as he put his face close to the little window of her tiny cage. Mr. Bliffington cleared his throat.

"Excuse me," he said, "but when the boy came for my laundry this week—"

"Shortage or damage?" asked the blonde. "Did you bring the ticket? What name?"

"A—a—shortage. Bliffington—I mean Jones, John R. Jones. I forgot the ticket," stammered Mr. Bliffington. "When the boy came for my laundry—"

"Yes?" said the cashier without interest. "What's short?"

Mr. Bliffington blushed. "My ghost," he said hesitatingly. But if he expected the cashier to laugh in his face he was making a mistake. Her mouth hardened, and she looked at him superciliously.

"If there was anything short," she said coldly, "say so. The boss don't allow none of the girls to flirt with customers, so it ain't no use trying, and I guess I think too much of myself to flirt with every feller that wants to. So if you had anything short say so, Mister Smarty. It ain't no use trying to flirt."

"Well, you see," said Mr. Bliffington uneasily, "I am compelled—that is to say, if you will just listen to me while I explain. My ghost was in the laundry-bag—"

The cashier turned her head and called in a shrill voice: "Mister Wiggins, could you step here a minute? They's a guy here that's crazy. I wisht you would come and throw him out."

She did not seem to be greatly excited about it, however, nor to be greatly frightened. Even while she appealed for aid she was carefully gathering up a few back hairs and tucking their ends in among the evidently false curls.

Mr. Wiggins came forward with a frown of annoyance at being disturbed. He laid a hand on Mr. Bliffington's shoulder, and spoke insinuatingly. "All right, my good man," he said, "but we are very busy to-day. Run along now, that's a good fellow, and come back some other time. Come back about eight o'clock this evening, and we'll talk it all over. It will be all right."

But Mr. Bliffington did not move. "I want to explain," he said.

"That's all right," said Mr. Wiggins soothingly. "There's no need to explain; we understand all about it. Just run along now,

and come back at—come back to-morrow, or the next day. Good-by."

"Look here," said Mr. Bliffington with sudden anger, "you can't get rid of me that way. If a man who has sent his laundry here for the last seven years, and who has paid cash, can't make a decent claim for shortage—"

"Well, why didn't you say so?" exclaimed Mr. Wiggins. "We'll fix that up in a minute. Shortages will happen sometimes in the best regulated laundries. Now what was short?"

Although Mr. Bliffington again blushed he gazed at Mr. Wiggins with a dog-like appeal in his eyes. "My ghost," he said hesitatingly. "I had my ghost in the laundry-bag—"

"What'd I tell you?" said the cashier. "Crazy as—"

"Now you just shut up," said Mr. Wiggins shortly. "I guess I can handle this case myself." The cashier assumed a look of haughty disdain, and Mr. Wiggins turned to Mr. Bliffington. "One ghost short?" he asked. "We will look it up.

Of course things will get lost once in a while—get into the wrong package."

Mr. Bliffington hesitated. "If you would make a special effort," he suggested.

"We will," said the laundryman. "If that ghost is anywhere about the place we will find it, depend on that."

Mr. Bliffington was hardly out of sound of the laundry when yells of mirth overpowered the noise of the electric mangles and steam-washing-machines, as Mr. Wiggins told the

girls the story of the interview. A joke is welcome even in the superheated atmosphere of a laundry, but in a few minutes the levity was quelled, for it was the busy season, and there was no time to waste.

That night the laundry worked overtime, but at nine o'clock there was a temporary cessation of labor. The feed-wire of the mangles short-circuited the electric-light wire, and burned out the fuses, and in the absolute darkness that ensued a dull phosphorescent glow shone in the tub-room.

Caught in the cogs of one of the washing-machines and wrapped around and around the shaft was Mr. Bliffington's ghost! It was in a pitiable condition. Undoubtedly it had been dumped into the washing-machine with the contents of the laundry-bag, and had been steam-washed with the collars and white goods. The boiling water and strong lye-and-soap cleanser had done it no good at all. The whirling prongs of the washer had not improved it in

the least. Torn and twisted, and washed pale and thin, it had evidently sought the first chance of escape and crawled from the washing-machine only to fall into the cog-wheel! For days it had whirled around and around with the whirring shaft, and now it barely palpitated with a faint, dull glow. Patrick Dooley, in charge of the washing-machines, examined it carefully for some time before he was even aware that it was a ghost, and had he not heard of



THE CASHIER TURNED AND CALLED IN A SHRILL VOICE:  
"MR. WIGGINS, THEY'S A GUY HERE THAT'S CRAZY.  
I WISHT YOU WOULD COME AND  
THROW HIM OUT"



MR. WIGGIS CAREFULLY UNWOUND THE GHOST UNTIL IT HUNG LIMP BY ONE ARM  
THAT WAS CAUGHT IN THE COGS

Mr. Bliffington's application he might never have known that it was a ghost. He stumbled up the dark stairway and found Mr. Wiggins at the telephone, shouting for electricians.

"Say," said Dooley, "that there ghost is down there in th' wash-room. Have ye got a collar-box or a paper bag Oi cud put it into?"

Several of the flat-iron girls screamed, but Mr. Wiggins followed Mr. Dooley down the stairs.

"Pat," he said, when he had examined the ghost carefully, "the only way we can get that ghost loose is to run the washing-machine backward to unwind it off the shaft, and then take off that cog-wheel. It looks to me like that was a pretty badly damaged ghost, but it's not our fault."

Mr. Dooley put his strong arms to the washing-machine and slowly turned its wheels backward, while Mr. Wiggins carefully unwound the ghost until it hung limp by one arm that was caught in the cogs. Then the cog-wheel was taken off the shaft, and the ghost fell in a pale heap on the floor. Mr. Dooley shook his head.

"That's a mighty near gone ghost!" he

said, and he was right. But Mr. Wiggins had no time to waste. He swept the little pile of ghost onto a piece of paper, and carried it up-stairs.

"Here, Maggie," he said, "starch this up a little, and when she's done it, you iron it out, Kate."

The girls gathered around the poor ghost and examined it with interest. Few of them had ever seen a ghost, if any of them ever had, but this one was not now in a condition to cause fright. When it had been starched and ironed it was so faint that it could hardly be seen. It was merely the faintest possible glow, now showing in one spot and now in another, on the ironing-board. Mr. Wiggins looked at it and shook his head. At that instant the electric bulbs burst into light, and the ghost disappeared entirely. Mr. Wiggins had to turn out the lights in order that he might see enough of the ghost to wrap it in paper. Then he turned on the lights and the blonde cashier made out a laundry-ticket for it, and put the package on the shelf to be delivered in the morning.

When Mr. Bliffington received the parcel the next morning his heart beat tumultuously

with joy, and he hastily tore open the paper. Nothing rewarded his gaze. He closed the blinds and hung a sheet and a blanket before the window, but even in the room thus darkened he could see no trace of the ghost, and he set himself to await the coming of night. He wrote a joyous letter to Mrs. Bliffington, making an appointment for that evening, and sent it by special messenger. As night fell he became more and more nervous, and when utter darkness filled the room he was just able to distinguish the very faint glow of the ghost, a mere point of phosphorus no bigger than the end of a match on the sheet of manila wrapping-paper. As he gazed at it, wondering how he could persuade his wife that this was indeed a ghost, a tap on the door aroused him and the maid handed him an envelope. The note it contained said:

DEAR HORACE:

I have been thinking. Bring the ghost. All will then be well. MARY.

As he finished reading the note he glanced at the ghost, just in time to see it give a last faint flicker and flicker out. For a minute he stood silent, lost in conflicting emotions.

"Now, I call that odd!" he said at length. "I never knew a ghost to act that way. I never heard of a ghost like that. As a matter of fact I wouldn't give two cents to be haunted by a ghost like that, coming and going in an irresponsible manner. I like a reliable ghost. Tut! And he called himself a legal ghost! Established by law! I'll never believe a ghost again!"

The door opened and Billy Wright entered. "Hello, dead man!" he said jovially. "Ghostie and you having a little chat?"

"The ghost is gone," said Mr. Bliffington in a hollow tone.

"That's so, of course!" said Billy Wright.

"I should have known he would be gone, seeing that you have a temporary renewal of life."

"What!" cried Mr. Bliffington.

"Didn't you know? Insurance company has appealed—carried the case to a higher court. You are legally alive again for a while. So, of course, no ghost. I congratulate you."

Mr. Bliffington only groaned.

"Oh, if you feel that way about it," said Billy Wright, "you may as well cheer up, for I can tell you the insurance company will lose again. You'll soon be dead again. Your ghost will come back."

Again Mr. Bliffington groaned, perhaps more mournfully than before. He knew what his wife would say if he appeared that evening without the ghost. A week later, a year later, the ghost would be but a worry and a nuisance. Much as he had longed for a ghost twelve hours earlier he now thought of the ghost with repugnance. He turned to his dresser and took his tooth-brush from the tumbler in which it stood, brush end up. He jerked his suit-case from the corner, and opening it, cast the tooth-brush into it.

"Billy," he said, "I am going away. You know I am Horace Bliffington, and that I am alive. You can be additional evidence before the higher court. I'm not going to be dead any more. If I had been furnished with a reliable, dependable ghost it might be different, but I'm going to give that phosphorescent fizzle a surprise. He evaporated on me when I needed him most, and he can stay evaporated. If anybody asks you, just say I don't believe in ghosts; I've had one too many of my own."

It is indeed true that in this world the evil actions of a man are followed by their own harsh retribution.

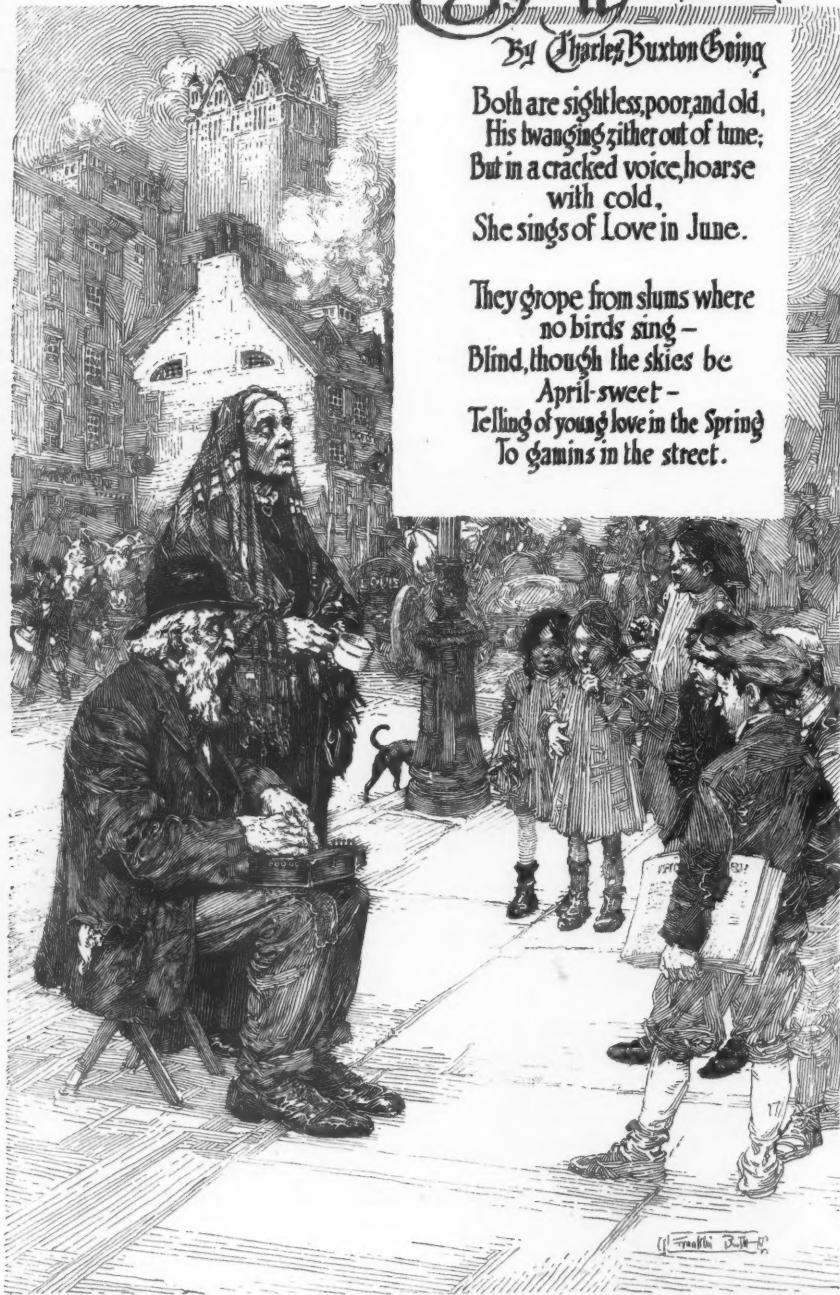


# The Minstrels

By Charles Buxton Going

Both are sightless, poor, and old,  
His twanging zither out of tune;  
But in a cracked voice, hoarse  
with cold,  
She sings of Love in June.

They grope from slums where  
no birds sing -  
Blind, though the skies be  
April-sweet -  
Telling of young love in the Spring  
To gamins in the street.



Drawn by Franklin Booth

# The Spanish Prisoner

By Arthur Train

*Author of "The Prisoner at the Bar," "McAllister and His Double," etc.*

Illustrated by David Robinson



Oh, sunny old Madrid is the place where I was did  
Out o' bein' too exorbitantly rich,  
Where the ladies smoke cheroots and the bandits  
go cahoots  
On your silverware and jewelry and such.



THE smoking-compartment of the through sleeper to Memphis had been empty, save for myself, until the Chicago flier paused for one broiling moment at Koko Junction. Inside, the thermometer registered ninety-eight degrees; outside, the air shimmering above the cinder-colored landscape indicated that the mercury, though lost to sight, was still to memory dear. Across the main street the green-baize door of the "Smile-with-Grandfather" saloon suddenly swung outward and a dashing figure with a pair of waving mustachios, carrying a carpet-bag with a stag's head worked upon it in pink worsted, leaped across the platform to the train. In my momentary glimpse of his parabola I recognized the newcomer as an old acquaintance toward whose support I had involuntarily contributed at various intervals in the past through the innocently rural media of euchre and seven-up—in short, none other than "Koko Jim" of Koko Junction.

"*Come ay star, mio amigo!*" he cried, tossing the bag lightly into the rack above and grasping me enthusiastically by both hands. "What luck to find you here! *Caramba!*"

It was difficult to cherish the past against one so impulsively warm hearted. "Been doing the Spanish?" I asked by way of hot, airy persiflage.

"Nay—rather they have been doing me!"

he replied with his customary *bon esprit*.

I smiled incredulously, while he twirled his mustachios in a reminiscent manner.

"You wouldn't be interested in a little game of euchre?" he inquired tentatively. "No?" He removed from his breast pocket and lit a rat-tailed cigar about nine inches in length. "I don't blame you," he continued sympathetically. "We must all learn by experience. I have had to pay for mine, just like yourself. I've come way back to sit down for good and 'smile with grandfather.' Koko Junct. is good enough for me. Why, I can remember when all a Christian needed was three little walnut-shells and a pea to work his way from here clear to Seattle. But the good old times are past and gone. They have got my number—same as you have. But the meanest, most humiliating—Say, do I look easy? Do you see any straw protruding from my gambrel? Are there any pin-feathers sprouting on my Adam's apple? What? There must be some indicia of senile dementia, for I dropped as easy as doth the yokel to the man who puts his linotype in the galaxy of celebrated men of Buncombe County for fifteen dollars. One fine morning I arose as usual at seven up and found amid the silver of my breakfast set a letter from Spain. Do you savvy? A letter to muh from Espagna! 'James,' says I to myself, 'what foreign duchess of high altitude is seeking a matrimonial alliance with Koko Junct?' So I quickly opened the missive, and my horse-hide double-covered heart leaped, for it proved to be from a millionaire planter of the Canary Isles confined in a loathsome Spanish prison. Sure thing. Here it is." He fumbled in his pocket and produced the following:

## The Spanish Prisoner

MADRID, 7th 1-19-

Gentleman: Arrested by bankruptcy I beg your aid in the recovering of a trunk containing two hundred and fifty thousand dollars deposited at an English station, being necessary to come to Spain to leave free the seizure of my baggage, paying the Tribunal some expenses in order to take to your charge a valise in a secret drawer of which I have hidden a check for two thousand four hundred pounds (twelve thousand dollars) payable to bearer and the receipt for trunk necessary for recovering same in England.

In recompense I shall reward you with the *third* part of the total amount.

I cannot receive your reply at prison, so it must be sent to my old servant by a cablegram thus addressed.

Jose Carlos, Plaza Cortes 8 Primero, Madrid (Spain). Being not sure you may receive this letter, I await your reply to sign my full name.

R.

Please reply by cable, not by letter, and by caution sign with this name, "Mir."

"Wasn't that all to the *de luxe*—two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! I swallowed that letter with my Mocha and Java, and it looked so good to me that after my tortilla I inquired casually of my friend the telegraph operator the price of a cable to Madrid. Six dollars and seventy-five cents was the cash damage and no credit allowed, and not being in funds I had to restrain my impatience until an obliging traveling gentleman in punkin-seed by-products reimbursed me in a quiet game. Then I let myself go and had a wild debauch at twenty-five cents per *mot*.

"Sure thing," I cabled. "I will assist. Write full particulars. Mir."

"Say, Koko Junct. seemed a sad, sad place during the dreary days that followed. I began to think Don Jose Carlos was a myth or had died of an acute attack of revolution or that he had moved out of Plaza Cortes 8 Primero to elude his rent. But at last the prisoner replied. This time he gave me eight pages of small pica containing detailed instructions.

"He was Don Antonio Ramos, of the Canary Isles, he was, and he was locked up tight in a dreary dungeon in old Madrid. My seven-dollar cablegram had reached him all right through the faithful old Carlos, who was still boarding at 8 Primero, and he was ready to open up and deliver the goods. He had been a banker in the Canaries, but had gone short of the market in yams, *eau de sucre*, cocoanuts, or something, and had 'done bankruptcy and being near of arrestation was obliged to escape to a foreign

country.' Before he flew the coop he cashed in all his worldly goods for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, lined the secret compartment of his little leather bandbox with long green, and slipped away on a low rakish schooner with his only daughter, a beautiful damsel of nineteen, and the faithful old Carlos. Beautiful daughter! Wasn't that a touch? If you won, you got the kitty as well as the stakes!

"In due course they reached Gibraltar in safety and took a cross-town steamer for Marseilles, whence Don Antonio and daughter had intended to sail for England, but when they were off Barcelona the tub sprang a leak in her boilers, and they were obliged to land. Don Antonio was in dire fear of being captured by the police, so he bought tickets to London via Paris and checked through the trunk with the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and was just getting safely over the French boundary when, bing! he was nabbed by the Spanish constabulary. Wasn't it sad? You see 'doing bankruptcy' in a Spanish possession is a high crime. So back to Madrid they dragged poor Don Antonio and locked him up in prison, while the doughbox was whisked merrily on via Calais-Dover to dear old Lunnon. *Caramba!* and *Hoyos de Monterey!* The beautiful daughter was sent to an orphan-asylum, and Don Antonio's only means of communication with the outside world became the faithful Carlos.

"And now the plot thickens. In order to avoid accidents coony old Antonio had had false bottoms put in his two valises as well as his trunk, and in the pocket of one of them he had stowed away the baggage-check and a sight draft for twenty-four hundred pounds. In the other were the family jewels—among them some formerly belonging to the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. When the police had arrested him as he was about to slip into France, they had, of course, captured his hand-baggage at the same time, but they didn't get on to the little false bottoms, and all they found was his safety razor, his Sunday suit, and some collars. The trunk had gone on, but the receipt for it remained in the secret compartment of the valise, which was in the hands of the authorities. Once in Madrid the bags were sealed up and deposited with the clerk of the Municipal Tribunal. In due course these would be put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder, and that was where I came in. For if some friend did not jump into the game and bid

in the bags some Spaniard who was taking a flier in hand-luggage would buy up the Maximilian jewels, the check, and the draft for a few miserable *pesetas!* *Casadora!* Horrible thought!

"Don Antonio had the idea that he would get about five years in prison, and he wanted some honest party to come to Madrid and look after his luggage on a basis of thirty-three and a third per cent. Once the money was safe his side partner could get the daughter out of the asylum, compound the bankruptcy at fifteen cents on the *peseta* (Excuse my Spanish, but it is second nature), and get the don out of prison! Things had to be done on the jump, too, for there were only about twenty-five days before the annual unclaimed baggage sale. To show that he was on the level, Antonio enclosed a clipping from an English paper telling all about his arrest and a certificate showing that he really had been jugged for being a bankrupt and how much it would cost to get him out. The proposition was simplicity itself. I was to take the first steamer for Gibraltar, come to Madrid via rail, meet Carlos, attend the baggage sale, and buy the valises. This would be easy, as no one but

us would know their real value. I would then be in possession of the baggage receipt for the trunk, the jewels, and the sight draft on London. To satisfy myself that there was no trick I could then cable to the bank to find out if it had issued a draft of that number and amount. Having thus assured myself, I could start for London accompanied by Carlos, who would act as his master's representative. Once there I could first cash the draft and then by reason of the check

secure the trunk containing the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Could anything have been easier?

"I was to cable the day I sailed, and when I got off the train at Madrid Carlos would know me by the fact that I had a handkerchief tucked around my collar and a newspaper in my hand. I was to give the password, 'Mir,' and the faithful servant would show me to a quiet hotel. Antonio said I had better bring enough money to pay all expenses for the trip to London with Carlos and to bribe the jailer so that we could have a personal conference, and he thought twelve hundred dollars would be about enough. It was no use to write because the postal authorities were on to Carlos and intercepted his letters. Everything had to be done by cable. He ended up by explaining how he got my name. He said that confined in the same jail for a trifling offense was an American friend of mine who, in response to a request for the name and address

of some honest man in the United States, had given him mine. He couldn't give me my friend's name since he knew him only by an alias—Smith. Carlos was going to move in about a week, so that I had better hurry up and cable if my intentions were honorable.

"Well, that letter made me think. It looked kind of phony to me. In the first place I didn't have any friends likely to be in jail in Spain. Most of mine were in



"HE WAS DON ANTONIO RAMOS, OF THE CANARY ISLES, AND HE WAS LOCKED UP TIGHT IN A DREARY DUNGEON IN OLD MADRID"

## The Spanish Prisoner

Auburn, Joliet, or Sing Sing. It seemed awful queer that poor old faithful Carlos couldn't raise enough coin right in Madrid to buy up a couple of old bags and pay for a railroad ticket to London; and it did not occur to me that Koko Junct. was a particularly promising locality to which to look for help. 'No,' I says, 'this is one of the slickest con games ever worked upon an ignorant agriculturalist.' But the thought of my six dollars and seventy-five cents depressed me. I wanted to get even with that Don Antonio Ramos Casadora Perfecto and make him give up!

"In the first place, whoever wrote that letter had committed a crime, by attempting to obtain money on false pretenses; in the second he owed me my cable money with six per cent. interest; and in the third I was entitled to punitive damages. Last, he had insulted my intelligence. 'I will go after this Spanish cavalier, and if he is still in his retreat I will make him reimburse me even to the half of all that he hath!' says I. 'He is fair game, and if I can prove that he wrote that letter he will either go to jail *ipso facto*, *pro bono publico*, instanter, or he must shell out handsome—for silence on the part of Koko James is golden.'

"The more I thought of the idea the better I liked it. I had always wanted to go to Spain, and see the black-eyed Amontillados, the ruined Moorish castles, the mules and tinkling fountains. 'I will get my hooks into that old Spanish don and make him look like an Habana second made in Grand Street,' I says. So I cabled faithful old Carlos that I was off and coming so fast that I was gaining all the time.

"Why should I detail to you the emotions of one of your countrymen leaving his native land for the first time? I bade farewell to the 'Smile-with-Grandfather,' put on my store clothes, and shook the cinders of Koko Junct. from off my sandals. Once in New York I discovered that a new and fast Spanish-American liner, *The Cuspidores Furiosos*, was just sailing for Gibraltar, and on her I took my passage. Once I had recovered from the momentary inconveniences caused by crossing the Gulf Stream I secured a seat at the captain's table, and in spite of a notice warning honest passengers against thieves and gamblers I soon had a quiet little game running in the rear of the smoking-saloon and was taking in the spondulix. Those passengers were the softest lot of guys

I have ever seen. They just cried to have their money taken away from 'em—one wizened-up little fellow in particular, with a bald head, who looked like Mr. Pip. And there were all kinds.

"One was a German brewer from Newark, New Jersey, with a big black beard; another was a poet from Kansas City with long hair; there was a minister from Kalamazoo, Michigan, and a couple of farmers from Illinois. But they were pretty good fun, and the trip was one unalloyed dream of delight. On moonlight nights we would sit along the taffrail and smoke, and the poet would rhapsodize about ruined Spanish castles, and the brewer would sing 'The Watch on the Rhine.' There was a wireless on board, too, and when they got tired of poker I would make a little hand-book on the side. When I was real seasick I used to think of how I was going to put the screws on old Don Antonio and count over my roll, for I had taken in eleven hundred dollars, mostly from Mr. Pip.

"Well, about the seventh day out, just as we were coming into sight of Fayal and having a little five-handed game in the smoker, I happened to pull in a big pot just on a pair of aces, and Pip got up looking kind of limp and threw himself down on a sofa and says:

"'I'm cleaned out! All is over! *Toot on somble!*'

"'Oh, cheer up,' I says, 'I'll lend you a stake. Your luck may turn now we're in sight of land.'

"'No,' he says dolefully. 'My trip is a failure. I had a wonderful opportunity to win a fortune, and I have thrown it away. I was going to rescue a Spanish prisoner confined in prison in Madrid.'

"'Do tell,' I says, with my heart beating a tattoo.

"'Yes,' he says, 'and he had a daughter, the Doña Sorella, only nineteen years old, beautiful as a night full of stars.'

"'Excuse me,' says the brewer from Newark. 'Did I hear you say anydings aboud a Spanish prisoner? I vas going to rescue a prisoner myself—in Madrid. Don Antonio Ramos,' he says, 'and he had a pootiful daughter. Maybe he vas der same, already?'

"'That's him,' groans Pip, 'and now you will get the money and the maiden, besides!'

"'Hold on a bit,' cries the poet from Kansas City, 'I'm in on this. I've come four thousand miles to arrange with faithful

old Carlos about that daughter, and you can't freeze *me* out!"

"Well," I says, "this looks serious!" Then, turning to the rest of the passengers lounging around the saloon, I says, "Boys—I mean Gents—how many of you are interested in liberating a Spanish prisoner from durance vile in Madrid?"

For a minute they all put up a bluff at being surprised at the question, and then one by one every hand in the room went up.

"Gosh!" I says. "This is bad. We can't all marry the poor girl!"

They were the nineteen sickest-looking pikers you ever seen in your life, and of course I let on I was the same kind of a sucker they was. So we had a sort of informal meeting and each told how he happened to be there, and each was different. In the case of the minister his congregation had contributed toward a fund to liberate Don Antonio and secure the money for church purposes, and the Young Men's Bible Class had offered to marry Doña Sorella provided she turned down the parson. The farmers had both mortgaged their farms, and the poet had written a poem in one hundred and ninety-seven cantos, based on how he was going to rescue Sorella, and sold it to a newspaper syndicate, and so on and so forth. They all glared at one another and frothed at the mouth as if they wanted to tear each other's hearts out.

"Well, I began to take courage, for I smelt something better than trying to squeeze a con man who spoke a foreign language, for I knew they must all have their money—except

what I had taken from them—and didn't see why it could not be put to some good purpose.

"Boys," I says—"Beg pardon again, I should say Gents—what seems at first sight to be an unfortunate coincidence may in the end prove a genoonee dispensation. We have all started upon a sacred mission to free an unfortunate man unjustly confined in prison. Money is no object to us. It is the principle of the thing. We have sworn to rescue innocent maidenhood from the contaminating surroundings of a Spanish orphan-asylum. Incidentally we may stumble over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to be used for church purposes. Where no one of us could have hoped to succeed alone, all may achieve our object together. In union is strength! Let us incorporate ourselves. They had never thought of that, and after a little persuasion they began to see that the idea had points.

"Gents," I continued, "so far as the money is concerned we shall each receive over ten thousand dollars—a sum by no means to be discarded lightly. We shall have the encouragement of mutual support, and we can draw lots for the daughter."

"Id looks goot to me," said the brewer. "Wat shall we call ourselves?"

"We must have some simple and intelligible appellation," I says, "that will clearly indicate our purposes. I suggest "Las Expediciones Generales des Americanos to rescue el baul (the trunk) del prisionero Espagna. Incorporated."

"None of the others knew any Spanish, so they pretended they thought the title was fine;



"THE POET STALKED UP AND DOWN THE DECKS  
IN ONE CONTINUOUS MARATHON  
RACE WITH PEGASUS"

## The Spanish Prisoner

only the poet wanted to add something about the daughter, but he was voted down nineteen to one.

"What state laws are we going to incorporate under?" inquired the minister, whose name was the Reverend Ezra Washgut.

"I was stuck for a minute, and then my legal experience flew to my aid. 'We are not as yet,' I says, 'a corporation *de jure*, but merely one *de facto*. We do not need to incorporate under the laws of any state, being more than three miles outside of the boundaries of the United States and Canada. We can incorporate *de jure* later.'

"Of course we don't need a jury," remarked the minister.

"Then one of the farmers wanted to know how much it was going to cost, and I had to explain that it really would not cost anything, but that each must deposit in the treasury enough to pay for his proportion of the capital stock. We would capitalize the concern at twenty thousand dollars, fully paid up and non-assessable, and each would get one thousand shares at one dollar each. Thereafter *all expenses* would be paid by the corporation. The first dividend after reaching London would be about one thousand per cent. Well, you oughter have seen their binoculars protrude! They all began to take out what was left of their rolls and count to see how many shares they could buy. The minister allowed he wanted twelve hundred shares, so I had to make a rule (to keep harmony) that no one could put in more than one thousand dollars.

"The first thing," I says, "is to read the minutes of the last meeting," which there never was any, "and then proceed to the election of officers. I nominate the Reverend Ezra Washgut for president."

"The brewer looked a little put out, but the rest thought Ezra would give us a sort of tone and elected him. The minister wanted to make a speech, but was voted down, and then we elected the brewer general manager. I whispered to him that the president was just a figurehead and that he would be the real thing, so he was more than satisfied. Then we chose one of the farmers vice-president and Pip for secretary and the poet for corresponding secretary. At the end I said that there was one more office of trifling import to be filled and that was fiscal agent, or the one who held the bag. Well, they hadn't thought of that, but as all the stockholders with an exaggerated ego

had offices already, the brewer nominated me. I declined at first on the ground that I did not care for so much responsibility, but after much urging finally consented to take care of the money. So I collected a thou. from each one and had the ship's printer get us up a certificate with a rising sun and a pair of handcuffs on it, emblematical of the prisoner and hope dawning on the horizon.

"But there was a miner from Skagway who allowed there ought to be an auditing committee to make sure I took proper care of the funds, and on vote the motion was carried, and the chair appointed the miner, a drug-clerk from Bangor, Maine, and a chiropodist from New York as a committee.

"Then the Reverend Ezra suggested that in view of the turn things had taken we had better appoint a committee to compose a Marconigram to send to Don Antonio to let him know we were coming. At that the poet put up a kick that it was his job, and so he was given permission to see what he could do first. After a while he came back and said he wasn't any good at ten-word prose and asked for a committee to help him, which was duly appointed and entitled 'The Committee on Wireless Correspondence.'

"The first draft they submitted read:

"Wait for us. The Expediciones Generales des Americanos to rescue el baul del Prisionero Espagna Inc. is coming. Have daughter ready.

"REV. E. WASHGUT, Prest."

"Vat is der goot of tellin' him to wait when he is locked up, yet?" asked the brewer, and the chiropodist thought the reference to the daughter unnecessary. The committee said that the daughter part was up to the poet, who reluctantly consented that it be stricken out, particularly when he found that his name was not to be signed to the message.

"Then the drug-clerk wanted to know what good there was in putting in the name of the corporation if we didn't explain what the corporation was. Everybody agreed that that would take too many words, and the Reverend Ezra suggested that so long as Don Antonio knew anybody was coming that would be sufficient and proposed the following:

"I am coming." "WASHGUT."

"The brewer said Ezra had delusions of



"THE GAY CRUSADERS DOWN BELOW SANG JOYOUS SONGS AND PLAYED PINOCHLE FOR SOFT DRINKS"

grandeur and vetoed this, so finally for the sake of peace we compromised on,

"We are coming."  
"WASHGUT ET AL."

"There had been a good deal of feeling over the Marconigram, so in order to induce harmony I moved that all those who held no office in the corporation should be elected directors, which was done amid great applause, and we then had a directors' meeting in order to lay out our plan of campaign.

"The difficulty was that each one wanted to be the chap to carry the thing through himself, meet dear old Carlos, get the money and rescue the beautiful daughter—particularly the daughter. Everybody felt that he wanted to be the early bird who was goin' to land the breakfast-food. The hardest job I had was to gerrymander the bunch in such a way that each crusader was satisfied. So far as I was concerned, once I could shake the auditing committee I was twenty thousand dollars to the good, so the more I could get them scattered the better it was.

"It was finally decided after a close division that the Reverend Ezra should wear the handkerchief and do the glad-hand act with Carlos. There was to be a guard of safety to protect him and to watch from a distance to make sure that he went through the motions correctly. If he didn't they

were to report to the directors, and the brewer was to go in as a substitute. Meantime a reception committee was to wait on Don Antonio with suitable refreshments and give him physical and mental encouragement, while the poet was to snoop around the orphan-asylum and size up Daughter. As for me, I was to sit tight on the hotel pizattza holding the dough-bag in plain view of the auditing committee, who had taken a hide-bound oath to drink nothing and sleep not until 'el baul del prisionero' had been recovered. Of course, as I had the money, if anybody wanted to buy anything he could only get it by coming to me, and he had to sign a voucher for whatever I allowed him. You can bet your life they got mighty little, for every cent came directly out of my own pocket.

"It was not long before we received a reply from Don Antonio:

"Delighted! I await you breathless. Who is 'we'? And who is 'et al'?"

"Ramos."

"You see, he is quite familiar with *my* name," says Washgut. "I knew any reference to other parties would disconcert him. Hereafter I think all communications should be in the first person singular, signed simply 'Washgut'."

"At this the brewer began to get huffy and allowed that the Reverend Ezra was en-

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tirely too arbitrary in his methods. He, for one, objected to the domination of the church and didn't believe in mixing religion with business; he said that Washgut had been president now for two days and he thought some one else ought to have a chance. This proposition was greeted with cheers by the malcontents, of whom there were several, there not being enough offices to go entirely round, and I could see that the brewer had laid his plans astutely. Some one called for a vote on whether there should be a new election, and it was carried by a majority of one. Things began to look real bad for harmony. The Anti-Washguts had ten votes and the Washguts nine, Ezra himself being in the chair, but of course as soon as we really began to vote Washgut left the chair and voted for himself, making a tie. We voted all one day, taking one hundred and seventy-six ballots with invariably the same result, and finally in sheer desperation some one suggested that Pip, who was a retiring little man and never butted into the conversation, should be elected as a compromise. This was done, for in truth it would have been quite impossible to agree in any other way. Pip left most of the committees as they were, except that being president of course he would have to take Washgut's place as the glad-hand man to meet Carlos, and at my special and urgent request he took the miner and the chiropodist off the auditing committee and substituted a photographer from Utica and a veterinary from Lynn, Massachusetts, both of them inoffensive and trustful souls.

"Our cables to Don Antonio could no longer be signed by Washgut, which we feared would create confusion in the poor fellow's mind, so one long Marconigram was sent explaining the purposes and organization of our corporation and signed simply: 'Las Expediciones Generales des Americanos to rescue el baul del prisionero Espagna. Per Ephraim Tubbs, Prest,' which was Pip's baptismal name.

"As we neared the shores of sunny Espagna the excitement grew intense. The poet stalked up and down the decks in one continuous Marathon race with Pegasus, his hair waving in the wind while he extemporized an invocation to Beautiful Daughter. He also composed a marching song to be sung by the crusaders as they walked along the streets, to the tune of 'Oh, he's a jolly good fellow!' It ran:

"'El baul del prisionero! El baul del prisionero!  
El baul del prision-e-e-ro!!! El baul del prisionero!!!'

He explained that the fact that there was no word in English to rhyme with 'prisionero' accounted for a certain indefinite but not unpleasing monotony.

"Pip was the only man who seemed at all dispirited. A gloom seemed to have descended upon him like a drop-curtain with a burial scene painted on it. Moodily he paced the quarter-deck with folded arms while the gay crusaders down below sang joyous songs and played pinochle for soft drinks, or dreamed in their cabins of false bottoms and the beautiful daughter.

"At last one golden misty morning the lookout above made land on the port bow, and soon we saw wreathed in iridescent cloud the lordly summits of the mountains of Atlas. The sight of these mysterious crags momentarily appearing and disappearing through the cumuli caused the hearts of the directors and stockholders to leap with joy, and they burst into a prolonged cheer which ended in a triumphant rendition of 'El baul del prisionero.'

"But Pip gently grasped me by the arm and led me aside. 'Look here, old man,' he whispered, 'I hate to say it to you, but I am beginning to get a hunch that this whole thing is a fake.'

"You can imagine the effect of a sudden announcement of that sort upon the delicate adjustment of my angelina pectoris, for once the crusaders got wise to the fact that the beautiful daughter was a myth, stock in the Expeditions Generales would be a drug on the market and they would want their money back besides, and then where would I be?

"'Say not so!' I says, tryin' to encourage him. 'It cannot be!'

"'No,' he replies, 'I have been thinkin' this over for some time, and if there is any Don Antonio Ramos or beautiful Sorella or even a faithful old Carlos, you can rate me in Bradstreet's List of Suckers as A A 1. In my opinion this is a high-class con game,' he says, 'and we will all go sailing back on the next boat sadder and wiser by this momentary glimpse into the complexities of the human heart.'

"'Well,' I says, 'I am inclined to agree with you. There always have been certain features of old Don Antonio that had a familiar physiognomy, but what is the use in

casting gloom into the innocent hearts of our friends so long as there is still some possibility of the dream being true?"

"But," he says, "in case there is no Don Ramos it will then become necessary to return the money."

"I had already thought of that," I says, "and therefore let us prolong the uncertainty as much as possible."

"He gave me one long look and then held out his hand. 'Mr. Koko,' he says, 'I honor you in that you respect the simple faith of others. Perhaps, as you say, I am wrong, and the poor old don and his lovely daughter may indeed be realities, with faithful old Carlos awaiting us patiently at Plaza Cortes 8 Primero.'

"That afternoon we anchored under the guns of Gibraltar and prepared to deboard. The Expediciones held one last joint directors' and stockholders' meeting at which we received final instructions. A telegram was sent to Carlos and another to Don Antonio, and Pip, moved to eloquence by the recollection of Trafalgar and the historic associations of the land and sea, burst into eloquence and in an inspired speech warned the committees that the Expediciones Generales des Americanos expected every one of them to do their duty. Singing the corporation song, the crusaders boarded a tug and were soon landed at the quay, whence they

marched to the railroad station. The thought of the proximity of the Spanish prisoner and the faithful Carlos, to say nothing of Daughter, caused a hysteria of excitement in which it was difficult to refrain from yielding to the requisitions of the pilgrims for cash to purchase castanets, wicker bottles, figs, and cork models of the Infanta.

"The hot noon of a burning Spanish day was beating down upon the tiled roofs of Madrid when we pulled into the railroad station and assembled upon the platform. Pip descended from the train last of all,

with a red handkerchief tucked into his collar and a copy of a Boston paper held carefully in his dexter hand. At a distance the guard of safety watched his every move.

"From the shadow of a building an aged white-haired Spaniard cautiously approached. Soon his eye caught the slight figure of our president with the handkerchief and newspaper, and casting a swift look around him he drew near and murmured a few words in his native tongue. The next instant they had embraced, and with beating hearts the stockholders saw the two wending their way through the narrow streets toward the lower city, followed at a respectful distance by the guard of safety. *Caramba!* and *Rey del Mundo!* But it was a moment of exaltation for all of us! Even I—me—Koko Jim of Koko Junct.



"I FOLLOWED PIP THROUGH COUNTLESS ALLEYS, ACROSS DARK SHADOWS SHARPLY PIERCED BY MOONLIGHT, AND DOWN STREETS OF INKY BLACKNESS"

## The Spanish Prisoner

—felt that perhaps after all there was something doing. I deplored my natural skepticism.

“Boys, I says, ‘so far so good. We have seen with our own eyes dear old Carlos. Let us now hastily repair to a near-by inn for some light refreshment and then perform our several duties. Don Antonio awaits you! Beautiful Daughter awaits you! The bottomless—I mean double-bottomed valise awaits you! Forward! ‘El baul del prisionero!’’

“As we threaded the streets leading to the principal hotel I began to have misgiving so far as my own private plans were concerned. The auditing committee stuck closer to me than brothers. They had been much impressed—too much, it seemed to me—by what Pip had said about doing their duty. It appeared impossible that I could ever shake them off. And suppose I could not? And suppose old Ramos really was! I should only come in as a general participant in a visionary fortune when I had twenty thousand dollars in good American bank-notes in my jeans.

“After luncheon at the Hotel del Guillaume Shakespeare the reception committee departed for the prison, while the remaining stockholders, including the auditing committee and myself, enjoyed a short siesta upon the pizatza. Have you ever been in Madrid? Then indeed you know nothing of the potentiality of heat. I was wilted with it, inside and out. Even the wad of bills in my pocket was like a handkerchief that has been left out overnight in the rain. And I could not sleep, for while two of the auditing committee snored the third pierced me with an eagle-eye. I began to see where I never could make a get-away at all. The afternoon wore on. Neither Pip nor the reception committee had returned, and the impression gained ground that they had themselves been detained in some place of confinement.

“We dined in an interior courtyard to the musical tinkle of miniature fountains and the pop of the *vin du pays*, of which I had ordered a liberal supply in the hope that thus I might induce a slight relaxation on the part of the auditing committee. The meal over we smoked long Habanas in the warm moonlight that fell through the leaves of magnificent imitation rubber-plants, palms, and oleanders, and at nine thirty I proposed that we retire. No one felt particularly con-

cerned about either Pip or the reception committee. We were too comfortable and too tired. It was finally agreed that I should occupy a bed between two others occupied by a couple of the auditing committee, while the third kept watch, on a horsehair sofa, in an adjoining room.

“How long I slept I do not know, but I dreamed of fountains, and tortillas, Spanish maidens, and mules until a low whistle awoke me. At the open window, devoid of even a mosquito-bar, the head of Pip was sharply silhouetted against the moonlight. He beckoned to me, and I silently arose.

“‘It’s all true!’ he whispered. ‘I’ve seen Don Antonio and talked with him. That fool bunch of a reception committee went to the wrong place—the lunatic asylum—and got run in. Carlos is waiting for us with Doña Sorella. She’s a peach! Now, look here! Just shake this bunch and slide out of the window, and we’ll cop the whole two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and divide even. What do you say?’

“‘I’m on!’ I replied, letting myself gently out by the trellis and lowering myself down the lightning-rod.

“I followed Pip through countless alleys, across dark shadows sharply pierced by moonlight, over bridges, through sleeping plazas, and down streets of inky blackness until at last we found ourselves on the bank of the river among the rotting piles of ancient warehouses and decaying wharves.

“‘Look,’ whispered Pip. ‘Over there!’ and he pointed to a patch of moonlight.

“I strained my eyes to see. As I did so a hairy fist clutched my throat and a brawny arm encircled my waist and threw me to the sand. In a moment I was gagged, bound, and helpless. I struggled to free myself, and glared in fury at my assailants. There before me, a mocking smile playing upon his lips, stood Pip, with the white-haired Spaniard whom we had seen at the railroad station and a third ruffian disguised as a woman. Pip felt in my trousers pocket and relieved me of the money, which he counted deliberately in the moonlight. Then, removing his hat, he said with the stately dignity of ancient Spain:

“‘Señor Koko, I beg the honor of presenting to you the beautiful Doña Sorella, my faithful old servitor Carlos—whom you already know—and myself, the “Spanish Prisoner”—Don Antonio Ramos, of the Canary Isles.’”



SCENE FROM "STRIFE," A CAPITAL AND LABOR PLAY  
BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

## The Shrine of Snobbery

By Alan Dale

**M**ANY things that should have happened since the opening of what, in its inception, was dubiously known as the "millionaires' playhouse" and in its completion as The New Theater, have not happened at all. For instance, playhouses run by Frohman, the Schuberts, and other "commercial" people who insist upon producing mere successes are still hard at it, and these temples of Mammon have shown no lack of patronage. No new playwright has rushed into the century with a mission inspired by The New Theater's aureate promises. Nothing more convincing in the art of acting than that to which we have given a slipshod sanction has stirred us. Announcements of the erection of additional commercial theaters are still being made. Writers discuss commercial plays with all their old prolixity, but seldom devote much space to the palace in Central Park West.

And yet The New Theater has been open for a long time, and at this moment of writing has actually offered five plays for the delectation of its patrons. It has also lent itself to

opera. In fact, it has begun to live its life. It has settled down to the contemplation of its own fate. It is no longer a wonder. Nothing, in these times, is a wonder for more than seven days. If the Colossus of Rhodes were suddenly planted in Central Park West, at the end of a week New-Yorkers would have forgotten its presence. Mere wonder dies quickly. It makes a very fine beginning for any enterprise. To attract attention to a new idea by evoking the elusive wonder of the populace is clever and profitable. Upon the demise of that wonder—a demise that is past resuscitation—the new idea has to "make good." And this should not be a difficult task.

No theatrical scheme of recent years has attracted so much attention as that of The New Theater. It appealed to the weakness of one-half of the people and to the vulgarity of the other half. To the weakly credulous, it offered splendid visions of better things, of helpful dramatic ideas, of the development of the brains of the squelched dramatist to whom the commercial manager is popularly supposed to accord such scant consideration. To the vulgarly curious, it offered stories of

## The Shrine of Snobbery

fabulously wealthy people, dalliance with mythically benevolent millionaires, and pictures of the Gargantuan glories of the *nouveaux riches*. Poor little long-haired Chatterton, in his garret, looked at this New Theater, and behold! it was good. And as he pawed his pile of rejected manuscripts he seemed to have found a home for it at last. Had he not been repulsed by the commercial manager, avid for plays that would run for a hundred nights? Was not this his great chance, his long-cherished hope? Bridget, in her kitchen, looked at The New Theater, and behold! it was good to her. To see Lady Clara Vere de Vere, in her satin and diamonds; to sit within a stone's throw of the sumptuous millionaire heroes and heroines of Sunday newspaper stories; to lift herself, as it were, from the squalid surroundings that she could not escape at the ordinary theaters—was not all this an inspiring possibility?

All this was helpful to the novel enterprise. Human nature is what it is, and nobody but an idiot would waste time grieving about it. The stories of The New Theater attracted all sorts of human nature, and kept it busily interested. It was not even necessary to expatriate. The ball, once started, kept on rolling all by itself. There is no topic in this country so popular as that which deals with the plutocrats, who really make a great deal of noise silently. There is no institution in the United States that receives so much adjectival attention as the Metropolitan Opera House, that has had the "endorsement" of "society" for many years. And there is no use denying the fact that The New Theater has modeled itself very imitatively upon that edifice.

So The New Theater opened its doors, and there was a great fanfare, a magnificent tumult, and a perfectly gorgeous celebration. London sent critics over to describe the sacred event. "Big" men spoke; millionaires sat on the platform. Those who were lucky enough to get in actually saw Mr.



MRS. SOL SMITH, ALBERT BRUNING, AND OLIVE WYNDHAM  
IN A SCENE FROM  
"THE COTTAGE IN  
THE AIR"

Pierpont Morgan in the flesh, and heard him speak five lines, which, in his oratorical modesty, he read! No inaugural occasion could have been happier. Little Manhattan was all agog with excitement. Crowds outside The New Theater watched hundreds of automobiles exuding the pomp and elegance that are discussed in boarding-houses in hushed voices and are read of in newspapers with dilated eyes.

Perhaps I am accentuating too severely the beautiful vulgarity of the thing, and slighting the sober, artistic side which undoubtedly existed. But my object is to show the superb advertisement that The New Theater received, and there is nothing so valuable, so essential, so necessary to advertisement as cream-laid vulgarity. It is a most useful commodity. It is not always easy to acquire it. Nearly everything that attracts unusual attention is vulgar. In fact, I am not using the word in a contemptuous way at all. "Vulgar" means "of or pertaining to the common people," and Mr. Elihu Root, in his address at the opening of The New Theater, insisted that the entire scheme was devoted to the interests of "the people." Cream-laid vulgarity is attractive to "the people," and nothing in all the published stories of The New Theater indicates that anybody has thought otherwise.

However, the blare of advertisement ceased

in due course, and The New Theater was left in its glory to do the things it had promised to do, in the way it had promised to do them. It was open to "the people." If "the people" wanted it, there it was, easy of access, and well worth visiting.

Up to the present, as I have said, it has given us five plays: "Antony and Cleopatra," the work of an Englishman named Shakespeare; "The Cottage in the Air," penned by Edward Knoblauch; "Strife," a labor play by another Englishman called Galsworthy; "The Nigger," a color scheme evolved by a young American, Edward Sheldon; and the eternal "School for Scandal."

The New Theater has openly eschewed "long runs." It has a delightful horror of them, for reasons that sound purely artistic. The idea is to present plays of "limited popular appeal," so that the opportunity may be given to people of culture to view works that the riffraff would discard. It has no use for the "museum of abnormality," or, in other words, sex-plays and those dramas that deal sensually with tabooed topics. All this sounds very severe. I have visited the

Comédie Française in Paris, the magnificent theater in Vienna; the superb people's temple in Munich, and other dramatically educational schemes. In none of them have ideas as rigid as those of The New Theater been enforced.

But in none of them have I seen "sights" equal to those that have been presented at The New Theater since its opening. What I have not seen there is "the people." As you enter the splendid temple in Central Park West the first thing that strikes you is its absolute resemblance to the Metropolitan Opera House. In the foyers ornately over-dressed women drag satin trains and display magnificent jewels. Vacant-eyed "society" men are heard talking platitudes and affabiliities. There is a Horse-Show look on the faces of everybody. The gowns of the women are described by feminine reporters; the list of "among those present" is an important item in the newspapers.

Between the acts there is more society drawl and trail. The faces at The New Theater looked no different between the acts of "Antony and Cleopatra" than between

JULIA MARLOWE (STANDING) AS CLEOPATRA AND JESSIE BUSLEY AND LEAH BATEMAN-HUNTER AS CHARMIAN AND IRAS IN "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"



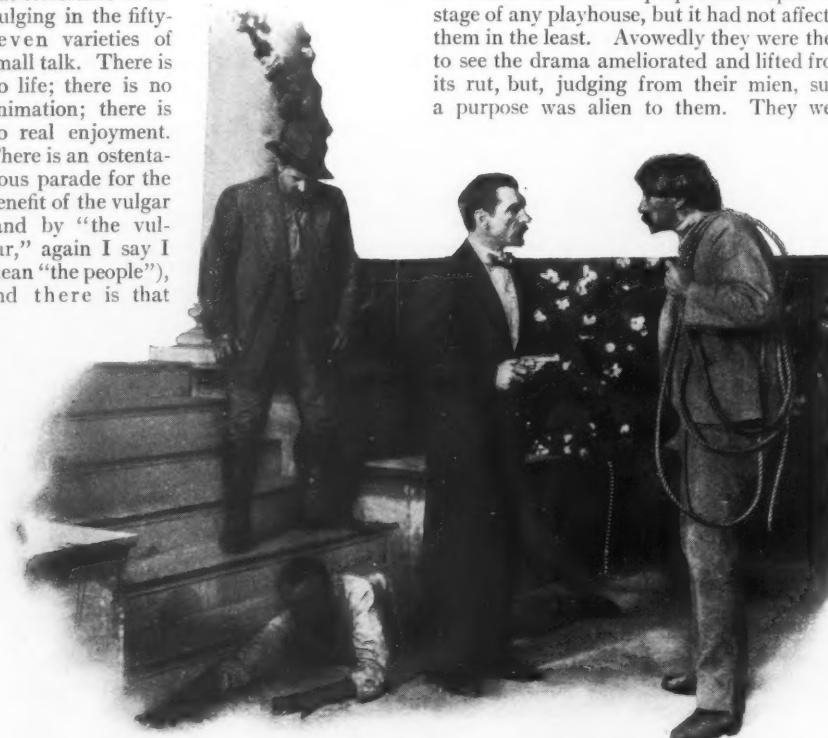
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the acts of "The Nigger." In a French theater, in a Viennese theater, in a German theater, you note the vivacity of appreciation. You listen to comments that are clever and apt. You catch fragments of criticism that are inspiring, and that make you think. You can see the effect of the play upon the playgoers. The women are animated and interested; the men are thoughtful and intelligent. It is always delightful to wander about the lobbies of the Continental playhouses, the example of which The New Theater has endeavored to emulate.

But in New York's great "art temple" it is all different. The women in the foyers are looking with dull, fishy eyes at the diamonds and the dresses of the other women in the foyers; or they are examining the decorations, and probably wondering how much they cost. The men are just dancing attendance upon their beautifully gowned companions, pointing out celebrities or indulging in the fifty-seven varieties of small talk. There is no life; there is no animation; there is no real enjoyment. There is an ostentatious parade for the benefit of the vulgar (and by "the vulgar," again I say I mean "the people"), and there is that

indefinable something that suggests the material satisfaction of the *parvenu*.

One of the plays produced at The New Theater—I refer to "The Nigger"—had an act that was devoted to the exploitation of the lynching of a colored man who had committed an unspeakable offense. It was an act that was gruesome and horrible. It was an act that might have been used as a one-act scalp-raiser at the Grand Guignol in Paris, where they produce blood-curdlers and all sorts of sensational abominations. At The New Theater it was received with polite and bland indifference. It might have been a scene from "The School for Scandal" or an incident in the tepid dish-water thing called "The Cottage in the Air." In the lobbies the women came out and peacocked, and the men walked by their side, and they talked about afternoon tea and Mrs. So-and-So's pink dinner and the latest divorce case. They had just looked at as disgusting an act as could have been perpetrated upon the stage of any playhouse, but it had not affected them in the least. Avowedly they were there to see the drama ameliorated and lifted from its rut, but, judging from their mien, such a purpose was alien to them. They were



SCENE FROM "THE NIGGER," BY EDWARD SHELDON, A NEW AND SOMETIMES REPULSIVE VERSION OF AN OLD PROBLEM

there because it was "the thing" to be there.

Of course these were not the only patrons of The New Theater. Present were also people who believed they were going to see better acting than that offered in the commercial playhouse, as well as plays that were too good for mere popular appeal.

I do want to be just, and I thoroughly realize that The New Theater is as yet in its infancy, but putting aside all snobbery and all foolish adulation of people because they happen to be rich, I am bound to admit that, so far, not a play has been produced at The New Theater to justify that institution in its promises; not an actor has been seen to give us any increased delight in the art of acting.

In "Antony and Cleopatra," one of the dullest of Shakespeare's plays, we had some magnificent scenery that must have "cost thousands." Yet I do not imagine that one solitary person felt drawn toward Shakespeare by this production. Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe, capable actors who had been seen at the popular-priced Academy of Music, were respectively Antony and Cleopatra. He was indistinct, surly, and uninspired. She was a mere rough soubrette, trying her hand at a character that was way outside of her ken. Everything that could be done scenically was done. Of good acting, there was nothing at all. It was all dull and unilluminated and quite apathetically uninteresting.

Then came "The Cottage in the Air," a play that dragged, and that left us without

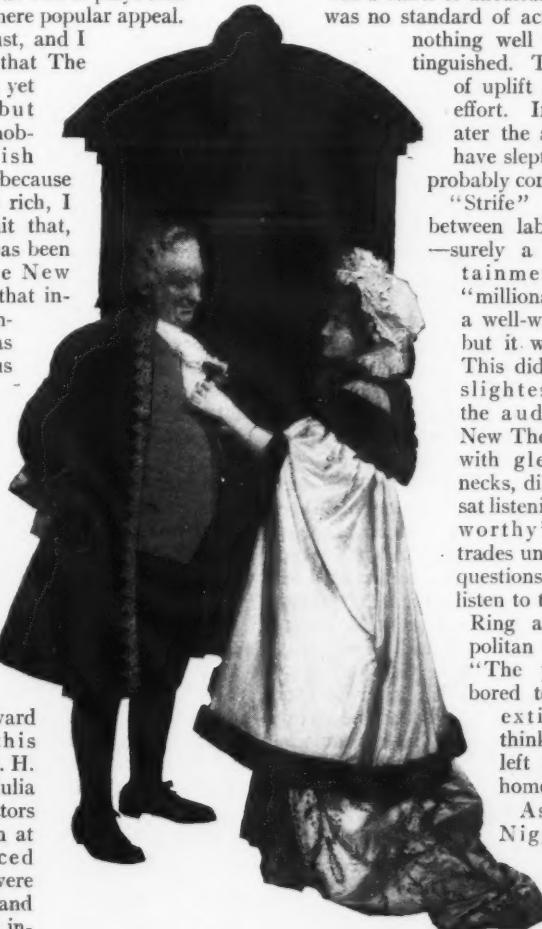
an idea. At this moment of writing I cannot recall any feature of this play, except a picture representing a thatched cottage that was very beautiful and supremely artistic and probably inordinately expensive. There

was a babel of uncultured voices; there was no standard of acting; there was nothing well bred and distinguished. There was a lack of uplift and of unusual effort. In another theater the audience would have slept peacefully and probably continuously.

"Strife" was a debate between labor and capital—surely a curious entertainment for mere "millionaires." It was a well-written debate, but it was not a play. This did not make the slightest difference to the audience at The New Theater. Women with gleaming, bare necks, diamond strewn, sat listening to Mr. Galsworthy's tirades on trades unions and labor questions, just as they listen to the Nibelungen Ring at the Metropolitan Opera House. "The people" were bored to the verge of extinction. To think that they had left their happy homes for this!

As for "The Nigger," I have already alluded to its repulsive first act. The rest of the play dealt

with the horror of a governor of a Southern state who learned that his grandmother was a negress. This information was imparted to him by the villain of the piece for motives that were purely theatrical, and "old" theatrical. It was a very ugly play indeed, but it was the most dramatic offering that The New Theater had made! It was a very curious



LOUIS CALVERT AS SIR PETER AND GRACE GEORGE AS LADY TEAZLE IN SHERIDAN'S "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

## The Shrine of Snobbery

theme to have interested the "readers" of this new temple, because it was so sordid and so old. It showed either the vulgar judgment of the aforesaid "readers" or the paucity of American material that The New Theater is "up against."

The three new plays produced at The New Theater would have had a "limited popular appeal" not because they were above the heads of the people, but because they were, dramatically, below them. In the case of "Antony and Cleopatra," of course, superfine acting, real elocution, and a Shakespearian propriety were absolutely necessary. Without them "Antony and Cleopatra" was also below the heads of the people, for its splendid lines were lost. Nothing remained but its incoherence and dulness. The New Theater, in all its costly plans, overlooked the one necessary thing—a school for actors. In any temple of art there must be a standard. There must be one language, and not a babel of unmanicured accents. The New Theater, if it favors any particular brand of speech at all, appears to favor the English brand. That, too, is a very great mistake. The speech of the cultured American is as good and as pure as any speech in the world. It should have been the business of The New Theater, before it opened, even if that opening had been delayed for a couple of years, to cultivate the speech of a number of actors, purify it, delete from it burs and accents, and offer it as a standard. Instead of securing the services of English actors, because the average English actor is more distinct and more intelligible than the average American actor, it should have made what it needed in actors, as it made what it needed in architecture.

What is known as a pronounced English accent is just as inartistic in its way as a pronounced American accent, even if it be more distinct. Any accent is inartistic. Any accent is absolutely to be avoided in a theater that has the lofty aims proclaimed by The New Theater. The English accent in all its purity is what The New Theater must cherish. To do that, it must be as rigorously opposed to the accents of London and Birmingham, as to those of New York and Chicago. There must be no babel, but universal purity.

The English spoken at The New Theater is the ludicrous English of untutored environment. You may find the "haw-haw" of the Englishman mixed with the nasal intona-

tion of the American. One of the leading actors in "Strife" was German-born, speaking German-American. Why? The New Theater is not so fastidious about the speech of its actors as it is about its decoration. It spent hundreds of thousands upon glorifying its building; not a cent upon the purification of the English language that has sunk into a veritable trough of incoherence.

In commercial theaters one overlooks that sort of thing. One has grown accustomed to it. One expects all sorts of accents, and gets what one expects. The English language in New York is in a chaotic state. English actors are popular, because they speak more distinctly than American actors, and not because they have any more dramatic intuition. But at The New Theater, with its vast resources, this slovenly preference is intolerable. The importation of an English actor is an offense. Of course Americanized actors like Ferdinand Gottschalk and Rose Coghlan are perfectly legitimate. But the other actors should speak as they speak or they should speak as the other actors speak! There *must* be no accents at The New Theater! It *must* have a school in which a proper standard of speech shall be inculcated. That would be the very best thing that The New Theater could do, even if it had to pawn its aureate lobbies to do it!

To this temple of art one should be able to go in the lovely certainty of hearing the English language in its perfection, shorn of all accents and devoid of all eccentricity. This would be a joy. It is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." It would be an education in itself in a cosmopolitan city in which the maltreatment of the English language is so ruthlessly practised. The plays produced at The New Theater so far have served to show the iniquities of uncultured speech, and if "the people" are to gain anything from the house in Central Park West all this must be changed. If "the people" are *not* to go there—which the selection of plays up to the present time seems to indicate—then of course it does not matter. Any old speech will do, and the stage can be filled with English actors. It is easy.

In the meantime, I repeat that many things that should have happened since the opening of what, in its inception, was dubiously known as the "millionaires' playhouse" and in its completion as The New Theater have not happened at all.



MAY KINDER, A PHILADELPHIAN WHO IN A SHORT STAGE CAREER IN "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS" CAPTIVATED LONDON AND CAPTURED THE HEART OF A SON OF LADY FLORENCE WILLOUGHBY



ETHEL CLAYTON, LEADING WOMAN, AND SCENE FROM "HIS NAME ON THE DOOR,"  
A PLAY OF "UPTOWN AND DOWNTOWN NEW YORK"



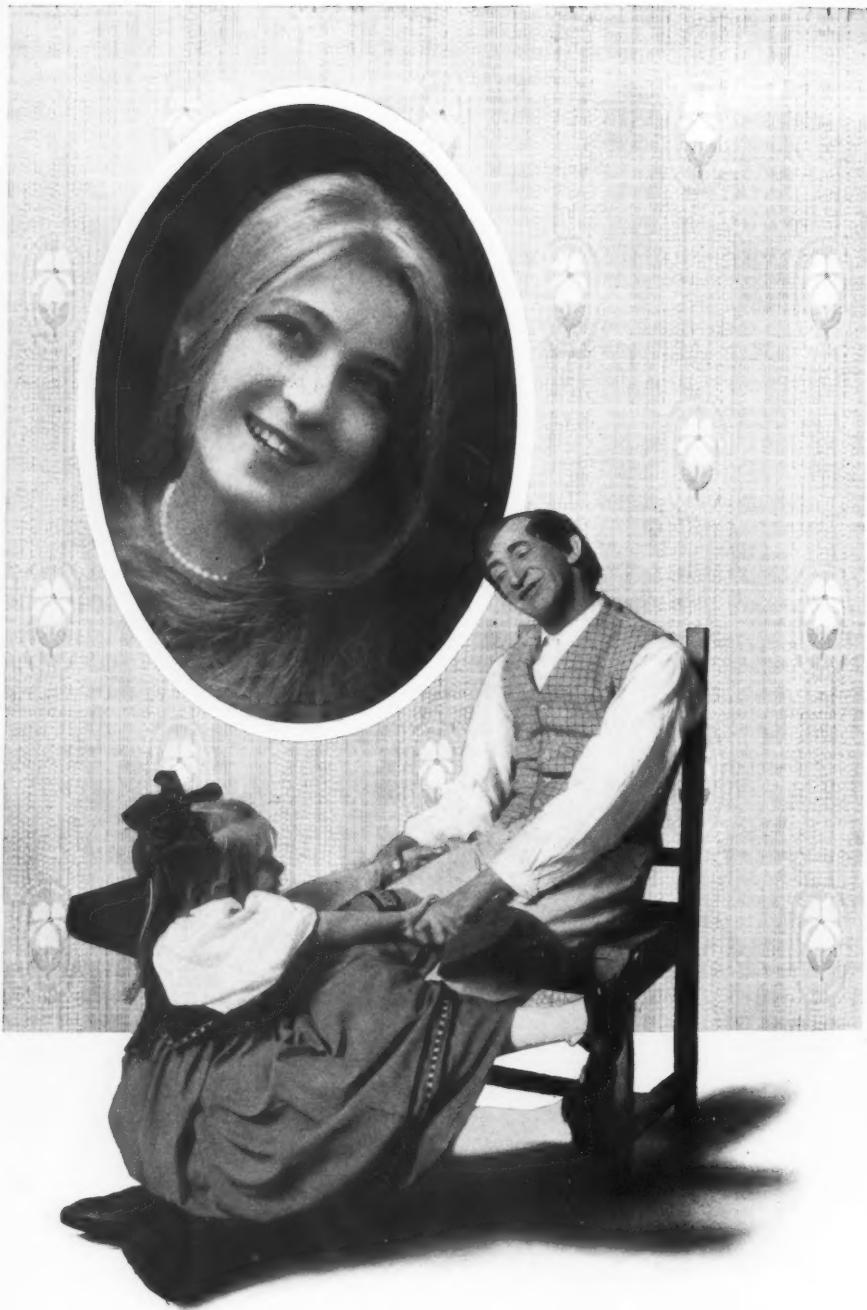
LEAH BATEMAN-HUNTER, OF THE NEW THEATER STOCK COMPANY, AND SCENE FROM  
"THE COTTAGE IN THE AIR"



GEORGIA O'RAMEY AND SCENES FROM "SEVEN DAYS." A "SATURATED SOLUTION OF FARCE" BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART AND AVERY HOPWOOD



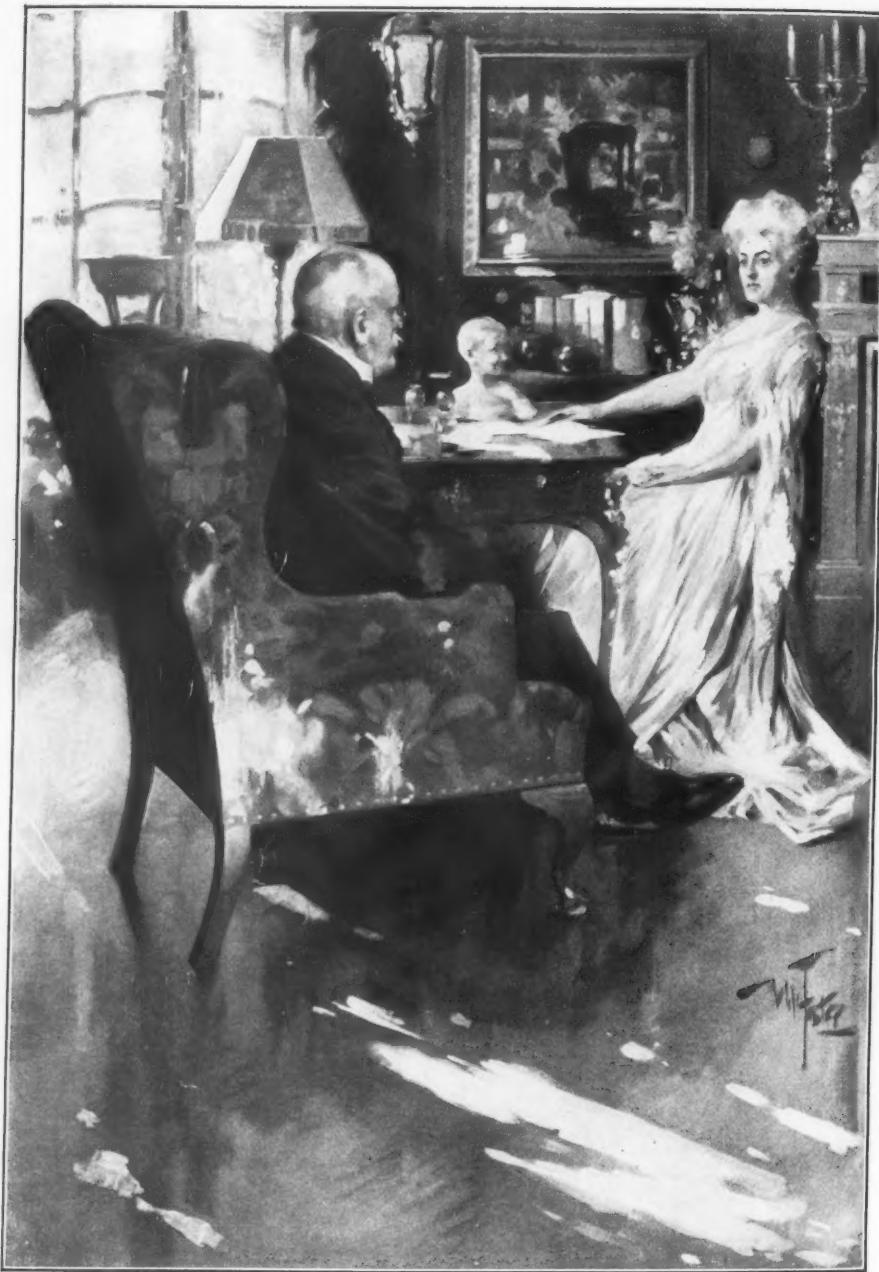
MARY RYAN AND SCENES WITH KATHRYN MARSHALL AND EDGAR NELSON AND JOHN BARRYMORE AND EDGAR NELSON IN "THE FORTUNE HUNTER"



NETTIE HYDE AND SCENE WITH LEW FIELDS AND HELEN HAYES IN "OLD DUTCH,"  
BY VICTOR HERBERT AND EDGAR SMITH



EMILY STEVENS AND SCENE WITH GEORGE ARLISS IN "SEPTIMUS," A PLAY FOUNDED UPON THE NOVEL BY WM. J. LOCKE



Drawn by Wild Foster

"I AM GLAD PENELOPE WILL BE THERE." SAID THE DUKE. "I ONLY WISH THAT SHE WERE ENGLISH INSTEAD OF AMERICAN, AND THAT THE PRINCE WOULD TAKE A SERIOUS FANCY TO HER"

(*"The Illustrious Prince"*)

# The Illustrious Prince

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrations by Will Foster



MR. COULSON

**SYNOPSIS:** As the story opens, the *Lusitania* has dropped anchor with her impatient passengers within sight of Liverpool. One man, however, Hamilton Fynes by name, presents a letter to the captain and is immediately given permission to go ashore. At the railway station another letter electrifies the station-master, and a special for London is soon ready. With only the crew in addition to the mysterious passenger the train rushes through the night with undiminished speed until London is approached, when an obstructing signal almost halts the train. The master at Euston station meets the special and is astonished to find the man dead with a dagger sticking through his heart. And a country doctor not far from London has as a patient that night a man who is badly bruised, but who claims to have been run down by an automobile.

Miss Penelope Morse, an American girl; Inspector Jacks, of Scotland Yard; "Dicky" Vanderpole, secretary to the American ambassador; and James B. Coulson, another passenger from the *Lusitania*, then enter the story. Quizzed by the inspector, Penelope denies that she had had more than a casual acquaintance with Fynes, but seeking out Vanderpole she recounts incidents of a rather intimate acquaintance and informs him that Fynes was a despatch-bearer for the American government, whose messages were usually sent in duplicate. Calling on Mr. Coulson at his hotel that evening, Dicky is given a letter for his chief, and he leaves in a taxicab to deliver it. Upon the same evening the Duchess of Devenham, her daughter, Lady Grace, and Penelope are waiting in the Savoy Hotel for the men of their dinner- and theater-party—Dicky, Sir Charles Somerfield, and Prince Maiyo, of Japan. The prince comes late, offering as excuse a matter which required his personal and immediate attention. Dicky does not appear, and when the party leaves for the theater the prince calls Sir Charles's attention to a late paper, which announces the finding of Vanderpole's body in the taxi within fifteen minutes of his leaving the hotel. No light is thrown on the situation until the American ambassador, Mr. Blaine Harvey, sends for Penelope and intimates to her that he thinks Prince Maiyo is back of both murders. He then commissions her to court the prince's favor and find out whether he got the papers which were stolen from Fynes and Vanderpole. She is unable to trap him into any confidence, but while inspecting his rooms with the duchess she finds in a coffer a dagger similar to the one with which Fynes was murdered and a cord such as was used to strangle Dicky. The situation is tense, but the prince is imperturbable. The next day Penelope's engagement to Sir Charles is announced, and that afternoon she acquaints the ambassador with her discovery, going from his library to his reception-room, where she meets the prince and is stricken with remorse for having betrayed him.

## XVI

### THE ALARM IN DOWNING STREET

THE duchess looked up from her writing-table and nodded to her husband, who had just entered. "Good morning, Ambrose," she said. "Do you want to talk to me?"

"If you can spare me five minutes," the duke suggested. "I don't think that I need keep you longer."

The duchess handed her notebook to her

secretary, who hastened from the room. The duke seated himself in her vacant chair.

"About our little party down in Hampshire next week," he began.

"I am waiting to hear from you before I send out any invitations," the duchess answered.

"Quite so," the duke assented. "To tell you the truth, I don't want anything in the nature of a house-party. What I should really like would be to get Maiyo there almost to ourselves."

His wife looked at him in some surprise.

## The Illustrious Prince

"You seem particularly anxious to make things pleasant for that young man," she remarked. "If he were the son of the Emperor himself, no one could do more for him than you people have been doing these last few weeks."

The Duke of Devenham, chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, whose wife entertained for his party, and whose immense income, derived mostly from her American relations, was always at its disposal, was a person almost as important in the councils of his country as the prime minister himself. It sometimes occurred to him that the person who most signally failed to realize this fact was the lady who did him the honor to preside over his household.

"My dear Margaret," he said, "you can take my word for it that we know what we are about. It is very important indeed that we should keep on friendly terms with this young man. I don't mean as a personal matter. It's a matter of politics—perhaps of something greater, even, than that."

The duchess liked to understand everything, and her husband's reticence annoyed her. "But we have the Japanese ambassador always with us," she remarked. "A most delightful person I call the Baron Hesho, and I am sure he loves us all."

"That is not exactly the point, my dear," the duke explained. "Prince Maiyo is over here on a special mission. We have been able only to surmise its object with the aid of our secret service in Tokio. You can rest assured of one thing, however. It is of vast importance to the interests of this country that we secure his good-will."

The duchess smiled good-humoredly. "Well, my dear Ambrose," she said, "I don't know what more we can do than feed him properly and give him pleasant people to talk to. He doesn't go in for sports, does he? All I can promise is that we will do our best to be agreeable to him."

"I am sure of it, my dear," the duke said. "You haven't committed yourself to asking anyone, by the bye?"

"Not a soul," his wife answered, "except Sir Charles. I had to ask him, of course, for Penelope."

"Naturally," the duke assented. "I am glad Penelope will be there. I only wish that she were English instead of American, and that the prince would take a serious fancy to her."

"Perhaps," the duchess said dryly, "you

would like him to take a fancy to Grace?"

"I shouldn't mind in the least," her husband declared. "I never met a young man whom I respected and admired more."

"Nor I, for that matter," the duchess agreed. "And yet, somehow or other—"

"Somehow or other?" the duke repeated.

"Well, I never altogether trust these paragons," his wife said. "In all the ordinary affairs of life the prince seems to reach an almost perfect standard. I sometimes wonder whether he would be as trustworthy in the big things. Nothing else you want to talk about, Ambrose?"

"Nothing at all," the duke replied, rising. "I only wanted to make it plain that we don't require a house-party next week."

"I sha'n't ask a soul," the duchess declared. "Do you mind ringing the bell as you pass? I'll have Miss Smith back again and send these letters off."

"Good!" the duke declared. "I'm going down to the House, but I don't suppose there'll be anything doing. By the bye, we shall have to be a little formal next week. Japan is a country of many ceremonies, and, after all, Maiyo is one of the royal family. I have written Perkins, to stir him up a little."

The duke started down to the House, but called first in Downing Street. He found the prime minister anxious to see him.

"You've arranged about Maiyo coming down to you next week?" the prime minister asked.

"That's all right," the duke answered. "He is coming, for certain. One good thing about that young man—he never breaks an engagement."

The prime minister consulted a calendar which lay open before him. "Do you mind," he asked, "if I come, too, and Bransome?"

"Why, of course not," the duke replied. "We shall be delighted. But tell me, is this young man as important as all that?"

"We shall have to have a serious talk," the prime minister said, "in a few days' time. I don't think that even you grasp the exact position of affairs as they stand to-day. Just now I am bothered to death about other things. Heseltine has just been in from the Home Office. He is simply inundated with correspondence from America about those two murders."

The duke nodded. "It's an odd thing," he remarked, "that they should both have been Americans."

"Heseltine thinks there's something behind this correspondence," the prime minister said slowly. "Washington was very secretive about the man Fynes's identity. I found that out from Scotland Yard. Do you know, I'm half inclined to think, although I can't get a word out of Harvey, that this man Fynes—" The prime minister hesitated.

"Well?" the duke asked, a little impatiently.

"I don't want to go too far," his chief said. "I am making some fresh inquiries, and I am hoping to get at the bottom of the matter very shortly. One thing is certain, though, and that is that no two murders have ever been committed in this city with more cold-blooded deliberation or with more what I should call diabolical cleverness. Take the affair of poor young Vanderpole, for instance. The person who entered his taxi and killed him must have done so while the vehicle was standing in the middle of the street, at one of the three blocks. Not only that, but he must have been a friend, or some one posing as a friend—some one, at any rate, of his own order. Vanderpole was over six feet tall, and as muscular as a young bull. He could have thrown anyone out into the street who had attempted to assault him openly."

"It is the most remarkable case I ever heard of in my life," the duke admitted.

"There is another point," the prime minister continued. "There are features in common about those murders. Not only were they both the work of a most accomplished criminal, but he must have been possessed of an iron nerve and amazing strength. The dagger by which Hamilton Fynes was killed was driven through his heart. The cord with which Vanderpole was strangled must have been turned by a wrist of steel. It was a wonderful feat. I am not surprised that the Americans can't understand it."

"They don't suggest, I suppose," the duke asked, "that we are not trying to clear the matter up?"

"They don't suggest it," his chief answered, "but I can't quite make out what's at the back of their heads. However, I won't bother you about that now. If I were to propound Heseltine's theory to you, you would think that we had been reading the works of some of our enterprising novelists. Things will have cleared up, I dare say, by next week. I am coming round to the House, if you're not in a hurry for a moment."

The duke assented, and waited while the secretary locked up the papers which the prime minister had been examining and prepared others to be carried to the House. The two men left the place together.

"Do you mind walking?" the prime minister asked. "There is another matter I'd like to talk to you about, and there's nowhere better than the streets for a little conversation. Besides, I need the air."

"With pleasure," answered the duke, and they started off, arm in arm.

"Devenham," the prime minister said, "we were speaking, a few minutes ago, of Prince Maiyo. I want you to understand this, that upon that young man depends entirely the success or failure of my administration."

"You are serious?" the duke exclaimed.

"Absolutely," the prime minister answered. "I know quite well what he is here for. He is here to decide whether it will pay Japan to renew her treaty with us or whether it would be more to her advantage to enter into an alliance with some other European power. He has been to most of the capitals in Europe. By this time, no doubt, he has made up his mind. He knows quite well what his report will be, yet you can't get a word out of him. He is a delightful young fellow, I know, but he is as clever as any trained diplomatist I have ever come across. I've had him to dine with me alone, and I've done all that I could to make him talk. When he went away I knew just exactly as much as I did before he came."

"He seems pleased enough with us," the duke remarked.

"I am not so sure," the prime minister answered. "He has traveled about a good deal in England. I heard of him in Manchester and Sheffield, Newcastle and Leicester, absolutely unattended. I wonder what he was doing there."

"From my experience of him," the duke said, "I don't think we shall know until he chooses to tell us."

"I am afraid you are right," the prime minister declared. "At the same time, you might just drop a hint to your wife and to that remarkably clever young niece of hers, Miss Penelope Morse. Of course I don't expect that he would unbosom himself to anyone, but, to tell you the truth, as we are situated now the faintest hint as regards his inclinations, or lack of inclinations, toward certain things would be of immense service.

## The Illustrious Prince

If he criticized any of our institutions, for instance, his remarks would be most interesting. Then he has been spending several months in various capitals. He would not be likely to tell anyone his whole impressions of those few months, but a phrase, a word, even a gesture, to a clever woman might mean a great deal. It might also mean a great deal to us."

"I'll mention it," the duke promised, "but I am afraid my womankind are scarcely up to this sort of thing. The best plan would be to tackle him ourselves, down at Devenham."

"I thought of that," the prime minister assented. "That is why I am coming down myself, and bringing Bransome. If he will have nothing to say to us within a week or so of his departure we shall know what to think. Remember my words, Devenham—when our chronicler dips his pen into the ink and writes of our Government, our foreign policy, at least, will be judged by our position in the Far East. Exactly what that will be depends upon Prince Maiyo. With a renewal of our treaty, we could go to the country to-morrow. Without it, especially if the refusal should come from them, there will be some very ugly writing across the page."

The duke threw away his cigarette. "Well," he said, "we can only do our best. The young man seems friendly enough."

The prime minister nodded. "It is precisely his friendliness which I fear," he said.

### XVII

#### TRAILING THE CLUE TO PARIS

MR. JAMES B. COULSON was almost as much at home at the Grand Hotel, Paris, as he had been at the Savoy in London. His headquarters were at the American bar, where he continually met fellow countrymen with whom he gossiped and visited various places of amusement. His business during the daytime he kept to himself, but he certainly was possessed of a bagful of documents and drawings relating to sundry patents connected with the manufacture of woolen goods, the praises of which he was always ready to sing in a most enthusiastic fashion.

Mr. Coulson was not a man whose acquaintance it was difficult to make. From five to seven every afternoon, scorning the

attractions of the band outside and the generally festive air which pervaded the great tea-rooms, he sat at the corner of the bar, dividing his attention between desultory conversation with any other gentleman who might be indulging in a drink and watching the billiards in which some of his compatriots were usually competing. It was not, so far as one might judge, a strenuous life which he was leading. Perhaps, for that reason, he made acquaintances with a little more than his customary freedom. There was a young Englishman, for instance, whose name, it appeared, was Gaynsforth, with whom, after a drink or two at the bar, he speedily became on almost intimate terms.

Mr. Gaynsforth was a young man, apparently of good breeding and some means. He was well dressed, of cheerful disposition, knew something about the woolen trade, and appeared to take a distinct liking to his new friend. The two men, after having talked business together for some time, arranged to dine together and have what they called a gay evening. They retired to their respective apartments to change, Mr. Gaynsforth perfectly well satisfied with his progress, Mr. James B. Coulson with a broad grin upon his face.

After a very excellent dinner, for which Mr. Gaynsforth insisted upon paying, they went to the Folies Bergères, where the Englishman developed a thirst which, considering the coolness of the evening, was nothing short of amazing. Mr. Coulson, however, kept pace with him steadily, and toward midnight their acquaintance had progressed until they were certainly on friendly, if not affectionate, terms. A round of the supper-places, proposed by the Englishman, was assented to by Mr. Coulson with enthusiasm. About three o'clock in the morning, Mr. Coulson had the appearance of a man for whom the troubles of this world are over, and who was realizing the ecstatic bliss of a temporary Nirvana. Mr. Gaynsforth, on the other hand, although half an hour ago he had been boisterous and unsteady, seemed suddenly to have become once more the quiet, discreet-looking young Englishman who had first bowed to Mr. Coulson in the bar of the Grand Hotel and accepted with some diffidence his offer of a drink. To prevent his friend being jostled by the somewhat mixed crowd in which they then were, Mr. Gaynsforth drew nearer and nearer to



MR. GAYNSFORTH WAS TAKEN ABACK, AND SHOWED IT. "YOU ARE TOO GOOD AN ACTOR FOR ME, MR. COULSON," HE SAID. "SUPPOSE WE GET TO BUSINESS?"

him. He even let his hand stray over Mr. Coulson's person, as though to be sure he was not carrying too much in his pockets.

"Say, old man," he whispered in his ear—they were sitting side by side now in the Bal Tabarin—"if you are going on like this, heaven knows where you'll land at the end of it all! I'll look after you as well as I can—where you go, I'll go—but we can't be together every second of the time. Don't you think you'd be safer if you handed over your pocketbook to me?"

"Right you are!" Mr. Coulson declared, falling a little over on one side. "Take it out of my pocket. Be careful of it, now. There's five hundred francs there, and the plans of a loom which I wouldn't sell for a good many thousands."

Mr. Gaynsforth quickly possessed himself of the pocketbook, and satisfied himself that his friend's description of its contents was

fairly correct. "You've nothing else upon you worth taking care of, have you?" he whispered. "You can trust me, you know. You haven't any papers, or anything of that sort?"

Then Mr. James B. Coulson, who was getting tired of his part, suddenly sat up, and a soberer man had never occupied that particular chair in the Bal Tabarin. "And if I have, my young friend," he said calmly, "what business is it of yours?"

Mr. Gaynsforth was taken aback, and showed it. He recovered himself as quickly as possible, and realized that he had been living in a fools' paradise, so far as regarded the condition of his companion. He realized, also, that the first move in the game between them had been made, and that he had lost.

"You are too good an actor for me, Mr. Coulson," he said. "Suppose we get to business?"

## The Illustrious Prince

"That's all right," Mr. Coulson answered. "Let's go somewhere where we can get some supper. We'll go to the Abbaye Thelème, and you shall have the pleasure of entertaining me."

Mr. Gaynsforth handed back the pocket-book, and led the way out of the place without a word. It was only a few steps up the hill, and they soon found themselves in a supper-place of a very different class. Here Mr. Coulson seated himself at one of the small, flower-decked tables, and offered the menu to his new friend.

"It's up to you to pay," he said, "so you shall choose the supper. Personally, I think a few oysters, a hot bird, and a cold bottle."

Mr. Gaynsforth, who was still somewhat subdued, commanded the best supper procurable on these lines. Mr. Coulson, having waved his hand to a few acquaintances and chaffed the Spanish dancing-girls in their own language—not a little to his companion's astonishment—at last turned to business.

"Come," he said, "you and I ought to understand each other. You are over here from London either to pump me or to rob me. You are either a detective or a secret-service agent of some sort, or you are on a lay of your own. Now, to put it in a business form, what can I do for you? Make your offer, and let's see where we are."

Mr. Gaynsforth began to recover himself. It did not follow, because he had made one mistake, that he was to lose the game. "I am neither a detective, Mr. Coulson," he said, "nor a secret-service agent. In fact, I am nothing of that sort at all. I have a friend, however, who, for certain reasons, does not care to approach you himself, but who is, nevertheless, very much interested in a particular event, or rather incident, in which you are concerned."

"Good!" Mr. Coulson declared. "Get right on."

"That friend," Mr. Gaynsforth continued calmly, "is prepared to pay a thousand pounds for full information and proof as to the nature of the papers which were stolen from Mr. Hamilton Fynes on the night of March 22d."

"A thousand pounds," Mr. Coulson repeated. "Gee whiz!"

"He is also," the Englishman continued, "prepared to pay another thousand for a satisfactory explanation of the murder of Mr. Richard Vanderpole on the following day."

"Say, your friend's got the stuff!" Mr. Coulson remarked admiringly.

"My friend is not a poor man," Mr. Gaynsforth admitted. "You see, there's a sort of feeling abroad that those two things are connected. I am not working on behalf of the police nor of anyone who desires the least publicity. But I am working for some one who wants to know and is prepared to pay."

"That's a very interesting job you're on, and no mistake," Mr. Coulson declared. "I wonder you waste time coming over here on a spree when you've got a piece of business like that to look after."

"I came over here," Mr. Gaynsforth replied, "entirely on the matter I have mentioned to you."

"What, over here to Paris?" Mr. Coulson exclaimed.

"Not only to Paris," the other replied dryly, "but to discover one Mr. James B. Coulson, whose health I now have the pleasure of drinking."

Mr. Coulson drained the glass which the waiter had just filled. "Well, this licks me!" he exclaimed. "How anyone in their senses could believe that there was any connection between me and Hamilton Fynes, or that other young swell, I can't imagine."

"You knew Hamilton Fynes," Mr. Gaynsforth remarked. "That fact came out at the inquest. You appeared to have known him better than most men. Mr. Vanderpole had just left you when he was murdered—that also came out at the inquest."

"Kind of queer, wasn't it," Mr. Coulson remarked meditatively, "how I seemed to get hung up with both of them? You may also remember that at the inquest Mr. Vanderpole's business with me was testified to by the chief of his department."

"Certainly," Mr. Gaynsforth answered. "However, that's neither here nor there. Everything was properly arranged, so far as you were concerned, of course. That doesn't alter my friend's convictions. This is a business matter with me, and if the two thousand pounds don't sound attractive enough—well, the amount must be revised, that's all. We have the money, and we want the information. You can give it to us, if you like. We don't ask for too much. We don't even ask for the name of the man who committed those crimes. But we do want to know the nature of those papers, exactly what position Mr. Hamilton Fynes occupied at Washington, and, finally,

what the mischief you are doing over here in Paris?"

"Have you ordered the supper?" Mr. Coulson inquired anxiously.

"I have ordered everything you suggested," Mr. Gaynsforth answered.

"It is understood that you are my host?" Mr. Coulson asked.

"Absolutely," his companion declared. "I consider it an honor."

"Then," Mr. Coulson said, "we may as well understand each other. To you I am Mr. James B. Coulson, traveling in patents for woolen machinery. If you put a quarter of a million francs upon that table, I am still Mr. James B. Coulson, traveling in woolen machinery. And if you add a million to that, and pile up the notes so high that they touch the ceiling, I remain Mr. James B. Coulson, traveling in patents for woolen machinery. Now if you'll get that firmly into your head, and stick to it and believe it, there's no reason why you and I shouldn't have a pleasant evening."

Mr. Gaynsforth, showed himself to be possessed of a sense of humor. He leaned back in his seat and roared with laughter. "Mr. James B. Coulson," he said, "I congratulate you and your employers. To the lower regions with business! Help yourself to the oysters and pass the wine."

## XVIII

### A CREDULOUS CABIN PASSENGER

ON the following morning Mr. Coulson received what he termed his mail from

America. Locked in his room on the fifth floor of the hotel he carefully perused several letters. A little later he rang, and ordered his bill. At four o'clock he left the Gare du Nord for London.

Like many other great men, Mr. Coulson was not without his weakness. He was brave, shrewd, and far-seeing. He enjoyed excellent health, and he scarcely knew the meaning of the word "nerves." Nevertheless he suffered from seasickness. The first thing he did, therefore, when aboard the boat at Boulogne, was to bespeak a private cabin. The steward to whom he made his application shook his head with regret: the last two had just been engaged. Mr. Coulson tried a tip, and then a larger tip, with equal lack of success. He was about to abandon the effort and retire gloomily to the saloon, when a man who had been standing by intervened.

"I am afraid, sir," he said, "that it is I who have just secured the last cabin. If you care to share it with me, however, I shall be delighted. As a matter of fact,

I use it very little myself. The night has turned out so fine that I shall probably promenade all the time."

"If you will allow me to divide the expense," Mr. Coulson replied, "I shall be exceedingly obliged to you, and will accept your offer. I am, unfortunately, a bad sailor."

"That is as you will, sir," the gentleman answered. "The amount is only trifling."

The night was a bright one, but there was a heavy sea running, and even in the harbor



IN THE BOWS HE STOOD FOR SOME TIME, HIS EYES  
FIXED ON THE LINE OF LIGHTS AHEAD

## The Illustrious Prince

the boat was rocking. Mr. Coulson groaned as he made his way across the threshold of the cabin.

"I am going to have a horrible time," he said frankly. "I am afraid you'll repent of your offer before you've done with me."

The other smiled. "I have never been seasick in my life," he said, "and I only engage a cabin for fear of wet weather. A fine night like this I shall not trouble you, so pray be as ill as you like."

"It's nothing to laugh at," Mr. Coulson remarked gloomily.

"Let me give you a little advice," the man said, "and I can assure you that I know something of these matters, for I have been on the sea a great deal. Let me mix you a stiff brandy and soda. Drink it down and eat only a dry biscuit. I have some brandy of my own here."

"Nothing does me any good," Mr. Coulson groaned.

"This," the stranger remarked, producing a flask from his case and dividing the liquor into equal parts, "may send you to sleep. If so, you'll be across before you wake up. Here's luck!"

Mr. Coulson drained his glass. His companion was in the act of raising his to his lips when the ship gave a roll, his elbow caught the back of a chair, and the tumbler slipped from his fingers.

"It's of no consequence," he declared, ringing for the steward. "I'll go into the smoking-room and get a drink. I was only going to have some to keep you company. As a matter of fact, I prefer whiskey."

Mr. Coulson sat down upon the berth. He seemed indisposed for speech.

"I'll leave you now, then," the man said, buttoning his coat around him. "You lie down flat on your back, and I think you'll find yourself all right."

"That brandy," Mr. Coulson muttered, "was infernally strong."

His companion smiled and went out. In a quarter of an hour he returned and locked the door. They were out in the channel now, and the boat was pitching heavily. Mr. James B. Coulson, however, knew nothing of it. He was sleeping like one who wakes only for the judgment day. Over his coat and waistcoat the other man's fingers traveled with curious dexterity. The oil-skin case in which Mr. Coulson was in the habit of keeping his private correspondence was reached in a very few minutes. The

stranger turned out the letters and read them, one by one, until he came to the one he sought. He held it for a short time in his hand, looked at the address with a faint smile, and slipped his fingers lightly along the gummed edge of the envelope.

"No seal," he said softly to himself. "Mr. Coulson plays the game of traveling agent to perfection."

He glided out of the cabin with the letter in his hand. In about ten minutes he returned. Mr. Coulson was still sleeping. He replaced the letter, pressing down the envelope carefully.

"My friend," he whispered, looking down upon Mr. Coulson's uneasy figure, "on the whole, I have been, perhaps, a little premature. I think you had better deliver this document to its proper destination. If only there was to have been a written answer, we might have met again! It would have been most interesting."

He slipped the oilskin case back into the exact position in which he had found it, and watched his companion for several minutes in silence. Then he went to his dressing-bag and from a vial mixed a little draft. Lifting the sleeping man's head, he forced it down his throat.

Then he unlocked the door and resumed his promenade of the deck. In the bows he stood for some time, his eyes fixed upon the line of lights ahead. The great waves now leaped into the moonlight, the wind sang in the rigging and came booming across the waters; the salt spray stung his cheeks. High above his head the slender mast, with its Marconi attachment, swang and dived, reached out for the stars, and fell away with a shudder. The man who watched, stood and dreamed until the voyage was almost over. Then he turned on his heel and went back to see how his cabin companion was faring.

Mr. Coulson was sitting on the edge of his bunk. He had wakened with a terrible headache and a sense of some hideous indiscretion. It was not until he had examined every paper in his pocket, and all his money, that he had begun to feel more comfortable. And in the meantime, he had altogether forgotten to be seasick.

"Well, how has the remedy worked?" the stranger inquired.

Mr. Coulson looked him in the face. Then he drew a short breath of relief. He had been indiscreet, but he had alarmed

himself unnecessarily. There was nothing about the appearance of this quiet, dark little man with the amiable eyes and slightly foreign manner that was in the least suspicious.

"It's given me a brute of a headache," he declared, "but I certainly haven't been seasick up till now, and I must say I've never crossed before without being ill."

The stranger laughed soothingly. "That brandy and soda would keep you right," he said. "When we get to Folkestone you'll be wanting a supper-basket. Make yourself at home. I don't need the cabin. It's a glorious night outside. I shouldn't have come in at all except to see how you were getting on."

"How long before we are in?" Mr. Coulson asked.

"About a quarter of an hour," was the answer. "I'll come for you, if you like. Have a few minutes' nap, if you feel sleepy."

Mr. Coulson got up. "Not I!" he said. "I am going to douse my head in some cold water. That must have been the strongest brandy and soda that was ever brewed, to send me off like that."

His friend laughed as he helped him out onto the deck. "I shouldn't grumble at it, if I were you," he said carelessly. "It saved you from a bad crossing."

Mr. Coulson washed his face and hands in the smoke-room lavatory, and was so far recovered, even, as to be able to drink a cup of coffee before they reached the harbor. At Folkestone, he looked everywhere for his friend, but in vain. At Charing Cross, he searched once more. The little dark gentleman had disappeared.

"And I owe the little beggar for half that cabin," Mr. Coulson thought, with a sensation of annoyance. "I wonder where he's hidden himself."

## XIX

### ENTER A MINISTER OF STATE

THE Duke of Devenham paused in his way across the crowded reception-room to speak to his host, Sir Edward Bransome, secretary of state for foreign affairs. "I have just written you a line, Bransome," he said, as they shook hands. "The chief tells me that he is going to honor us down at Devenham for a few days, and that we may expect you, also."

"You are very kind, Duke," Bransome answered. "I suppose Haviland explained the matter to you."

The duke nodded. "You are going to help me entertain my other distinguished visitor," he remarked. "I fancy we shall have quite an interesting party."

Bransome glanced around. "I hope most earnestly," he said, "that we shall induce our young friend to be a little more candid with us than he has been. One can't get a word out of Hesho, but I'm bound to say that I don't altogether like the look of things. The press is beginning to smell a rat. Two leading articles this morning, I see, upon our Eastern relations."

"I read them," responded the duke. "We are informed that the prestige and success of our ministry will entirely depend upon whether or no we are able to arrange for the renewal of our treaty with Japan. I remember the same papers shrieking themselves hoarse with indignation when we first joined hands with our little friends across the sea."

Bransome's secretary approached and touched him on the shoulder. "There is a person in the anteroom, sir," he said, "whom I think you ought to see."

The duke nodded and passed on. The secretary drew his chief to one side.

"This man has just arrived from Paris, sir," he continued, "and is the bearer of a letter which he is instructed to deliver into your hands only."

Bransome nodded. "Is he known to us?" he asked. "From whom does the letter come?"

The young man hesitated. "The letter itself, sir, has nothing to do with France, I imagine," he said. "The person I refer to is an American, and although I have no positive information, I believe that he is sometimes entrusted with the carrying of despatches from Washington to his embassy here. Once or twice lately I have had it reported to me that communications from the other side to Mr. Harvey have been sent by hand. It seems as though they had some objection to committing important documents to the post."

Bransome walked through the crowded rooms by the side of his secretary, stopping, for a moment, to exchange greetings here and there with his friends. His wife was giving her third reception of the session to the diplomatic world.

## The Illustrious Prince



MR. COULSON PRODUCED THE LETTER. "FRIEND OF MINE YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF ASKED ME TO LEAVE THIS WITH YOU," HE SAID

"Washington has certainly shown signs of mistrust lately," he remarked, "but if communications from them are ever tampered with it is more likely to be on their side than ours. They have a particularly unscrupulous press to deal with, besides political intriguers. If this person you speak of is really the bearer of a letter from there," he added, "I think we can both guess what it is about."

The secretary nodded. "Shall I ring up Mr. Haviland, sir?" he asked.

"Not yet," Bransome answered. "It is just possible that this person will require an immediate reply, in which case it may be inconvenient for me to see the prime minister. Bring him along into my private room, Sidney."

Sir Edward Bransome made his way to his study, turned on the electric lights, and crossed slowly to the hearth-rug. He

stood there, for several moments, with his elbow upon the mantelpiece, looking down into the fire. A darker shadow had stolen across his face as soon as he was alone. In his court dress and brilliant array of orders, he was certainly a very distinguished-looking figure, yet the last few years had branded lines into his face which it was doubtful if he would ever lose. To be secretary of state for foreign affairs to the greatest power which the world had as yet known must certainly seem, on paper, to be as brilliant a post as a man's ambition could covet. Many years ago it had seemed so to Bransome himself. It was a post which he had deliberately coveted, worked for, and striven for. And now, with the honor attained, with two years of office only to run, he was appalled at the ever-growing responsibilities thrust upon his shoulders. There was never, perhaps, a time when, on paper, things had seemed smoother, when the distant mutterings of disaster were less audible. It was only those who were behind the curtain who realized how deceptive appearances were.

In a few minutes his secretary reappeared, ushering in Mr. James B. Coulson. Mr. Coulson was still a little pale from the effects of his crossing, and he wore a long, thick ulster to conceal the deficiencies of his attire. Nevertheless, his usual breeziness of manner had not altogether deserted him. Sir Edward looked him up and down, and finding him to look exactly as Mr. James B. Coulson of the Coulson & Bruce Syndicate should look, was inclined to wonder whether his secretary had made a mistake.

"I was told that you wished to see me," he said. "I am Sir Edward Bransome."

Mr. James B. Coulson nodded appreciatively. "Very good of you, Sir Edward," he said, "to put yourself out at this time of night to have a word or two with me. I am sorry to have troubled you, anyway, but the matter was sort of urgent."

Sir Edward nodded. "I understand, Mr. Coulson," he said, "that you are from the United States."

"That is so, sir," Mr. Coulson replied. "I am at the head of a syndicate, the Coulson & Bruce Syndicate, which, in course of time, hopes to revolutionize the machinery used for spinning wool all over the world. Likewise we have patents for other machinery connected with the manufacture of all varieties of woolen goods. I am over here on a business trip, which I have just concluded."

"Satisfactorily, I trust?" Sir Edward remarked.

"Well, I'm not grumbling, sir," Mr. Coulson assented. "Here and there I may have missed a thing, and the old-fashioned way of doing business on this side bothers me a bit, but on the whole I'm not grumbling."

Bransome bowed. Perhaps, after all, the man was not a fool.

"I have a good many friends round about Washington," Mr. Coulson continued, "and sometimes, when they know I am coming across, one or the other of them finds it convenient to hand me a letter. It isn't the postage-stamp that worries them," he added, with a little laugh, "but they sort of feel that anything committed to me is fairly safe to reach its destination."

"Without disputing that fact for one moment, Mr. Coulson," Sir Edward remarked, "I might also suggest that the ordinary mail service between our countries has reached a marvelous degree of perfection."

"The post-office," Mr. Coulson continued meditatively, "is a great institution, both on your side and ours, but a letter posted in Washington has to go through a good many hands before it is delivered in London."

Sir Edward smiled. "It is a fact, sir," he said, "which the various governments of Europe have realized for many years, in connection with the exchange of communications one with the other. Your own great country, as it grows and expands, becomes, of necessity, more in touch with our methods.

Did I understand that you have a letter for me, Mr. Coulson?"

Mr. Coulson produced it. "Friend of mine you may have heard of," he said, "asked me to leave this with you. I am catching the *Princess Cecilia* from Southampton to-morrow. I thought, perhaps, if I waited an hour or so, I might take that answer back with me."

"It is getting late, Mr. Coulson," Sir Edward reminded him, glancing at the clock.

Mr. Coulson smiled. "I think, Sir Edward," he said, "that in your line of business time counts for little."

Sir Edward touched the bell. "I shall require the A3X cipher, Sidney," he said to his secretary.

Mr. Coulson looked up. "Why," he said, "I don't think you'll need that. The letter you've got in your hand is just a personal one, and what my friend has to say to you is written out there in black and white."

Sir Edward withdrew the enclosure from its envelope and raised his eyebrows. "Isn't this a trifle indiscreet?" he asked.

"Why, I should say not," Mr. Coulson answered. "My friend—Mr. Jones we'll call him—knew me and, I presume, knew what he was about. Besides, that is a plain letter from the head of a business firm to—shall we say a client? There's nothing in it to conceal."

"At the same time," Sir Edward remarked, "it might have been as well to fasten the flap of the envelope."

Mr. Coulson held out his hand. "Let me look," he said.

Sir Edward gave it into his hands. Mr. Coulson held it under the electric light. There was no indication in his face of any surprise or disturbance.

"Bit short of gum in our stationery office," he remarked.

Sir Edward was looking at him steadily. "My impressions were," he said, "when I opened this letter, that I was not the first person who had done so. The envelope flew apart in my fingers."

Mr. Coulson shook his head. "The document has never been out of my possession, sir," he said. "It has not even left my person. My friend, Mr. Jones, does not believe in too much secrecy in matters of this sort. I have had a good deal of experience now and am inclined to agree with him. A letter in a double-ended envelope, stuck all over with sealing wax, is pretty certain to be

## The Illustrious Prince

opened in case of any accident to the bearer. This one, as you may not have noticed, is written in the same handwriting and addressed in the same manner as the remainder of my letters of introduction to various London and Paris houses of business."

Sir Edward said no more. He read the few lines written on a single sheet of newspaper, starting a little at the signature. Then he read them again and placed the document beneath a paper-weight in front of him. When he leaned across the table his folded arms formed a semicircle around it.

"This letter, Mr. Coulson," he said, "is not an official communication."

"It is not," Mr. Coulson concurred. "I fancy it occurred to my friend Jones that anything official would be hardly in place, and might be easier to evade. The matter has already cropped up in negotiations between Mr. Harvey and your cabinet, but so far we are without any definite pronouncement—at least, that is how my friend Mr. Jones looks at it."

Sir Edward smiled. "The only answer your friend asks for is a verbal one," he remarked.

"A verbal one," Mr. Coulson assented, "delivered to me in the presence of one other person, whose name you will find mentioned in that letter."

Sir Edward bowed his head. When he spoke again, his manner had somehow changed. It had become at once more official, a trifle more stilted. "This is a great subject, Mr. Coulson," he said. "It is a subject which has occupied the attention of his majesty's ministers for many months. I shall ask the opinion of the other person whose name is mentioned in this letter, as to whether we can grant Mr. Jones's request. If we should do so, it will not, I am sure, be necessary to say to you that any communication we may make on the subject to-night will be from men to a man of honor, and must be accepted as such. It will be our honest and sincere conviction, but it must also be understood that it does not bind the government of this country to any course of action."

Mr. Coulson smiled and nodded his head. "That is what I call diplomacy, Sir Ed-

ward," he remarked. "I always tell our people that they are too bull-headed. They don't use enough words. What about that friend of yours?"

Sir Edward glanced at his watch. "It is possible," he said, "that, by this time, Mr.—Mr. Smith, shall we call him, to match your Mr. Jones?—is attending my wife's reception, from which your message called me. If he has not yet arrived my secretary shall telephone for him."

Mr. Coulson indicated his approval. "Seems to me," he remarked, "that I have struck a fortunate evening for my visit."

Sir Edward touched the bell, and his secretary appeared. "Sidney," he said, "I want you to find this gentleman," and he handed him a slip of paper upon which he had penciled a name. "If he is not in the reception-rooms, and has not arrived, telephone for him. Say that I should be glad if he would come this way at once. He will understand that it is a matter of some importance."

The secretary bowed and withdrew, after a glance at the piece of paper which he held in his hand. Sir Edward turned toward his visitor.

"Mr. Coulson," he said, "will you allow me the privilege of offering you some refreshment?"

"I thank you, sir," Mr. Coulson answered. "I am in want of nothing but a smoke."

Sir Edward turned to the bell, but his visitor promptly stopped him. "If you will allow me, sir," he said, "I will smoke one of my own. Home-made article, five dollars a hundred, but I can't stand these strong Havanas. Try one."

Sir Edward waved them away. "If you will excuse me," he said, "I will smoke a cigarette. Since you are here, Mr. Coulson, I may say that I am very glad to meet you. I am very glad, also, of this opportunity for a few minutes' conversation upon another matter."

Mr. Coulson showed some signs of surprise. "How's that?" he asked.

"There is another subject," Sir Edward said, "which I should like to discuss with you while we are waiting for Mr. Smith."

# The Story Of Charlemagne

by Charles Edward Russell

*Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World," "The Uprising of the Many," "Thomas Chatterton," etc.*

Editor's Note.—The first and second instalments of this story sketched the conditions preceding and existing at the time of the appearance of this remarkable man, who, in spite of feudalism, the lack of learning and the decay of civilization, and the hordes of enemies surrounding his kingdom, lifted up the common people, revived learning and established schools, and pushed back the borders of his empire to such an extent that the author has characterized him as the "remaker of Europe, founder of modern civilization." His exploits in crossing the Alps to defend the Pope against the Lombards, resulting in the overthrow of the Lombard kingdom, were recounted, together with the efforts he put forth to revive learning and spread enlightenment throughout his kingdom. In the present instalment we have him as a conqueror who would brook no opposition, who made a wilderness, which he called peace.

## VII

### THE HEAVY DAY OF RONCESVALLES AND THE DEATH OF MIGHTY ROLAND

WITH a strange fatality that in other times would convince the superstitious of a preternatural influence, Spain has been to rulers of France a name of worst omen, and to mix with Spanish affairs has seemed ever to spell some form of French disaster. Stupid interference with one Spanish succession resulted in Sedan and utter ruin for Louis Napoleon; with another brought about the fall and exile of Louis Philippe; with another plunged France into seven years of costly war and extended the hateful tribe of Bourbons. It was his Spanish intrigues and campaigning that began the decline of the great Napoleon; and it was an ill-advised expedition to Spain that drew upon Charlemagne the one grave disaster to his arms and seemed to inaugurate a series of misfortunes checkering until the end of his life what had been a career of almost unexampled splendor.

We go back now to those peculiar and fascinating people, the Saracens. After their defeats by the Hammer and other Chris-



tian leaders had swept them out of France, the Moslem hosts remained for centuries in possession of Spain, except for a little Christian kingdom called the Asturias. Wise as they were, even the Saracens were not wise enough to avoid dissension and internal strife. A quarrel grew up about the succession to the caliphate of Cordova, and in 777 representatives of one of the quarreling parties sought out Charles in the north and besought him to undertake their cause. As a matter of fact, he had no good ground whereon to interfere. Nothing in the condition of the Spanish Christians required him, as defender of the faith and first Christian monarch, to move in their behalf, for the Spanish Christians were treated most considerately by their Saracen rulers; and the Saracens as a nation had given no offense to Charles or to his subjects. His share in the story seems, therefore, wholly gratuitous, and gives only too much reason to think that for the one time in his career he allowed his usually cool and clear judgment to be swayed by a mere ambition to extend his dominions. The deputation of Saracens that implored his help was headed by one Al Arabi. He told Charles that all of Spain north of the Ebro could easily be added to the Frankish territories, and Charles agreed to undertake the venture. Both of them had reason afterward to regret his decision.

## The Story of Charlemagne

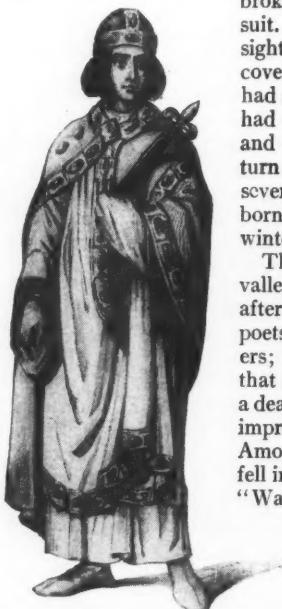
The winter of 777-8 Charles spent in making his preparations. In the early spring he moved southward, dividing his army, as was his custom, so that it crossed the Pyrenees by different passes. That same uncle, the stout Duke of Bernhard, that had been his chief assistant in the Italian campaign, again commanded the second division; Charles himself led the first. Beyond the Pyrenees, with his reunited forces, he besieged and captured Pamplona; he received the surrender of other cities; he was turned back from Saragossa; he moved about in a rather inglorious campaign; in August he started on his return home. This is all we know definitely about his summer in Spain, but in spite of the discreet silence of the courtly chroniclers it is clear enough that the expedition was largely a failure. Saragossa was one of the keys to the situation, and Charles had failed to take that; moreover, he must have been incensed as well as disappointed, for he seized the unfortunate Al Arabi and carried him home in chains.

Other aspects of the enterprise are not more satisfactory. It appears that the city of Pamplona was really a possession of the Asturian Christians, so that his one notable triumph had been at the expense of people of his own faith. He certainly did not succeed in advancing in any way the cause of the Saracenic faction that he had espoused; if he won any considerable battles in Spain they are without record; and while he had extended his influence southward and very likely laid the foundations of future and worthier operations, he returned without tangible results of his efforts.

Indeed, the whole story would not be worth the telling if it did not include one of the strangest, most dramatic, and most celebrated incidents in history. On the return march the army of Charles had left the Saracens far behind. The troopers reached the summit of the pass over the Pyrenees; no enemy was in sight; the march was peaceful and care free. The first division had crossed the divide, and in the late afternoon was swinging down the descent toward the north; the rearguard with the baggage was threading

the crest of the pass. No suspicion of danger seems to have crossed any mind there. Of a sudden, from concealed places in the hill-slopes, there swept down upon the troops a wild and furious army that began a desperate assault. The Franks, taken by surprise and encumbered with heavy armor and with baggage, were thrown into confusion. Stretched out in a long thin line where the defile made maneuvering impossible, they were at the mercy of their assailants; and the troops from the forward files that hastened back with assistance only added to the fatal disorder of their friends, hemmed in the narrow road. Hour after hour the desperate fight went on. The enemy, often protected by cliffs and boulders, poured in clouds of arrows and spears, and as the confusion grew flung themselves bodily upon the bewildered Franks and cut them down like cattle, or hurled them down the declivities of the pass. The rearguard was practically annihilated, the slaughter of Franks was grievous, no reinforcements could retrieve the disaster, and night alone put a limit upon the sacrifice. As soon as darkness fell the enemy disappeared. The next day Charles reformed his broken lines and started in pursuit. But there was no enemy in sight, nor could the scouts discover trace of the warriors that had attacked so ferociously; they had come and gone like a flash, and Charles was obliged to return empty handed. Under the severest humiliation he had ever borne he moved northward to his winter quarters.

This was that battle of Roncesvalles that for so many centuries afterward was the inspiration of poets, troubadours, and romancers; for the deeds of valor done that day in fact and in fancy had a deathless renown and a singular impress upon both letters and art. Among the Frankish nobles that fell in the pass was one Hruoland, "Warden of the Breton March," who became the Roland of songs and ballads innumerable wherein he moved the bravest of all knights, the most gallant and most courtly. With his friends and companions in arms, he was supposed to



THE MIGHTY ROLAND, HERO OF SONG AND STORY, WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF RONCESVALLES

have done marvels of valor, falling at last before overwhelming numbers of Saracens; and curious sequels of his mythical prowess still survive in the folk-lore of many nations. Songs about these heroes were popular in Europe throughout the middle ages; one of them\* was heard at the battle of Hastings. The figures of the mighty paladins were embalmed in painting and sculpture, and are still to be seen in some old churches. Thus the battle of Roncesvalles, wholly insignificant in its purpose or results, became the best known of all the incidents in the life of Charles, and firmly enshrined, by the way, a singular error.

For centuries upon centuries the idea seemed fixed in the human mind (despite the plain records) that this blow was struck at the Franks by the Saracens,† who had thus achieved upon the grandson of the mighty Martel a measure of revenge for the rout of Tours, a misconception from which we may gain some illustration of Napoleon's remark concerning the fabulous nature of accepted history. As a matter of fact, there were no Saracens at Roncesvalles nor near it, and the attack upon Charles's army seems to have had nothing to do with Saracen influences. Who were, then, these fierce people that planned this adroit ambuscade and struck so resoundingly upon the foremost warrior of Christendom? They were the Basques, the inhabitants of the Pyrenees, the sole survivors of an almost lost and very unusual people that

had once inhabited much of Europe. They had watched the great host of Charles winding southward through their mountains and had made no sign. Suddenly, upon the re-

turn march, they leaped as if from the earth upon the weary Franks and with insatiable fury cut them down. No stranger eruption of an apparently irresponsible force is recorded in history, and the weird and abnormal nature of it would have held the wondering attention of mankind even if there had been no romance of Roland. It was as if there had been suddenly created a new power of destruction that flamed up once and then disappeared. Something of the wonder of his rising may be lessened by the fact that their chief, Lupus, was a cousin of Waifar, the

Aquitanian leader that had been defeated and slain by the father of Charles. And yet, any idea of revenge must have been remote, for Lupus was a son of Hatto, who had been most cruelly betrayed and blinded by the father of Waifar.

Heavy of heart, for he had lost many brave men and dear friends, Charles returned to his winter palace, to learn that much more serious enemies threatened his kingdom from the north. For the first time in his life he tasted the bitterness of adversity. He was entering upon thirteen years of almost incessant struggle; Hildegarde died, the fair Swabian, his good and beautiful queen; his mother, Berthraida, who had been his best friend and surest counselor, soon followed her. In the place of Hildegarde he took to wife the haughty and cruel Fastrada, and her influence and conduct drove him into a maze of evils and in strange ways brought upon his people troubles they had not dreamed of. From this time onward she was the evil star of his career as his mother had been the good.

\* Sung by the Knight Taillefer as he led a Norman charge; but the most famous "Song of Roland" was of a later date.

† Walter Scott repeats this common blunder in the stanza referring to the horn that told imperial Charlemagne "how Paynim sons of Swarthy Spain had wrought his champion's fall."



HILDEGARDE, WHOM CHARLES MARRIED AFTER DIVORCING THE DAUGHTER OF THE LOMBARD KING. SHE DIED SOON AFTER CHARLES RETURNED FROM THE SPANISH CAMPAIGN

## VIII

THE LONG CONFLICT WITH THE RESTLESS  
AND INGENIOUS SAXONS

MEANWHILE Charles held an unswerving way, surrounded by enemies and in the midst often of menacing and always of most uninspiring conditions. The Europe into which he strove to introduce order, method, and a measure of democracy was a huge, mad, seething mass of barbarous and essentially incongruous peoples. What, for instance, can seem stranger now than that there should have been dwelling, wedged into the European and Caucasian continent, a great nation of pure Mongols, with yellow skins, black hair twisted into pigtails, flat faces, and alien ways, and that this nation was one of the active elements in the situation wherewith Charles must needs deal? And yet so startling a fact is but one illustration of the transformations through which Europe was passing, of the vast migrations that since the days of Augustus had shifted so many peoples, and of the complexities of the problems presented to one bent upon organized government and peace.

Outside the circle of Roman influence, which still managed in some wonderful way to preserve the seeds and even some of the ideals of the old culture, there was a ring of nations that the Franks and Romans were accustomed to call barbarians and heathen, and all these pressed heavily upon the outposts of civilization that Charles had erected. On the east were the Avars (the pigtailed Mongolians I have just mentioned); north of the Avars were the Bohemians; then the Sorbs, Wends, and other Slav peoples; then the Saxons, and beyond them the Danes, all fierce, war-loving, and restless, and all at some time making trouble for the Franks. But of all these peoples, for endless trouble-making and for extraordinary gifts, was none like the Saxons.

The Saxons lived directly to the north and northeast of Charles's kingdom, inhabiting what is now Holstein, Hanover, Brunswick, and Westphalia, and scarcely any part of what is now Saxony. Some of their race had conquered and were then ruling what is now England; the rest had a kind of confederation extending from the Elbe almost to the Rhine. They were Teutons of the fiercest breed and some of the most stubborn people that ever lived: heathen, having a strange religion, of

which a sacred tree was the emblem; in a rude way farmers and graziers, but warriors always; and having these disagreeable traits—that they played the game of war after methods of their own, never acknowledged a defeat, and never, by any chance, kept faith with anybody.

With these wild people a war that lasted irregularly for thirty years began almost as soon as Charles came to the throne. The Saxons not only were fanatical heathen, which made trouble for the active missionaries that Charles encouraged everywhere, but they were industrious border raiders, ruffians, and thieves, which made trouble for the agriculturists and artisans whose labors Charles strove to foster. Hence, in 772, after innumerable provocations, he made up his mind to abolish the Saxon nation and with the sword to force upon these obstinate heretics the Christianity that they had rejected from the peaceable missionaries.

It is likely that he had at first no idea of the extent of the task he had assumed. The Saxons were of inferior numbers, they were split into tribes, they had no power of united effort, the bonds of their confederation were flimsy ties, they had little military skill against trained legions; but they possessed a peculiar elasticity of spirit by virtue of which they were never broken, however much they were beaten. Charles marshaled his great army at Worms, and marched straight into Saxon territory. He won nothing but successes. He drove the Saxons before him, captured their holy grove and chief citadel, destroyed their images, compelled them to yield to his terms, received their promises of good behavior and their hostages for the fulfilment of their promises, and returned home laden with rich spoils, leaving Saxony apparently pacified. So far, therefore, all presaged good. But hardly two years later, when Charles was in Italy and engrossed with his operations there, out blazed in revolt the entire Saxon nation. Without the least regard to promises or hostages, they moved over the border (at a point near Darmstadt) and penetrated the Frankish territory, burning, killing, and stealing as they went. They recaptured their ancient fortress of Eresburg, which had been one of the trophies of Charles's former expedition; they destroyed churches and scattered monks, drove back the guards and menaced some Frankish cities.

We have previously had occasion to note the chief tactical merit of Charles as a mili-



*From a panel in the council-hall at Tancarville*

CHARLES DESTROYING THE NATIONAL SHRINE OF THE SAXONS AT ERESBURG IN 772. THIS WAS A HUGE TREE-TRUNK WHICH HAD BEEN ERECTED IN HONOR OF IRMINUS, A TEUTONIC DEITY

tary commander, which was an ability (wonderful, considering his times and his obstacles) to move rapidly and to strike unexpectedly. He now executed one of his dazzling evolutions. He returned swiftly from Italy, and although winter was close at hand and military operations were thought impossible, he gathered his troops near Mainz, separated them into four armies, and before the snows began he had driven the Saxons far into their own country, beating them in many engagements, whence he returned laden with more booty.

With the dawn of spring he returned to the task. He harried the Saxon country from end to end, driving his enemies from every stronghold, reestablishing his posts and his missions and imposing his rule. But he might have said, as Napoleon said on a like occasion, that he could not be everywhere. While he was moving toward the northeast, winning daily triumphs, he left behind, to guard his lines of communication, an important division

of his army. The Frankish soldiers, having found the Saxons but poor opponents in the field, and believing the war to be at an end, were much at ease. No Saxons were in sight, no prospect of action served to maintain the discipline. One warm sunny afternoon the camp was mostly asleep, while a company of troopers took out the horses for forage. A band of Saxons watching from the hills managed to mingle among the horses on the return and to slip unobserved into the camp. The sleeping soldiers awoke to find the enemy, sword in hand, charging into the tents. The Franks, unarmed and taken unawares, were at a terrible disadvantage. A desperate battle ensued, the masses of unarmed Franks striving to get at their weapons, the Saxons driving them back with slaughter, the few armed Franks attacking the enemy from the other side. Under such untoward conditions the courage of the Franks seems remarkable, for most of them were fighting with bare hands. More than

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once the issue of that fierce conflict must have been doubtful. At last the Franks forced their way to their arms; the Saxons were slowly driven off, and the camp was saved. But the losses of the Franks must have been heavy, and the blow to the Frankish prestige something like that Cornwallis received at the Cowpens.

Charles, enraged at this serious reverse and its still more serious reflection upon his military establishment, came tearing back, caught the Saxons while they were still exulting in their triumph, and scattered them to the four winds; but the incident remained and still remains one of the curiosities of military history. A certain Homeric touch about it fascinates the imagination and at the same time throws an additional light upon the indomitable character of the people with whom Charles was contending.

The net results of the operations of this year of 775 were that the Saxons were beaten everywhere, made a new submission, swore to a new set of oaths, furnished new promises, and surrendered new hostages. Whereupon Charles turned southward to his winter quarters. The frost was scarcely out of the rivers before the Saxons had broken all their treaties, violated all their oaths, and were again in open revolt. Charles made one swift move and caught them in a hopeless position on the river Lippe. This time the Saxons professed their willingness not only to swear allegiance to Charles but to become Christians as well. Thousands upon thousands of them were accordingly baptized and received into the church. All took a new oath of fealty as the faithful subjects of Charles, who, after establishing new garrisons and strengthening his government, returned to the south.

But whether professing Christianity or heathenism, the Saxon was a wholly untruthful, untrustworthy, subtle, and wily person. Two years after the baptism in the Lippe, that is to say, in 778, Charles started upon his unlucky Spanish campaign, and he had hardly crossed the Pyrenees before the whole structure of his Saxon administration fell before an outbreak of the national spirit as directed by the genius of one man. This was Wittekind, or Widukind, the grand hero of Saxon romance, whose deeds have been the occasion of almost as much lyric enthusiasm as those of Charles himself. Beyond doubt he was a remarkable person; in him appeared all the craft, ingenuity, adroitness,

and unconquerable spirit of his nation. He was by birth of the Westphalians, a chieftain or leader that had attained some note when one of the early successes of Charles drove him over the border to the court of Sigfrid, King of Denmark, where he found refuge. The southern activities of Charles lured Wittekind back to Saxony in 778, and the instant he appeared the insurrection flamed up to its height. As to a destined deliverer all Saxons gathered to his standard. For once it looked as if the old tribal differences were to be sunk in the cause of national independence. Oaths, baptisms, and hostages were instantly forgotten. With a great host Wittekind marched to the assault of Karlstadt, the chief fort that Charles had built to maintain Frankish supremacy in Saxony. It surrendered, and Wittekind destroyed it. The Frankish garrison of Eresburg was closely besieged, while the main body of Saxons, pressing on, entered Hesse, put the inhabitants to the sword, burned the villages, and ravaged both banks of the Rhine. They captured Cologne itself and burned there a Christian church. They spread devastation and terror all along the border, and seemed to threaten the cities at the heart of the kingdom.

Before Charles could return from Spain the winter had set in, and for the time being he could do no more than to perfect his plans to retrieve these disasters. With the coming of spring he put his army in motion, made one of his marvelous marches, and suddenly struck the Saxons in their strong fortifications far up the Lippe. Charles in person commanded the Franks. As a rule he made the plans and arranged the tactics and left the details to his commanders; but on this occasion he charged at the head of his troops. The Saxons, cheered on by Wittekind, doubtless fought as well as they could, but they had little chance against such a foe, and indeed little chance at any time in open field maneuvers, since their science of war lay only in surprises and ambuscades. The well-trained Franks cut their lines to pieces and sent them flying. Wittekind made his escape from the disastrous day, and such of his people as remained in the region surrendered, taking the usual oath and giving the usual pledges. The Franks overran the country as far as the Weser, built new forts, established new posts, and once more the stubborn and subtle people were overawed and compelled to accept a peace and a ruler that they detested.



Drawn by Arthur Becher

HOUR AFTER HOUR THE DESPERATE FIGHT WENT ON. THE ENEMY, AS THE CONFUSION GREW, FLUNG THEMSELVES BODILY UPON THE BEWILDERED FRANKS AND CUT THEM DOWN LIKE CATTLE

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As soon as possible Charles now turned his attention toward a stable government for the Saxon territory and one likely to suppress these costly and troublesome revolts. One of his measures seems to afford us a new glimpse of his broad statesmanship. In his age and for centuries afterward the custom of the conqueror was to impose upon the conquered country the full weight of the victor's yoke; but Charles made the Saxon chiefs into Frankish counts and elevated them to commanding positions in the new government, clothing them with authority over territorial divisions, to administer justice, to levy taxes, and to organize the requisite military service in the manner that similar services were performed by the counts of Frankland. How great was his wisdom in this respect is shown by the fact that the men thus elevated usually remained faithful to their posts and learned for the first time the true nature of an oath. At the same time the church organization was restored and extended, and Charles made rich presents to all the chiefs that embraced Christianity, a

process by which he was said to bribe Saxons that the sword had not been able to convert.

But while all these policies were expedient and wise, and certainly, in the end, they or similar policies triumphed, the next year showed that the tough and elastic Saxon spirit was far from being subdued, and perhaps we need not wonder if from the ensuing events Charles concluded that no faith nor promise would avail aught with such people. As soon as he had turned his back upon the Saxon country, Wittekind reentered it from the other side, and his reappearance was the signal for a new uprising. Thousands of Saxons that had professed allegiance abandoned the new religion and the new sovereign and flocked to Wittekind. He seems to have determined to make this the crucial effort of his movement. Not only the Saxons were mustered; but from beyond the borders he drew to his ranks a great horde of fierce Slavs, and with this force he began to move southward. On the way he afforded a powerful indication of the essential character of the people that felt drawn to-



From the painting by Ary Scheffer

CHARLES RECEIVING THE SUBMISSION OF WITTEKIND, AFTER A WAR THAT HAD LASTED SEVEN YEARS AND RESULTED IN THE COMPLETE HUMILIATION OF THE SAXON PEOPLE



*From a panel in the council-hall at Aachen*

THE SAXON LEADER WITTEKIND SUBMITTING TO BAPTISM IN CHARLEMAGNE'S CAMP. THIS IS HIS LAST DEFINITE APPEARANCE IN HISTORY

ward such a man as toward a natural leader; for his practice was to torture to death with horrible sufferings every Saxon convert that, falling into his hands, refused to renounce Christianity.

At first he went from success to success. The small Frankish forces retired hastily before his great army, the missionaries fled, the churches were burned, the forts were seized. He even showed qualities as a field commander, this Wittekind. He was in camp at Süntel, near Minden, on the Weser. A Frankish army approached, commanded by three of Charles's generals, Charles himself being far away. The Franks, with their usual impetuous valor, charged the entrenchments. Wittekind allowed them to become furiously engaged at the fortifications, then, issuing forth, he turned the Frankish flank, surrounded one division, and cut it to pieces, a memorable defeat in which many Frankish noblemen lost their lives.

Charles was in the south when he heard of the disaster of Süntel, and after his usual manner he flew to retrieve it. When, by forced marches, he had reached the Weser, the summer was gone, Wittekind and his followers had vanished into the northern woods, and there was no sign of an enemy to oppose or punish. Peace and quiet reigned over the land. All the visible Saxons professed to church and crown an unspeakable loyalty. For the recent disturbances, they said, but one man was to blame, and he was Wittekind.

Charles demanded Wittekind. The Saxons declared they knew not whither had fled that arch-traitor. Then Charles demanded that those concerned with Wittekind should be given up. The Saxons said that these, too—wretched men—had concealed themselves none knew where. Then the king insisted that they should be found, and sternly rejected further excuse or paltering.

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There were brought before him forty-five hundred men, some of them chiefs, who were declared to be the persons that had participated in the uprising. Charles had all these gathered to one spot at Verdun. There, on a certain day, at his orders his soldiers with their swords cut off the heads of forty-five hundred.

For this act of frightful severity Charles has been bitterly censured, and indeed it remains the one grave blot upon his sunny career. The very patience, tolerance, and generosity that so marked his usual policy have made more conspicuous the relapse into savagery; for such an act by a Clovis or a Chiladeric would have been only characteristic. Something, we may think, may be allowed to the times and the provocation; we may remind ourselves that he had been tried by repeated and apparently endless perfidies; that his generosity had been greatly abused; that the Saxons on their side had practised terrible cruelties upon the Christians; and that the men whose lives he took had violated their allegiance and were therefore guilty of that crime of treason that is even now regarded among civilized nations as a capital offense. Moreover, on reflection, the horror this deed has aroused in modern historians seems somewhat far-fetched or irrational. Truly on this occasion the spiral pathway of history returns upon us with a startling parallel. Eleven hundred years after that bloody execution on the Weser the nation usually hailed as the most Christian and most civilized put to death a much greater number of rebels for a much smaller fault. Those that bear in mind the slaughters following the revolution in India in 1857-8 will think that English writers, at least, have small occasion to condemn Charles.

But while the massacre may have had some excuse or palliation in the savage code of human retribution, it assuredly had none in wise policy. It was the one serious blunder in a career otherwise distinguished for prevailing good sense; so that there is reason to think that the cruel and scheming woman that was to cast so dark a shadow

over the next few years had already begun to influence Charles toward evil. In this case the evil had immediate and dire results. At the news of that terrible day at Verdun almost the whole Saxon nation rose as one man, mad for revenge. All bonds of allegiance, all obligations of religion, all tribal jealousies were thrown to the winds. Faithless as the Saxons had always been to others they kept faith to themselves. The house reared by so many years of labor fell at a touch. Charles began again the conquest of Saxony. For three years there was nothing but fighting, ruthless slaughter, ruthless destruction, ruthless retribution. In grim desperation the Saxons hurled themselves against the iron wall of the Frankish army and died there. Charles pressed incessantly upon a bloody path. For the first time he gave himself and his army no respite in the winter. Fiercely and sullenly they went on together. They saw the final Saxon stronghold destroyed, the final Saxon force scattered, Wittekind a fugitive among the wild tribes far to the north; and then they rested. They had made a wilderness: they were entitled to call it peace.

Charles established himself in Saxony and directed in person the work of reconstruction. The missionaries were brought back, the churches rebuilt, the government was firmly reestablished. Then Charles sent messengers to Wittekind and invited him to surrender. The beaten leader entered the Frankish camp, where he was received with honor and kindness, and was baptized, loaded with gifts, and assigned to a comfortable residence in Westphalia, where he passed his days in dignified retirement. Saxony was conquered at last. It is an odd fact that long afterward a descendant of Wittekind and a descendant of Charles married, and from their union sprang a new line of European rulers.

Almost ten years passed before the Saxons were wholly absorbed into the empire, so indomitable was their spirit; but the last futile insurrection came in 797, and then the Saxons melted into the mass of Frankish subjects.

The next instalment of "*The Story of Charlemagne*" will appear in the April issue.





"THAR'S NO CHILL ON THE RECEPTION WE  
CONFERS ON THE TURNER PERSON  
AN' HIS SALLIE BRIDE"

# The Sport of Kings

HOW "WOLFVILLE'S" NEW ENTERPRISE RESULTED IN A HORSE-RACE

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton

**T**HAT Turner person—does he remain in Wolfville long?" The Old Cattleman repeated my question as though feeling for its bearings. "Well, he don't break no records with the len'th of time he stays. Which I should say now he sojourns with us mebby it's six months before he ups stakes an' pulls his freight. No, it ain't that any gent who's licensed to call himse'f a molder of public opinion, sech as old man Enright or Doc Peets, objects to the Turner person none. Speakin' gen'ral, as I informs you prior, the heft of feelin's in his favor, an' most of us sort o' halfway likes him. Not but what he has deeficiencies. The truth is it's no easy shot, offhand, to tell you whar this Turner person is preecisely camped in common esteem. Perhaps it's enough to say he's one of them parties who, while they don't excite your disapproval, is shore to keep you loaded with regrets.

"Ain't you met up freequent with that form of horned toad? Thar's nothin' you can lodge ag'inst 'em; nothin' at which a vig'lance committee can rope an' fasten; they're honest, well meanin', even gen'rous; an' yet, thar they be, upholstered by nacher in some occult way with about the same chance of bein' pop'lar as a wet dog. Speakin' for myse'f, I feels sorry for these yere onforchoonate mavericks condemned as they be at birth to go pirootin' from the cradle to the grave, meetin' everywhar about the same welcome which awaits a polecat at a picnic.

"Thar's no predom'natin' element of evil in this Turner person. Which in his case the trouble swings an' rattles on the way he's built. His crownin' defect, mighty likely, is that he's got one of them side-hill minds, an' what idees he does evolve can't find no foothold, an' is robbed at the start of anythin' resemblin' perm'nency. I watches his comin's-in an' goin'-out for months on eend, an' I'm yere to say—at the same time ascribin' to him

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no ill intentions—that onder all conditions an' on all o'casions he's as onreli'ble as a woman's watch.

"About that weddin'? Which it looks like, speakin' mod'rate, he quits winner on the deal. He goes back to Sni-a-bar as tame as tabby cats, in persoance with Enright's commands, an', once thar, old man Parks an' the rest of 'em sends him through the marital chute a heap successful. When he shows up among us, his bluskin' bride on his arm, he's wearin' all the brands an' y'earmarks of a thoroughly married man; to sech extent, indeed, it renders Texas Thompson some deejected.

"It recalls,' says Texas, 'them honeymoon days I passes with my Laredo wife before she wins out that divorce. It's like a icicle through my heart to look at him,' goes on Texas, alloodin' to the Turner person an' the fatyous fog of delight he's evident in. 'Thar he is, like a cub b'ar, his troubles all before him, an' not brains enough onder his skelp-lock to a'preciate his awful p'sition.'

"Why, Texas,' remonstrates Faro Nell as, the turn comin' trey-nine, she picks a stack of bloos off the trey an' puts it in the check-rack, 'you talks of wedlock as though that sacrament's a brace. Plenty of folks has beat the game. Thar's Tutt an' Tucson Jennie.'

"Them nuptials of Dave's an' Jennie's, Nell,' returns Texas, shakin' his head a heap gloomy, 'ain't far enough to the r'ar to afford a preecedent. Wait till Dave wakes up.'

"Your attitode, Texas,' breaks in Dan Boggs, who's himse'f busy at the layout, an' has jest planted a stack of reds coppered in the big squar', 'is reedic'lous. Bein' married that a-way, I take it, is somethin' same's walkin' a tight rope. It requires care, but it can be did. To be shore, if anythin' happens you're in for a jo-darter of a jolt. Still, the resk don't render the feat imposs'ble, an' a brave man disregards it.'

"That's whatever,' pipes in Faro Nell, as, the king fallin' to win, she draws down Dan's reds.

"Thar's no chill on the reception we confers on the Turner person an' his Sallie bride. Old Monte has orders, in case they're aboard, to onlimber his shotgun a mile or two outside of camp, so's we gets notice an' is not caught off our gyard. For once the old drunkard is faithful to his trust, an' when, one evenin', we hears him whangin' away permiscus with both bar'l's, we turns out, as they say in St.

Looey, *en masse*. Every gent empties the six chambers of his gun, as the stage pulls up, an' the Turner person he'ps out his bride into the center of this most gladsome foosillade. We couldn't have onbuckled in no more heartfelt, red-hot, rannikaboo reception if she's the actchooal Queen of Sheba.

The Turner person an' his Sallie bride is in right from the go. Missis Rucker declar's that the bride's a 'lady'; Faro Nell proclaims she's 'shore corn-fed'; while Tucson Jennie allows she's a 'whole lot too good fer her jack-rabbit of a husband,' by which, if you-all possesses half the cunnin' of a pet fox, you'll understand that as a beauty she ain't none calc'lated to blind. The fact is, for loveliness, she ain't a marker to Faro Nell, an' it's somethin' more'n a mere question that a-way if she splits even with Tucson Jennie. As for Missis Rucker, that matron, bein' past her youth, isn't, properly speakin', in the runnin', an' to go comparin' her with girls would be doin' a injestice.

"Once they're safe landed an' has escaped from that ovation we prepar's, the Turner person an' his Sallie bride moves into the wickeyup ockepied former by Cash-Box Billy an' Missis Bill, an' opens up their housekeepin' game. Also, hearin' nothin' to the contrary, no howls of anguish from him, no yeeps of complaint from her, it's safe to say that, in what joys is supposed to attend the connoobyal state, they coppers all them loogubrious forebodin's of Texas Thompson an' gets at least as good as an even break.

"The Turner person, now he's established as a married gent an' a cit'zen in full standin', gives himse'f horn an' hide to business that a-way. He's as prompt about openin' his coffin emporium as ever is Black Jack in throwin' wide the portals of the Red Light. Once thar, he stays until the evenin' lamps is lit, layin' for a chance to use his hearse. Also, the Turner person is not without foundations wharon to build his hopes. The uncle of Armstrong, who runs the New York Store, has come totterin' into camp, as he says himse'f, to die. Likewise, it's the onbiased view of every gent in the outfit that this rellative of Armstrong possesses reasons. He's a walkin' wreck; an' Doc Peets himse'f confesses that he's got every malady ever heard of in the books, besides sev'ral as to which science is left plumb in the dark. Nacherally, not alone the Turner person but the public at large figgers that this yere uncle'll shore furnish employment for the hearse, an' that, too,



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

"'WHICH WE SYMP'THIZES WITH YOU-ALL IN YOUR BEREEMENT, GENTS,' SAYS  
ENRIGHT TO THE RED DOG BEVY. 'BUT IT'S AG'INST OUR ROOLES  
FOR THAT HEARSE TO GO OUT OF CAMP'"

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at no distant day. But it looks like that invalid is out to test our patience. Mornin', after mornin' he comes scufflin' into the Red Light on two canes to get his matootinal nose-paint, an' this he keeps up until it begins to look like malice.

"Reelizin', too, the nacheral int'rest we-all is bound to take in him onder the circumstances, he puts on airs, an' goes by us as coldly haughty as a baggage-wagon by a burro. Or ag'in he's prone to grin at us plenty peevoal an' malev'lent, an' partic'lar if the Turner person's hoverin' 'round.

"'Which I shore deespires to keep you boys waitin',' he'd say, with a cacklin', aggravatin' laugh, 'but the way I feels it'd be prematoore to go greasin' up the hubs of that meat-wagon yet a while.'

"Sech taunts he flings forth constant until, what with what he looks an' what he says, he comes mighty near drivin' Dan Boggs frantic. 'It seems,' complains Dan, who's emotional a whole lot an' easy heated—'it seems like simply livin' ain't good enough for that old tappin. To be wholly happy he's obleeged to make his stay on earth a source of mis'ry to other folks. Which he ought to've been in his tomb ten years ago. Every day he draws his breath is so much velvet; an' yet, instead of bein' thankful, all he thinks of is makin' mean remarks an' sayin' bitin' things. It's simply the mercy of hell some provoked sport don't bend a gun over his insultin' head.'

"Weeks of waitin' goes by. Armstrong's old badger of a uncle hangs on, an' no outside corpse falls in, Arizona, as you doubtless savvys, bein' scand'lously healthy that a-way. So far, too, from any el'gible subject arrivin' in the usyoal way, the town never experiences such a period of rippleless, onruffled peace. As showin', too, how far the town is willin' to go to he'p along the play, I need only mention that on two o'casions Boggs leaves out his best pony all night, himself sprawled in behind a mesquit-bush with his Winchester, hopin' some Mexican'll prove weak minded enough to want it. All is in vain, however. Thar we be, framed up to give a fooneral from which Cochise County could date time, an' nothin' in the line of raw material arrivin' wharwith to pull it off. Which I never sees public feelin' more exasperated. It's as though in a sperit of sarkasm our destinies is mockin' us.

"It's to be expected that the Turner person, in the face of this disheartenin' idleness, 'll turn to somethin' for relief. As it is he takes

refooge in a trottin' hoss. Which that form of equine is as strange to us as camelopards. We has our runnin' races, cow-pony ag'inst cow-pony, a quarter-of-a-mile dash, but that's as far as we goes. The Turner person says that for himse'f he prefers trottin' races, an' after seein' him ride once I shore quits marvin' at that pref'rence. Shore, you could no more keep him on a pony than you could keep him on a red-hot stove. We ties a roll of blankets across the horn of the saddle, an' organizes him with buckin'-straps besides; an' in the face of all them safeguards he rolls out of the saddle same as if he's a bag of bran.

"The Turner person says that trottin' races is the sport of kings, an' sends back East for a hoss. He drives it in one evenin' behind the stage, an' we-all goes over to the corral to size it up. It's consid'rable of a hoss, too, standin' three hands higher than the tallest of our ponies. Also, it has a eve neck an' lib'ral legs. It's name, accordin' to the Turner person, is Henry of Navarre, but we sees at once that sech'll never do an' rechristens him Boomerang Bob.

"Dan Boggs gets excited, an' him an' the Turner person lays out a track all around the town like a belt. Dan allows it's about a mile long, or near enough, an' after a passel of Greasers cl'ars away the cactus an' mesquit an' Spanish bayonet, the Turner person every day hooks up Boomerang Bob to a mountain wagon, an' sends him 'round an' 'round at a pace that'd make your eyes stick out till you could see your sins. Thar's nothin' to it; old Boomerang is shore some eevanescant! When that Turner person shakes the reins an' yells 'Skoot!' you could hear him whiz.

"The big drawback is that thar ain't no quadrooped anywhar about to race Boomerang ag'inst. Leastwise, we don't hear of one for goin' on some months, an' when we do it's as far away as Albuquerque. Some consumptive tenderfoot, it looks like, has got a trottin' hoss over some'eres between Albuquerque an' the Black Range.

"When this pulmonary sport learns of Boomerang—which he does eventyoal by virchoo of the overblown boastin's of the Turner person—he announces that his hoss, Tooberc'losis, can beat him for money, marbles, or chalk. Then comes a season of bluff an' counter-bluff, the pulmonary party insistin' that the Turner person bring Boomerang up to Albuquerque, an' the Turner person darin' the pulmonary sport to fetch 'his

dog,' as he terms Tooberc'losis, down to Arizona.

"It's to be said for the Turner person that he'd have shore took Boomerang an' gone romancin' off to Albuquerque lookin' for that weak-lunged reprobate an' his hoss, only public sent'ment is plumb ag'inst it. We-all don't propose to lose the camp the advertisin' advantage of that contest, an' so to put an end to discussion, we urges on the Turner person how he mustn't so much as think of goin' to Albuquerque an' that we'll shore kill him if he tries. This gen'ral firmness gives us the pref'rence, an' the pulmonary sport allows that he'll come, but don't say when.

"While events is thus awhirl, an' the camp all keyed up to concert pitch over the comin' race between Boomerang an' Tooberc'losis, the onlooked for comes to pass, an' the Turner person, as fooneral director, receives his 'nitial call. Over in Red Dog is a party named Holt. He ain't standin' none too high, him havin' married a Mexican woman, an' even sech a nest of vulgar'ans as them Red Dog folks draws the social line at Mexicans. One sunup, however, she goes trapesin' across the border to visit her people down near Casa Grande, an' she never comes back. It looks like she's got enough of old Holt, which to gents who knows him don't go trenchin' on the strange.

"The long suit of this yere Mexican wife of old Holt's is thinkin' she's sick, she holdin' evident that she's got as many things the matter with her as is preyin' on Armstrong's uncle. Thus, when she breaks out of the corral on old Holt, an' goes stampedin' off to her tribe, she leaves behind mebby it's a hundred bottles or more of ready-made medicine, rangin' all the way from ha'r-dye to pain-killer. Followin' her flight that a-way, old Holt goes to takin' an account of stock, by way of seein' what she cabbages an' what she leaves, an' the first flash out o' the box he blunders upon this yere bushel or so of drugs. He's too froogal to throw 'em away, old Holt is, bein' pars'monious to the brink of stingy, an' after revolvin' the play in his mind for a spell, he ups an' swallows 'em to save 'em.

"No one ever does figger out jest what indiyooal med'cine bumps old Holt off that time, an' that's no sayin' whether it's the pain-killer or the ha'r-dye or some other deeocotion, or simply the whole clam-jamfrey in comb'nation. Not that any gent goes to really delvin' for the trooth, the gen'ral interest pitchin' camp contented on the fact that old Holt's

been shore put over the jump. Doc Peets? Old Holt's packed in before the Doc's halfway to Red Dog. Shore, some of them bottled med'cines that a-way is as ack'r'ate an' as full of action as a Colt's 45.

"Of course we-all is pleased to think the Turner person, as fooneral director, ain't been born to bloom onseen, but the rift in the floote is that the corpse belongs to Red Dog. From whatever angle, it appears like Wolfville ain't goin' to get a look in.

"It's at sech a pinch old man Enright shows his genius for leadership. While all of us is lookin' bloo to see how Red Dog beats us to it, our fertile old war-chief is ribbin' up a game for pop'lar relief. It's when the Red Dog del'gation comes wanderin' over to round up the Turner person an' his hearse to entomb old Holt, that Enright begins to on-kiver his diplomacy.

"Which we symp'thizes with you-all in your bereevement, gents,' says Enright to the Red Dog bevy, 'but it's ag'inst our rooles for that hearse to go out of camp.'

"Ain't you actin' some niggardly about that hearse?" asks the Red Dog chief coldly.

"Not niggardly," returns Enright; 'which we're only proodent. Death cometh as a thief in the night, 'spechually in Arizona, an' we-all'd be a sagacious band of prairie-dogs, I don't think, to go lendin' our hearse all over the pampas, an' have it skallyhootin' 'round mebby some'eres up about the Utah line, jest when we needs it a whole lot at home. However, as refootin' your onjest charge of bein' niggards, if you-all wants to bring deceased over yere, our entire layout is at your disposal. Allowin' you can find your own sky-pilot, we stands ready to not only let you have our hearse, but furnish you likewise with moosic from the Bird Cage Op'ry House, cha'rs from the Dance Hall, the New York Store to hold serv'ces in, to say nothin' of considerin' you-all sports as our guests from soda to hock, with every Red Light thing said term implies.'

"Also," observes Doc Peets, who, standin' clost to Enright's elbow, is ridin' circumspect herd on the racket—"also, we presents you, without money an' without price, a sepulcher in our buryin'-ground on Boot Hill."

"Which this last provokes a gale of protest. The Red Dog del'gation takes turns expos'choolatin'. In the face of this yere storm, however, Enright an' the Doc stands ca'mly pat.

"I begins now," says the Red Dog chief at

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last, an' his tones is plumb bitter, 'to ketch onto your plot in its utmost neefar'ous depths. You savvys as well as I do that old Holt don't belong in your pile at all. He belongs in our pile. Thankin' you-all tharfore'—yere he sneers till he's a pattern for rattlesnakes—'for that grave on Boot Hill, I reeminds you that Red Dog owns its own cem'tery over in Headboard Hollow, an' ain't askin' graveyard odds of any outfit west of the Spanish Peaks. This is a fine idee,' he concloods, turnin' to his cohorts; 'not content with tryin' to grab off these obsequies, they're manooverin' to purloin the corpse.'

"At these contoomelius remarks, Boggs, Tutt, Moore, an' Cherokee Hall takes to edgin' to the fore, but Enright represses 'em with a admon'tory wave of his hand.

"'Gents,' he says, to the Red Dog hold-ups, 'as vis'tors, even though se'f-invited, you're entitled to court'sy. But that's a limit goes with court'sy, an' you-all galoots mustn't press it none.'

"This last sets the Red Dog outfit back on its apol'getic ha'nches, an' after a few more footie but less insultin' bluffs, they retires to consult. The wind-up is they yields to Enright's terms, inclosoive of Boot Hill, an' after libatin' at the Red Light they canters off to freight over old Holt, so's to be ready to hold the fooneral next day.

"Credit to whar credit is doo, an' thar's no denyin' that as a fooneral director that Turner person is cap'ble of gettin' thar with the goods. Everythin' goes off as smoothly measured an' steady as the breathin' of a sleepin' child. Even the Red Dog chief is moved to softer views, as gents freequent be followin' the eighth drink, an' whispers to Enright, conf'denshul, that when all's in the only thing he deplores is that old Holt is bein' planted in Boot Hill instead of Headboard Hollow. At this Enright, meetin' the Red Dog chief half-way, whispers for cons'lation that later, if Red Dog desires the same, we'll all jump in an' move old Holt a lot. At this lib'ralt' the Red Dog chief squeezes Enright's hand a heap fraternal, an' chokes back a tear. He sobs that this is the one thing wanted to reestore what he call the 'entent corjul' between the two camps.

"Which the procession, as we forms it, is one of the most exhil'ratin' pageants ever seen in the Southwest. At the head the ploomed hearse, old Holt inside, the Turner person on the box. Next, thar bein' no sure-enough mourners, is the stage-coach, Old Monte

drivin', an' Faro Nell, Missis Rucker, Tucson Jennie, the Turner person's Sallie bride, an' the other ladies inside. The balance of us attends on our ponies, ridin' two an' two.

"As we're waitin' for the preacher sharp, who's goin' in the stage, to get tucked in among the ladies, a hollow-chested, chalk-cheeked, sardonic-lookin', cynical-seemin' bandit, drivin' a lean, long-laigged hoss to one of them spid'ry things they calls a quill-wheel, comes pirootin' along to one side of the fooneral cortèt at a walk. He's come p'intin' in from over Red Dog way, but I savvys from the wonderin' faces of them Red Dog sports that he's as new to them as to us.

"The cynical bandit skirts along our procession until he's abreast of the hearse. Then he pulls up, we-all not havin' had the word to start as yet. The Turner person has hooked up Boomerang Bob to the hearse, so as to confer on this, his first fooneral, all the style he can. Havin' halted his quill-wheel, the hectic bandit, coughin' a little, p'ints his whip at Boomerang an' says to the Turner person, 'Is that the skate you're tryin' to match ag'inst my Tooberc'losis?'

"'Grizzly b'ars an' squinch owls!' exclaims Dan Boggs, who's ridin' next to me, 'if he ain't that lunger from the Black Range!' an' Dan pulls out to the left an' crowds up towards the hearse for a closer look.

"'As fooneral director,' the Turner person replies to the hectic, quill-wheel brigand, whom he fathoms instant—'as fooneral director, I must preserve the decorums. But only you wait, you onblushin' outlaw, until I've patted down the final sods on old Holt yere, an' I'll race you for every splinter you own.'

"'That's all right,' retorts the hectic bandit, givin' another little cat-cough. 'Which you needn't get your undertakin' back up none. Meanwhile I'll nacherally string along with these obsequies, so's to be ready to talk turkey to you when you're through.'

"Enright gives the signal, an' with Boomerang an' the hearse at the head, the procession lines out at a seadate walk for the grave. Boot Hill's been located about a mile an' a half off, so as to give our foonerals doo effect. As we pushes for'ard, everythin' mighty solemn, the hectic bandit, keepin' a few feet off to one side, walks his hoss parallel with the hearse. Every now an' then his hoss, makin' a half bolt as if he's been flicked by the lash, would streak ahead a rod or two like a four-laigged shadow. Then he'd pull down to a walk, an' sort o' sa'nter along until the hearse



"THAR'S A BOMBARDMENT WHICH SOUNDS LIKE A BATTERY OF GATLINGS, THE WHOLE PUNCTCHOATED BY A WHIRLWIND OF 'WHOOPS!'"

comes up ag'in. The hectic bandit does this a half-dozen times, an' all in a hectorin' spirit that'd anger the soul of a sheep.

"One way an' another it stirs up the feelin's of old Boomerang, who's beginnin' to bite at the bit an' throw his laigs some antic an' permiscus. The Turner person himse'f acts like a party who's holdin' onto his emotions by the tail, so as to keep 'em from breakin' loose. His face is hard, his elbows squar'd, an' he's settin' up on his hearse as stiff an' straight as a rifle bar'l, lookin' dead ahead between old

Boomerang's y'ears. So it goes on for likely it's a half a mile, the hectic bandit seesawin' an' pesterin' an' badgerin' old Boomerang an' the Turner person, now dartin' ahead, now slowin' back to let the hearse ketch up.

"As I yeretofore explains, the Turner person ain't arranged mental to entertain more'n one idee at a time. My own notion is that as the hectic bandit, with Tooberc'losis, commences to encroach upon his attention, he loses sight that a-way of old Holt an' the fooneral. Whatever is the valyoo of this as

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a theory, thar comes a moment, about a mile from Boot Hill, when, as sudden as the crack of a Winchester, away goes Boomerang, with the rush of a storm. Also, Tooerc'lisis ain't a second behind. Thar they be in a moment: Tooerc'lisis ag'inst Boomerang, quill-wheel ag'inst hearse, old Holt inside, racin' away like Satan's in pursoot.

"As hearse an' quill-wheel go t'arin' down the trail, Old Monte gets the fever an' sets to pourin' the leather into his three span. At this the hosse goes into their collars like lions, an' the stage takes to rockin' an' boundin' an' bumpin' in hot chase of the hearse. Nor be we-all on our ponies left any behind. We cuts loose, quirt an' spur, an' brings up the r'ar in a dust-liftin', gallopin' half-moon. It's ondoubted the quickest-movin' fooneral that ever gets pulled off.

"Old Holt, an' put it lightest, is a one-hundred-an'-eighty-pounder, an' the hearse itse'f is as heavy as a Bain wagon. From standp'ints of weight, pore Boomerang ain't gettin' a squar' deal. For all that, the old hero's no notion of bein' beat.

"The load begins to tell at last, however, an' inch by inch Tooerc'lisis starts to nose him out. It's then the flood-gates is lifted. Faro Nell, head out of one of the coach winders, is screamin' to Boomerang. Missis Rucker's got her sunbonnet out of another, revilin' the hectic bandit an' Tooerc'lisis. Tucson Jennie is shoutin' for Dave to come an' rescue her, the Turner person's Sallie is screamin' with hysterics, while the preacher sharp is talkin' scriptoorally but various.

"Back among us riders the bets is flyin' hither an' yon, thick as swallow birds at even-tide, we offerin' hundreds on Boomerang an' them Red Dog hoss-thieves backin' Tooerc'lisis. It's as the tech of death to the Wolfville heart when we sees Tooerc'lisis slowly surgin' to the fore. Thar ain't one of us who don't feel that if Boomerang gets beat he's goin' to rot down right thar.

"Halfway to Boot Hill, Dan Boggs spurs up on the nigh flank of Boomerang. 'Yere's whar we puts a little verve into this thing!' roars Dan, an' he pulls his guns an' begins shakin' the loads out of 'em like Roman candles.

"Every gent, Wolfville an' Red Dog, follows Dan's example. Thar's a bombardment which sounds like a battery of Gatlings, the whole punctchooated by a whirlwind of 'Whoops!' that'd have backed a war-party of Apaches over a bluff. Which I learns later, they almost hears us at Tucson.

"Old Boomerang reesponds noble to Dan's six-shooters. They was the preecise encouragement he's been waitin' for, an' onder their inspiration he passes Tooerc'lisis like an arrer. We sweeps on to Boot Hill, makin' a deemoniac finish, old Boomerang leadin' by the len'th of the hearse.

"Nobdy's hurt onless you want to count that hectic bandit from the Black Range. After he's beat cold, Tooerc'lisis gets tangled up in a mesquit-bush, the quill-wheel swaps eends with itse'f, an' the hectic Black Range bandit lands all spraddled out in a bunch of cactus. He's shore a spectacle, an' Doc Peets says private that in patchin' him up he uses enough stickin'-plaster to paper a room. It's as well he meets up with this mishap, since its the one argyooment which excites symp'thy an' keeps them Red Dog mourners from lynchin' him for sp'ilin' their fooneral.

"The parson, who's bar none the sorest divine, allows that the only bet he ever knows Prov'dence to overlook is not breakin' that hectic bandit's neck. Also, the Red Dogs feels some grouchy. While they gives up their orig'nal thought of lynchin' him, they is plenty indignant at that hectic bandit for turnin' old Holt's fooneral into a hoss-race. It ain't old Holt that's frettin' them, but they feels like it's a stain on their camp. Wharfor they goes gloomin' an' glowerin' round an' talkin' to themse'fs to sech degrees it scares the Turner person. Plumb timid by nacher, he's afraid them Red Dog feelin's'll incloode him final, an' eend by drawin' the Red Dog horns his way.

"Argyooment, reemonstrance, even a promise to protect him with our lives, has no effect; the Turner person's for dustin' back to Missouri, him an' his Sallie bride. He says it's more peaceful, more civ'lized, thar, which strikes us as a heap jocose.

"The hearse? We keeps that—that an' Boomerang. Armstrong's uncle buys 'em. He says he don't aim to be sep'rated none from the only hearse within a hundred miles, an' him on the verge of the grave.

"Which my only reason for livin' now,' says he, 'is to lac'rate Dan Boggs, an' even that as a pastime is beginnin' to pall.'

"What time does Boomerang an' Tooerc'lisis make? No one pretends to hold a watch. Thar's one thing, though, that makes it look like they was goin' some. Dave Tutt, on the way back, picks up a dead jack-rabbit that's been run over by the hearse."

## The Newer Womanhood

This article, the second in the series on girls' colleges, sets forth that college education in America is leading women away from doleful views of life. They are carrying into the home, as into the schoolroom and public activities, a new faith which rejects old-time authority and which has triumphed, they believe, over every tyranny of fear. Mr. Bolce finds that the old ideas that life was a burden to be borne and a battle to be fought are alike repudiated. The new doctrine is that life is a privilege, a benediction; that there is something more important than prayers to Heaven; and that the might of man is not in legions but in love—the love that recognizes life in its highest meaning as divine. This is the spirit which the wives, the mothers, and the teachers of the coming decade are to introduce into the home life of America. They insist that they have not banished God. Instead, they have brought the Infinite from distant skies to serve humanity. And the children of this country, accepting the new gospel of cheer and helpfulness, will begin to lead the race away from cowering beliefs and the spirit of battle into the larger life of service and faith in the possibilities of the soul. Such is the prophecy of the higher heresy as it invades the home.

## Away from Ancient Altars

By Harold Bolce

COLLEGES devoted to the education of women have revised the accepted estimate of life, with startling consequences to ancient creeds. Throughout the ages there has been a sad procession of believers who regarded life as a burden to be borne, and endured it to the end, with sighs and tears. And the memory of their sacrifice and suffering has been revered by the thousands that follow them.

In contrast with this philosophy, which has produced unnumbered martyrdoms and is still held in some circles, there has been preached a militant gospel. Life is regarded as a warfare in an arena. In the hymn that sings the spiritual triumphs of conquest when the armies of the Lord waged battle, the believer rejects a life of either resignation or ease "while others fought to win the prize and sailed through bloody seas."

American educators of women are showing what they believe to be the fallacy of both

these philosophies. Life, they say, is neither a burden nor a battle. It is a benediction. It is the great Fact. To live right is to live joyously. And so the thousands of young women coming out of our institutions of learning do not follow the centuries of tearful pilgrimage on the Via Dolorosa, neither do they choose the Field of Mars. They believe that martyrdom in modern times is as anachronistic as the stake, and that to regard life as gladiatorial is to miss its finest meanings.

The significance of this interpretation of life appears when its application to current activities is studied. "*Non ministrari sed ministrare*," "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," is the motto of Wellesley College, and this is the spirit of all the institutions pledged to the higher education of American women. The new evangelists do not offer up anguished petitions to a non-resident God. Modern scholarship is, indeed, fulfilling Comte's prophecy that the God of authority would be escorted out of the affairs

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of man. Pres. William De Witt Hyde, of Bowdoin College, who is in demand as a lecturer at many girls' colleges, teaches that as human experience develops, the divine attributes have to be translated into new terms—into terms that are in keeping with the deepening experience of the race; and that "we know God only through man." His teaching that a God symbolized by the outgrown experience of bygone ages is little better than no God at all finds emphasis in the loftiest thinking among the professors in the colleges under consideration. Katharine Lee Bates, professor of English in Wellesley College, a woman of rare endowments and profound spirituality, teaches that the great foundations of Christianity "plead for ampler walls and gates," and that "the heresy of youth is the outworn creed of age."

The old idea that the good-will of the Infinite could be secured by sacrificial offerings on the altar, or by lamentations and Te Deums, has been abandoned by the colleges. The futility of such petitionings is emphasized by Dr. Caroline Hazard, president of Wellesley, who is carrying out with distinguished efficiency the work inaugurated by Alice Freeman Palmer. In a talk recalling some of the scenes of Palestine, which she visited recently, she told of the faithful in Israel who gather at the Wall of Wailing and cry out to the God of their fathers to restore the Temple and reassemble the children of Jerusalem. "Make speed, make speed, O Deliverer of Zion!" has been the intoned cry of these worshipers throughout the dismal centuries that have crept across the ruins of the great edifice the Preacher built, and yet, in spite of all this supplicating of the Throne of Grace, the very City of the Jews is a Moslem town! Just as it is unnecessary to go back to Sinai to find the covenants of God, so it is idle in our age to look to the skies for help. "Each soul," said President Hazard, "has its Holy City, deep hidden under the accretions of every-day life."

Not blind petitioning, but active faith and action illumine the new creed. "We still have our dragons," said Miss Hazard. "Perseus and St. George have not exterminated them all. The world is waiting for Andromeda, and still more for the active Dorcas. Under Syrian skies, or in a Western world, the call is the same—a call to service, to high living, to wage war on the powers of evil." And in the litanies which this president and poet has written, self-indulgence, evasion,

and fear are enumerated as the dragons every human spirit has to fight.

So far as the outlook of American students is concerned, "the eternal city of the skies," fabled in Christian legend, lies in ruins under the feet of modern scholarship. But the education of young women, Pres. M. Carey Thomas, of Bryn Mawr, points out, is giving us "a new heaven and a new earth." These young women are going out of the colleges not to destroy, but to fulfil. They are taught that Jesus of Nazareth "never mentioned religion," that "it was farthest from his thought"; and that "life" was the sublime text of his ministry. Dr. George A. Gordon, of Boston, who is popular as a lecturer at Wellesley, teaches that "we lament the loss of belief in angels and seek to revive the doctrine of familiar spirits; we speak of the pathos of these vanished faiths," but there is infinite gain to man in "the grandeur of this abolition of all intermediaries"; and President Hazard sets forth that it must always be one of the glories of woman "that truth can appeal in a direct and concrete form to her mind."

The young college women are not dreamers, save as they are inspired by the vision of a new society saved by service. They are carrying what they believe to be the true spirit of Christ and Christmas throughout the year. Though all the recorded miracles may be regarded as folk-lore, and though the Manger itself may be no more than a sacred myth, life remains beautiful and divine, and the call to re-create the spirit of the home and to serve humanity is regarded as a commission from the "King of Kings reigning in the heart of the race." They indeed constitute an army—an undenominational army—but their banners are unseen. Instead of breaking windows, they are mending hearts. They believe in the integrity of law, and so scout the notion that any sea was ever rolled back by a wand. They believe that in all ages, wherever the spirit of God has triumphed on earth, dominion has been asserted through the thought of man. And that divine presence, the colleges teach and the activities of college girls give evidence, is as potent to-day on earth as it ever was in ancient times.

This, in substance, is the significance of the repudiation by the colleges of what they regard as crude and narrowing theology. The young women do not cringe at the Throne of Grace. To cry out in despair on bended

knees is regarded not as an evidence of religious advance, but an expression of timidity and fear. The laws of the spirit are logical and fixed. The electrician does not cross himself before the dynamo. The chemist does not deal in burnt offerings to give divine quickening to the elements. The college-bred girls of America do not believe that Elisha made an ax-head swim on the Jordan, but they do believe that the spirit of ancient prophecy and triumph, and the divinity that was made manifest in the Man of Galilee, are at hand in the life to-day; and it is their mission, in practical ways and merry ones, to point to the many ways that lead to the kingdom of happiness. They are not orthodoxy. "They are sure of themselves, of the universe, of fate. Their hands do not tremble," and they have "set to work with song and cheer to overturn ancient and buttressed frauds."

Many of these students realize that "the church . . . closed six days a week, and dismal on the seventh," is no more God's house than is the open sky or the tenement. Steeple and cathedral spire point away from

the hearts and the habitations of man, where God dwells. And the church itself, American educators say, has grown too small to hold the spirit of emancipated woman. The young women who are going forth by the thousands to shape in the home and in the common schools the thought of the coming generation of America are leaving behind them, with a cheery smile, what they regard as the fairy-tales of ancient writ. It is held that "what is needed is a church that is to-day as far ahead of its predecessors as travel by the railroad is swifter than it was by the stage-coach." It is taught in Stanford that we Americans have been original in everything except religion, and Joseph Henry Crooker, an educator of Boston, who addresses many institutions, asks: "Shall everything else outstrip the past? Shall the people who have quintupled their rate of travel over

the earth be satisfied to proceed toward the heavenly kingdom no faster than their fathers?" And he quotes a prominent professor in one of the largest universities, who recently said, "The ordinary minister, so far



THE ALICE FREEMAN PALMER MEMORIAL, BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE

## Away from Ancient Altars

as I have seen him, is a decidedly inferior person, and the morning paper, or a fishing trip, or a baseball game, is much to be preferred to anything he can give."

Hitherto, as is taught in the University of Wisconsin, all discussion of things supernal contained the seeds of degeneration. It is owing to this that the world has had an *odium theologicum*, but not an *odium scientificum*. "When the scientist has exhausted his ammunition without effect, he can go after fresh evidence. It is not easy to question the source of the Nile or the canals on Mars, but it is child's play compared with getting decisive facts on the question of the nature of the Godhead or the future state of unbaptized infants." The long battle between the adherents of transubstantiation and of consubstantiation is compared with the debate between the neo-Lamarckians and the neo-Darwinians. "When the naturalists found they could not decide the question without more facts, they declared a truce and went to cutting off the tails of successive generations of mice."

The new religion is reached by various paths. Sociology, as taught in the University of Wisconsin, points out that "an ethics basing its norms on human nature and the nature of the social organization is superseding the alleged commandments of Deity, the precepts of ancient sages, the customs of the fathers, and the edicts of Mrs. Grundy." The fact that a great state university dares to banish the orthodox God and Mrs. Grundy in the same breath reveals the daring independence of modern academic thought. Similarly, it is taught at this institution that "the divine right of kings, the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, the Ptolemaic system, and the *laissez-faire* policy succumbed, not because they had lost their former congeniality with the human mind, but because they could not compete successfully with certain later methods of thought."

Frances A. Wood, librarian at Vassar, speaking of earlier years at that institution, says that some of the Sunday speakers felt it incumbent upon themselves to counteract the dangerous innovation, as the education of women was regarded, by attempting to reassure the minds of the young women students that reconciliation could be found between science and orthodox faith. "Science," she says, "had a hard time of it, with the lurid dangers of skepticism set forth in no uncertain terms. If the sermon wasn't

on this subject, it was likely to be a homily on Martha and Mary. There were so many sermons on this topic—seven in one year, I believe—that we disgraced the college by broad smiles whenever the familiar allusion began, or the names were mentioned." Yet it was not long before a Unitarian was shaping the education of this great college. This liberalism has spread, and the girls of Radcliffe College do not hesitate on Sundays to go to Appleton Chapel, and listen to a Unitarian divine, in official capacity as preacher to Harvard University, deny the divinity of Christ. And at Wellesley, in the rotunda of College Hall, is a sculptured figure of Harriet Martineau, a free-thinker who knew no fear. Its presence does not lessen the spirit of reverence, which, at this non-sectarian institution, is profound.

The college is a great institution for introducing democratic ideals among young women, and for emancipating them from the inherited prejudices of individual homes. Helen Thomas Flexner, an A. B. of Bryn Mawr, states that there is no trace of an aristocracy of wealth or of social position at that famous institution. She says that it has happened in more than one case that a student who brought her maid with her to college found no use for her there, sent her home in six months' time, and lived the remaining three years and a half of her college course in great contentment unattended. A display of elaborate frocks is considered in the worst possible taste, and when it happens, as it sometimes has happened, that a young woman who seeks distinction by such means finds her way to Bryn Mawr, she rarely stays for more than a year in an atmosphere so alien to parade. Yet it is the antipodes of the truth to say that the American college girl is devoid of charm. Huxley's gallant contention that it does not invalidate the strength and resourcefulness of the brain beneath to have the hair curl gracefully on the head is borne out by the brilliant and party-colored spectacle of hundreds of college girls on the campus at Bryn Mawr, or at Smith, Wellesley, or Mount Holyoke. These American girls, being educated with the ideals of service ever before them, fit beautifully into the rare picture framed by the unusually striking architecture of the great college halls of the institutions named. The girls are natural. Everything suggestive of stress and storm, competition and envy, is foreign to their college life. "Indeed," says

Miss Flexner, "a long observation of girls at college has taught me to know that, in contradiction of the popular superstition in regard to feminine envy, they are most generous in the praise of each other. They take a sincere delight in each other's good looks, and also in each other's cleverness."

Beautiful in spirit as in appearance, the girls in American colleges love as we have been taught to believe that God loves, and this spirit, as I shall have occasion to show, they are carrying with them from these institutions of learning into activities now quickening and regenerating American life. Miss Flexner points out that it is entirely natural that the college course for girls should develop this splendid consecration to work which has no time for jealousies and bickerings. Each individual girl is unceasingly busy. For instance, at Bryn Mawr, at twenty minutes to nine o'clock in the morning, "the big bell in Taylor Hall tower warns her that it is time for chapel. She snatches up her black mortar-board, pulls her gown over her shoulders, and hurries out across the campus, the empty green spaces of which have, at the sound of the bell, become suddenly astir with brown-haired figures." Recitations, lectures, and study hours fill up the intervening time until luncheon. On pleasant days, "she often brings her books out into the open air and sits absorbed like a girlish Buddha at the foot of a tree, unconscious of fellow Buddhas under trees all about her." Occasionally she is diverted from her studies by a canvass of some students' association. There is stimulating sport afield and in the gymnasium; and at night there is class business or study to occupy the hours amid pleasant surroundings; and "four hundred and ninety-nine girls out of every five hundred fall asleep without having had the time or the inclination for wistful comparisons of themselves with their companions."

One and all, in these colleges, the girls approach their studies joyously, and with eager hospitality for new revelations of beauty and design in the laws alike of things material and things spiritual. Miss Flexner says that she has seen young girls' faces radiant with the realization that they could form their own opinions of the world's great thoughts, and appreciate ideals for themselves. "I know a Bryn Mawr student," she says, "for whom the world of nature was made infinitely beautiful and mysterious by her study of the myriad forms of life in a pool. To gaze," she adds, "at the stars of Orion's sword and belt, and to appreciate on what countless individuals, through what uncounted ages, they have showed their light, is for a moment's imagination to be freed from the tyranny of time and space and individuality."

The conclusion drawn from these observations of student life at Bryn Mawr are that the students go back to the narrower circumstances of their daily life greatly the happier because of their excursion into fields of experiment, observation, and philosophical speculation. "For every human being the way of escape from the tyranny of circumstance is spiritual and intellectual—*internum acternum*, as St. Augustine's famous phrase puts it."



M. CAREY THOMAS

(President of Bryn Mawr)

"The time is coming when a college-bred girl will be the only kind a poor man can afford to marry."

Women's lives are, it is generally conceded, more restricted than men's, far narrower and more monotonous; and in this connection Miss Flexner has caught the thought which has begun to stimulate the minds of the men who are making modern America, that no more benevolent use of talent or of money can be made than to open to women the way of escape through the mind and the imagination. In other words, the women who have had the benefits of higher education see in it the modern City of Refuge. In it, they are escaping the ancient tyranny of fear.

The new interpretation of the old faith,



MEMBERS OF A STUDENT

that truth makes men free, is supplanting the orthodox plan of salvation, which the coeducational classes at the University of California and at other institutions are taught is artificial and spurious. President Hyde, of Bowdoin, not only tells his own students, but has sent the message out to all the students of this land, that the modern world, at least the intelligent and thoughtful portion, has outgrown the old idea that God sent his Son to earth, announcing his advent by signs and wonders; or that this Son was authorized to forgive sinners who conformed to the terms revealed; or that Jesus transmitted this miraculously tested power to his apostles, who have transmitted it to their successors. The power to pronounce forgiveness here, which assures absolution hereafter, and, on the other hand, to pronounce an anathema here, which will exclude from blessedness hereafter, is regarded in college philosophy as impossible, and a belief unworthy of the modern mind. "The thoughtful modern man," says Doctor Hyde, "would not give the snap of his fingers for the difference between ecclesiastical forgiveness of this traditional sort and ecclesiastical condem-

ORGANIZATION AT MT. HOLYOKE

nation. We pay no more attention to it than the practical farmer would pay to agricultural suggestions purporting to be based on the results of experiments conducted at some experimental station on the planet Mars." And Bowdoin's president, whose words have been carried into class-rooms throughout the continent, adds the stirring and startling statement that "the hard and fast distinctions between earth and heaven, present and future, natural and supernatural, priest and layman, God and man, have completely broken down."

Doctor Hyde says that it is no wonder that "the church is a declining power, a waning influence," and he reasons that "a church that has been reduced to a mere

preaching station, and a repository of traditions, a performer of rites and ceremonies, is not far from its inevitable extinction." This leader, who is in reality leading much of the college thought, says that "whoever makes loving forgiveness the principle and spirit of his life thereby enters and abides in the Kingdom of God."

It is the belief of American colleges, quite generally, that the home has been the foster-house of prejudices. It is the medium



MARY E. WOOLLEY

(President of Mt. Holyoke)

"The call of the century is for effective service and for culture, but most of all for character . . . a womanliness which is straightforward and direct"



THE CLASS CREW OF A

which hands down the provincialism of the fathers. Taste and tolerance do not thrive in the ordinary home. "The marked conservatism," it is taught at the University of Wisconsin, "of even latter-day woman, in respect to religion, education, and ethics—her foolish clinging to superannuated race and class prejudices—is due to the restricting of thought-provoking intercourse by the immuring walls of the home." Miss Mary S. Wagner, a Vassar woman who has made a signal success as proprietor of the College Inn, adjacent to the grounds of Vassar, said to me that the education of women is one of the most hopeful counter-currents against divorce. Hitherto wives have been recruited from ranks that have not enjoyed the spirit of the higher thought in education. The common-school education, only now coming under the direction of college-bred teachers, has not sufficiently enlarged the minds of girls to make them the progressive co-partners of men whose activities in the outer world sharpen their faculties. "A man," said Miss Wagner, "although he may not be college educated, finds in the attrition of business that his mind has been broadened, enabling him to see the larger affairs

RECENT CLASS AT WELLESLEY



CAROLINE HAZARD

(President of Wellesley)

"Under Syrian skies, or in a Western world, the call is the same—a call to service, to high living, to wage war on the powers of evil"

of life. But his wife, cloistered in her walls, and largely confined to the kitchen, has not advanced with him mentally; and when he has taken his place in the world, he finds, as a shock to himself and a scandal to society, that his wife is no longer a satisfactory mate." But the college girl, whatever occupation she may choose, starts with an expanded mind, dignifies her work, finds a delight in whatsoever savors of service, and throughout the career of her husband, if she marries, is his companion and co-operating friend. They make the journey together, and their road does not lead toward divorce.

The difference between carrying the college spirit into labor and going "like a

quarry slave" scoured to toil, is one of the remarkable triumphs of the spirit brought about in contemporary minds. The Reverend Robert Collyer said in an address last year that the Humboldt River might be taken as symbolic of the lives of many American housewives. This stream, he said, is shallow throughout its course, and ends its existence in a Sink. Doctor Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, emphasizes the spirituality in modern education by

## Away from Ancient Altars

citing Thoreau's philosophy that, in the everyday living of profession or trade, it is possible to "walk in hallowed cathedrals." It is this incomparable spirit in the college women of this country that leads President Thomas, of Bryn Mawr, to say that the time is coming when a college-bred girl will be the only kind a poor man can afford to marry.

This ability to see the beauty in all service and to recognize all life as divine, in its very largeness of view is the thing that has been misunderstood by the conventional, and which has called down criticism upon the colleges. Doctor Jordan, for example, in the same lesson in which he exhals Thoreau's conception of living, says that the "new holy life of action" finds religion in love and wisdom, and not in asceticism, philosophical disputation, or the maintenance of withered creeds"; and that among the intellectually emancipated "the Sabbath and its duties are no longer exalted above the other holy days." He calls attention to the fact that the new order of creedless Christianity is not a philosophy of dreams, and that the new movement of humanity is finding its realization "not in air-built Utopias, but in flesh and blood, wood and stone and iron"; and he adds picturesquely that the new college spirit is not satisfied either with "rag-time music, rag-time theaters, rag-time politics, rag-time knowledge, or rag-time religion." And this great educator, like hundreds of his colleagues throughout America, stands for the new reign of art and moral beauty, and would check "the corrosion of vulgarity," whose "poison enters every home."

Country life has been exalted, but contemporary educators see in the college spirit something superior to the atmosphere of the country home, a place of narrowing toil, and sighs, and immemorial prejudices. In the University of Wisconsin it is taught that "the country has few contacts with the outside, and is therefore conservative. Here old fashions, greetings, ballads, locutions, superstitions, and prejudices find their asylum. In the back country survive clanishness, the sacramental marriage, full quivers, marital supremacy, patriarchal authority, snuff-dipping, herb-doctors, self-supporting preachers, foot-washing, hell-fire doctrine, controversy on the form of baptism, dread of witchcraft, and belief in the flatness of the earth."

Doctor Jordan teaches that the new religion is not necessarily expressed in any

terms, but that it is being graven deep in the heart of the young generation. It is dealing with the world as it is, in the service of humanity. It finds this world not a vale of tears, but a working paradise. But while the new spiritual thought promises to control the activities of the twentieth century, its leaders are not, Doctor Jordan says, "religious in the fashion of monks or emotional enthusiasts." They are not absorbed in discussing "the intricacies of creeds." The students at Stanford are taught that "there are masters in the art of living as well as in other arts and sciences"; and the admonition for the inspiration of the new mind is "Look for the best, and the best shall rise up always to reward you." George Reynolds Brown, professor of ethics in Stanford University, tellingly quotes this epigram as a shibboleth of the new spirituality, "Inward the star of empire takes its way."

It is taught in practically all the fearless institutions of this country that *there is no sense in which God is more in heaven than he is on earth*. And in this spiritual understanding of terrestrial things there is repudiation of old beliefs that reserved special days and appointed special places for the Infinite. These ideas are rejected, as are "baptismal rites and anointings, incantations and magical ceremonies, ablutions in sacred rivers, pilgrimages to Jerusalem and to Mecca, ascetic practices and hideous self-torture." Stanford's professor of ethics teaches that the change to-day from "moral diseases and feebleness to moral health and vigor is effected by receiving into the life the very spirit of the living God."

In keeping with this gospel, the University Press, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has just issued a spiritual book with the opening line, "The secret of a great life is letting in the Infinite." The university teaching is "that no little Sunday hour will suffice to cleanse a week's life," and that "God to the soul is what fresh air is to the house." That is why, believing that creeds have crushed what was best in Christianity, the colleges say that "just as people hamper the windows with obstacles of shade and hangings, through which the air and sun can enter only strugglingly, so the church has, in reality, kept out God." The Infinite "is strained into us through what thick prejudices and meshed conventions. The church should be the soul's window, letting the light and the air of the Infinite into our closed

and hemmed spirits," but this window is stained with forms and ceremonies, and "curtained, shaded, and obscured by narrowness, egotism, pride, fanaticism, and obstinacy."

It is asserted that the new religion means as much "in the marts of trade as in the walls of a cathedral"; that "a man's religion is his hypothesis, not of life in some future world, but of the life right here today, the only day we have in which to build a life."

It is only the reader who carries preconceived opinions to the printed page who sees in the lines of this record a lack of reverence in college thought. Pres. Mary E. Woolley,

of Mount Holyoke College, addressing the commencement class at Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, said that "the call of the century is for effective service and for culture, but most of all for character. It makes," she said, "new demands in the line of service, it exacts more, rather than less, in the line of character. It calls for a womanliness which is straightforward and direct, as well as dignified, free

from affectation and artificiality, yet not without graciousness, marked by simplicity as well as by tact." And she added that "the woman of to-day must be strong to meet emergencies, keen sighted to discriminate between right and wrong, in social and industrial as well as in personal questions, optimistic yet not credulous, religious but not superstitious, a Christian gentle woman, like the knight of old, with the strength of ten because her heart is pure." Miss Woolley, who herself is translating into new realities the great dream and work of Mary Lyon, teaches, in regard to the latter-day religion, that "no

ideal of what may be accomplished for the welfare of the nation is too lofty for realization by those who work in the strength of the Christ spirit for the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven among men."

From a student at Berkeley, who has also studied at Stanford University, comes the assurance that "university women are taking a brave and enlightened stand on the subject of teaching their children and all children the vital facts about life." She adds that the college-bred men and women of the far West "seem to have been swept along about equally before the irresistible non-church wave that has left some of them prostrated before crass materialism," but

that "more and more stagger again to their feet, and move with eager steps toward the dawn of a creedless spirituality." This confirms the teaching of Doctor Brown, of Stanford University, that "hard and fast theories have been going down before the majesty of fact." He even goes so far as to say that what Tom Paine and Robert G. Ingersoll taught, as death-blows to faith, is now proclaimed as truth by Christian scholarship.

But the new gospel has come without bitterness, with humanity as its shrine, and the aspirations of the race its litanies. "The contemporary kingdom of love," said one of the lecturers at Wellesley, "is the only way over which we may pass to the eternal kingdom of love." The same lecturer set forth that "the Calvinistic idea of God has become the supreme incredibility," and that "the whole crude scheme that goes with that original incredibility has fallen with it." Yet the college teaching is that "religion is alive in the heart and in the will," and that a new intellectual form is giving



ONE AND ALL, THE GIRLS APPROACH THEIR STUDIES JOYOUSLY, AND WITH EAGER HOSPITALITY FOR NEW REVELATIONS OF BEAUTY AND DESIGN IN THE LAWS ALIKE OF THINGS MATERIAL AND THINGS SPIRITUAL

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it latter-day ascendancy over the mind of the world.

While it is believed that higher education, in the end, will limit divorce, divorce itself, from the college point of view, is regarded as a human good; for psychology shows that "every emotional state produces some corresponding change in the body, and that nothing troubles the functioning of the stomach like moody dispositions." To live in an atmosphere charged with strained relations between husband and wife, where there is jealousy or violent temper, is like living in a house with every window sealed.

The faculty of Columbia University, which is also the faculty of Barnard, has just brought out a startling report by Prof. James P. Lichtenberger, associate professor of sociology of the University of Pennsylvania, on the subject of divorce. He shows that, under the old régime, the privilege of divorce was chiefly the prerogative of the husband; and that women, having no access to the divorce court, were compelled to submit to abuses from which they could not escape. The new spirit of freedom, which has impelled thousands of American women to break the bonds that fettered them, does not, this college philosopher sets forth, "indicate that family conditions are worse than they were forty years ago." On the contrary, he says, the new divorce spirit "indicates the growth of a healthy moral sentiment." It has become, in a measure, "the index to a growing freedom, intelligence, and morality of American women." He says that "just as the heresy trials of the past few decades mark definite progress in the emancipation from the sway of medieval dogmatism," so to-day the escape of womanhood from the tyranny that regarded marriage as an indissoluble sacrament, made sacred by ecclesiastical authority, is an evidence of the spiritual advancement of the race.

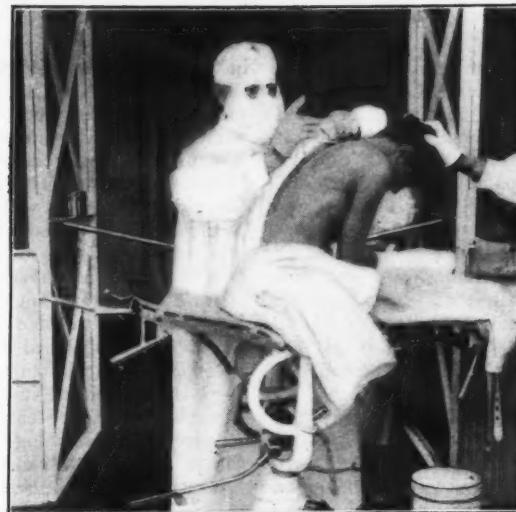
The oft-repeated statement that college women do not marry has been refuted by President Thomas, who has made a careful statistical study of this phase of latter-day education. She says that a greater proportion of college women marry than of the home-stayers among the young women in the class from which the college girls come. And she adds that "if fifty per cent. of col-

lege women are to marry, and nearly forty per cent. are to bear and rear children, such women cannot conceivably be given an education too broad, too high, or too deep to fit them to become the educated mothers of the future race of men and women to be born of educated parents. Such mothers must be made familiar with the great mass of inherited knowledge, which is handed on from generation to generation of civilized educated men. They must think straight, judge wisely, and reverence truth; and they must teach such clear, wise, and reverent thinking to their children."

As showing what the contemporary spirit of higher education can accomplish in transforming the life, Helen Keller, deaf and blind since babyhood, and graduated as a Bachelor of Arts in 1904 at Radcliffe College, admonishes her friends, who are legion, to "join the great company of those who make the barren places of life fruitful with kindness." This evangel, who with the eyes of the spirit has seen into the Kingdom of the Infinite, says to the young people of this generation, "Carry a vision of heaven in your souls, and you shall make your home, your college, and the world correspond to that vision. Your success and happiness lie in you," she teaches; and she holds, as the incomparable triumph of her own nature attests, "that external conditions are the accidents of life, its outer trappings," and that "the great enduring realities are love and service." And she concludes her message with the words: "Joy in the holy fire that keeps our purposes warm and our intelligence aglow. Resolve to keep happy, and your joy and you shall form an invincible host against difficulty."

The women who are directing the education and thought of much of the college work are profoundly spiritual. Prof. Mary Whiton Calkins, of Wellesley, said to me that the overthrow of dogma had not destroyed faith, and that the colleges are deeply reverent. However, the new religion is not mystical. "A man," says Dr. Eleanor H. Roland, of the department of philosophy in Mount Holyoke College, "who hears an unseen speaker nowadays does not answer, but goes to a nerve specialist; and if we all heard voices, we should consider ourselves mad."

DR. JONNESCO  
PREPARING FOR  
AN OPERATION



BY INJECTING  
STOVAINE INTO  
THE SPINAL SAC

## Smiling Surgery

PAINLESS OPERATIONS UPON CONSCIOUS PATIENTS MADE POSSIBLE BY DR. JONNESCO'S STOVAINE—THE METHOD, OLD AND FREQUENTLY FATAL, NOT LIKELY TO BECOME POPULAR

By Carlin Philips, M. D.

ALL over the United States the public mind has recently been stirred to excited judgments on the question of spinal anesthesia. Two months ago the very words themselves would have conveyed nothing to the lay mind, yet now, as the result of the persistent daily medical "stories" supplied by reporters to their newspapers, there are none too humble to formulate a judgment on the delicate, technical, and far-reaching subject of anesthesia in general and spinal anesthesia in particular.

It was nearly twenty-five years ago that spinal anesthesia was first brought to the attention of the medical world by an American physician, Dr. J. Leonard Corning. Dr. Corning published in the *New York Medical Journal* in 1885 the results of a series of experiments with a solution of cocaine injected into the sac of the spinal canal. By the aid of a hollow needle and a hypodermic

syringe—a rarity at that time—he experimented at first on the lower animals and made the injection of the cocaine solution a little behind the middle of the back. To his surprise he found that the animal in each case lost all sensation in the legs and was, in fact, paralyzed from the point of the injection downward. Pricking with needles and stimulating with electrical currents produced no evidence of pain, yet if this same test of anesthesia was used on the forelegs or neck the animal gave immediate evidence of discomfort.

Somewhat later, in experiments upon human beings, Dr. Corning secured similar results; that is, paralysis below the point of puncture and absence of sensation. About 1899 he published his work on "Pain," embodying these researches and methods for producing anesthesia, and spinal anesthesia thereby gained widespread notice, especially

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abroad. Dr. Tuffier, of Paris, and Dr. Bier, of Berlin, interested themselves and attempted to develop and perfect the method of spinal anesthesia. It was found that if sufficient cocaine was injected into the spinal canal to relieve a patient of pain during the operation, the resultant general poisoning at times was most alarming. The poisonous effect of cocaine, used either in the spinal canal or under the skin for minor operations, was very apparent to all; cocaine, as everyone knows, is a most insidious and erratic poison, and after the first exhilarating effects are produced over-stimulation results, and collapse with heart failure ensues.

For years the medical profession has been seeking some drug which can be absorbed by the human system and which will produce a local anesthesia without having a generally poisonous effect. Among the many drugs that have been developed for injection into the spinal canal there have been found the common sulphate of magnesia, alypin, novocaine, and stovaine, and the principal experimental work has finally been done with the last two. Novocaine, a compound in no way related to cocaine except in its physiological effects, has been extensively used in this country, and in one of the New York hospitals a surgeon has recently obtained perfect results in hip-joint amputations, laparotomies—operations for the surgical exploration of the abdomen—for the removal of large abdominal tumors, and similar major operations, where the patient was fully conscious and, what is of the utmost importance, with no untoward results. Stovaine, also a complex synthetic compound whose best effects have been obtained by the addition of small amounts of strychnine to counteract its depressing action on the vital nerve-centers, is the solution which was introduced by Dr. Jonnesco in Rumania, and which has been so widely heralded in this country in recent months.

The impression has been conveyed to many minds that stovaine is a kind of benevolent and pleasant injection under whose influence the surgeon may probe and cut at will with no further effect upon the patient than would be the tickling of a feather. Apparently the popular belief is that stovaine is the heaven-sent miracle of the ages; that it is the crowning triumph of scientific research; and that in its spinal injections all problems of anesthesia have been solved, from parturition to pimples. In regard to any hope

in the lay mind that stovaine will lessen the agonies of childbirth, it may be stated that the effects of stovaine do not last over thirty or thirty-five minutes, while parturition is a process that frequently occupies from four to five hours. This alone leaves it out of consideration, even without considering its possible relation to or interference with the functional processes involved. As a matter of fact, stovaine solves none of the problems of anesthesia that are not fully solved by the long-familiar novocaine in a better way, nor has it encroached on the domain of anesthesia by inhalation as the latter is practised and performed in this country. For example, the drug adrenalin has the peculiar property of diminishing the hemorrhage at the point of operation to almost nothing. Adrenalin, as may be seen, is simply an invaluable adjunct. It can be used in conjunction with novocaine with perfect freedom and certainty of effect of both drugs, yet when adrenalin is used with stovaine it absolutely counteracts the effect of that drug; in the latter conjunction there is no anesthesia, no absence of sensation, and the stovaine reacts, it is said, on the adrenalin so that the hemorrhage ensues as it would without the use of either drug.

In regard to anesthesia produced by inhalation of the well-known ether, chloroform, ethyl chloride, etc., that method has been brought to such a state of perfection, particularly in the United States and Great Britain, with so many different gases for the purpose, that a surgeon may always select one that will obviate practically all danger to the patient, regardless of the different diseases from which he may suffer at the time. The mortality from anesthesia by inhalation varies in the different hospitals from one death in each ten thousand operations to one death in each eighteen thousand operations; while in spinal anesthesia, in hands other than Dr. Jonnesco's, there has been one death to five hundred operations. A comparison of those mortalities would indicate that the method of spinal anesthesia is from twenty to thirty-six times as fatal as anesthesia by inhalation.

Spinal anesthesia is not for indiscriminate use in all operations. Its true field and real value lie in those emergency cases where an operation is imperatively demanded in order to prolong life, but where the patient is suffering from pulmonary trouble, Bright's disease, or an affection of the heart; in these cases there is a certain risk in inhalation

methods. The use of spinal injections might also be considered for purposes of anesthesia for alcoholic and drug victims where those poisons have not been completely removed by newer methods of treatment. Also, if perfected, they would be valuable in cases of operations on the face and neck where the flow of blood is apt to interfere with the administration of an anesthetic by inhalation.

Outside of these exceptions the issue is very clear as to the value of spinal anesthesia over the present perfected and safe methods of anesthesia by inhalation, and an explanation of how and why a solution of a drug injected into the spinal canal can and does produce a complete loss of pain sense may prove interesting. For the moment let us think of the brain, the spinal cord, and the nerves that lead from it as a completely equipped telephone service; the main office is the brain, the massive cables that lead from it are the spinal cord, and the wires are the nerves that are distributed to the skin, muscles, and bones, which parallel, in effect, the individual subscribers to the service.

The spinal cord, as well as the brain proper, is composed of millions of little batteries or nerve-cells that supply the current to tiny arms or wires coming from them. These little wires or arms are intimate portions of the cell and extend up and down the spinal cord at times for very great distances; these form bundles that are the cables in the spinal cord, and over them the messages of sensation and instruction are transmitted. Those clusters of batteries having to do with the transmission of the sense of pain lie in pairs of small, compact, oval masses, each pair situated in a protected spot at the junction of two vertebræ or sheltering segments of the bony spine. From here the little nerve-cell or battery sends one wire down to the legs, the toes, or the skin and the other branch upward through the spinal cord to the brain. Those little batteries that supply the energy for the transmission of messages from the face, throat, head, etc., lie in the uppermost portion of the spinal cord about the nape of the neck; those for the arms, between the head and the shoulders; and those for the legs in that portion of the spine corresponding to the middle of the back.

An examination of a cross-section of the spinal cord under a microscope reveals a perfect picture of a cross-section of a telephone or telegraph cable. These delicate little wires compose the greater bulk of the

spinal cord, and in each of us they invariably lie in a certain definite area and always carry the same class of messages. Those that lie on the outside of the cord and nearest to our back carry messages of pain, others farther inside the cord bring us sensations as to the exact location of our fingers or toes at any instant that we may be desirous of knowing these facts; others have to do with equilibrium or balance, while still others assist us through messages in determining the shape of objects felt—the stereognostic sense. These little wires mentioned are busy carrying messages to the brain, while the balance of the spinal cord is composed of motor fibers that carry impulses from the brain to the muscles and allow us the privilege of moving our arms and legs as we may wish. There is no physiological relation more intimate or more delicate than that of the brain to the spinal cord or of the spinal cord to all the living functions. The slightest injury to the spinal cord instantly leaves the body below the point of injury a mass of inert tissues.

This vital cable is guarded with the most elaborate care by nature. It is, in effect, floating in a liquid that is enclosed in a long tube-like sac that in turn is protected from jar and shock by the elaborate and thick bony structure of the spine itself—the heaviest bone armor in the body.

In spinal anesthesia a hypodermic injection of the solution is made directly into the fluid surrounding the spinal cord. The hypodermic needle enters the spine between the sections of the vertebræ and punctures the arachnoid membrane, as the delicate skin of the spinal sac is called. The administration of spinal anesthesia is in itself no mean operation and requires great delicacy of judgment. Moreover any variation from the most extreme aseptic surgical condition—a condition that one can never be sure exists at any given time—would result in spinal meningitis, that is to say, fatally. And any lack of delicacy of judgment in making the puncture would result in permanent, instead of temporary, paralysis. For that is what spinal anesthesia is, temporary sensory paralysis over large areas.

When the solution of the drug is injected into the sac it immediately mixes with the cerebro-spinal fluid and causes, at that point, the little nerve-cell batteries and the wires in their immediate neighborhood to cease their functioning; all messages in either direction are stopped, and paralysis of sensation ensues. Without these messages the brain

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registers no impression, for the simple reason that none arrives; the limbs can obey no impulse from the brain, for none reaches them—a relay battery in the center of the line of communication has been cut out. This condition lasts for about half an hour, when the cell gradually acquires vitality again.

There is a great degree of variation in the susceptibility of the patients to stovaine. Experiments of many surgeons with stovaine have found that it developed gangrene at the site of the puncture; also that sometimes it would work beautifully and then again at the most critical point would fail and the older methods of inhalation have to be hastily used. There is, as I said above, also the constant danger of blood poisoning by the insertion of the needle into the spinal sac with the resultant fatal meningitis, so that many of the experimenters fear to subject their patients to these risks and the possibility of failure.

When Dr. Jonnesco read his paper on stovaine and spinal anesthesia before the International Congress of Surgery in Brussels in 1908 it met with scant approval. Dr. Bier and Dr. Rehm, of Frankfort, warned against what they considered a dangerous and uncalled-for procedure, and many others on the Continent are not satisfied as to its efficacy. While stovaine appeals to the public mind as a new discovery, Dr. Jonnesco, as I understand, makes no such claim, either for the solution he uses or for the method. His only claim is the demonstration of his personal ability so nicely to adjust the dosage and the locality of injection as to produce complete anesthesia in practically every case requiring a surgical operation.

Dr. Jonnesco's faith in stovaine and spinal anesthesia has been developed under a surgical environment in no way similar to conditions in this country. He himself refers to the people who give anesthetics in Europe as being "often inexperienced and never responsible." No wonder the Rumanian surgeons welcome a method of producing anesthesia that they can take in their own hands and control. Such is not the case in this country. In practically all our larger hospitals a physician devotes his entire time to the administration of various anesthetics and is a specialist in that field. Hence we do not have the crying need for radical and unproved "improvements."

The value of consciousness to the patient during the operation is more specious and

spectacular than real. The ideal anesthetic from the standpoint of the patient may not be ideal from the point of view of the surgeon. And with consciousness there is the ever-present factor of mental strain and morbid imagination that even a painless operation entails.

The position that spinal anesthesia will finally occupy in the world of surgical science is as yet undetermined: at present in the United States, with the perfection that has been attained in anesthesia by inhalation, stovaine offers nothing that cannot be obtained with equal or even greater perfection by older methods. Stovaine does not stand comparison well when compared with novocaine, for the latter, in its ability to retain its anesthetic properties when used in conjunction with adrenalin, is a factor of prime importance. A system of anesthesia that depends for its action on a most serious and delicate operation on the spinal cord, thereby augmenting the danger, is a matter that requires the most painstaking investigation and records of experience. The present methods in that direction are not in any way certain. Grave accidents have followed in the hands of most surgeons, to say nothing of the failures to prevent pain—its prime function. Surgeons who have followed and practised this method are not at all unanimous in their reports; in fact, those reports at the present time are most conflicting. The first duty of the surgeon is to look to the safety and security of the patient, and with the older methods that have been brought to such a high state of perfection we at least have that.

Should spinal anesthesia in time come to be safe and reliable it would have an extremely important field to cover; but its field would lie within the realm of emergency work, cases such as the country practitioner often has to deal with, where, with a limited time and no one to assist him, an anesthetic must be used. Under such emergency circumstances it might be justified. Also for the use of an army in the field, where the portability of the bulky anesthetics would be a factor. But until sure and certain reliability and freedom from additional and complicated dangers are assured, and a larger body of trained scientific minds are convinced by proofs of the existence of such conditions, stovaine and spinal anesthesia will remain as a peculiar psychological instance of the sudden popular interest and judgment in a matter that would have furnished an equal opportunity for enthusiasm any time during the last twenty years.

# Feeling His Oats

By E. W. Kemble



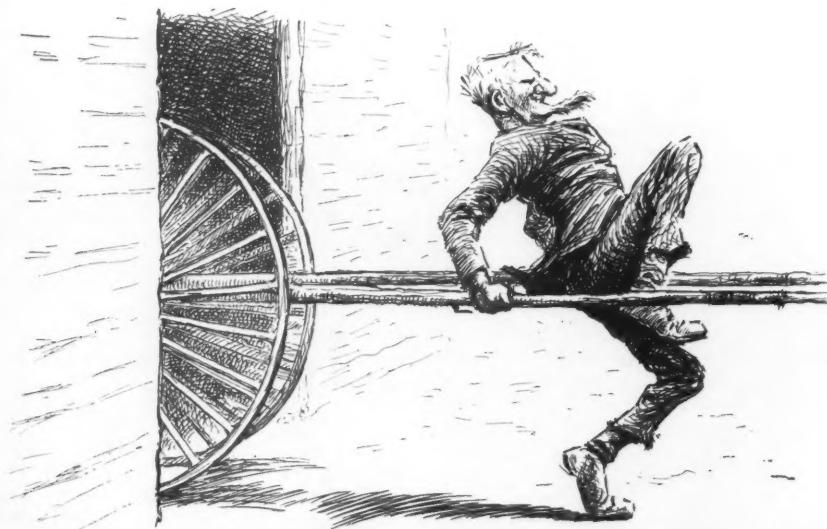
"Cracked oats, be they? Gol-darn hoss-feed, that's all it is, Maria. What do ye want me ter become—common farm stock?"



"Whatever's the matter with yer, Si?"



"I reckon it's them oats. I'm a-feelin 'em. Whew! but I'm dry!"



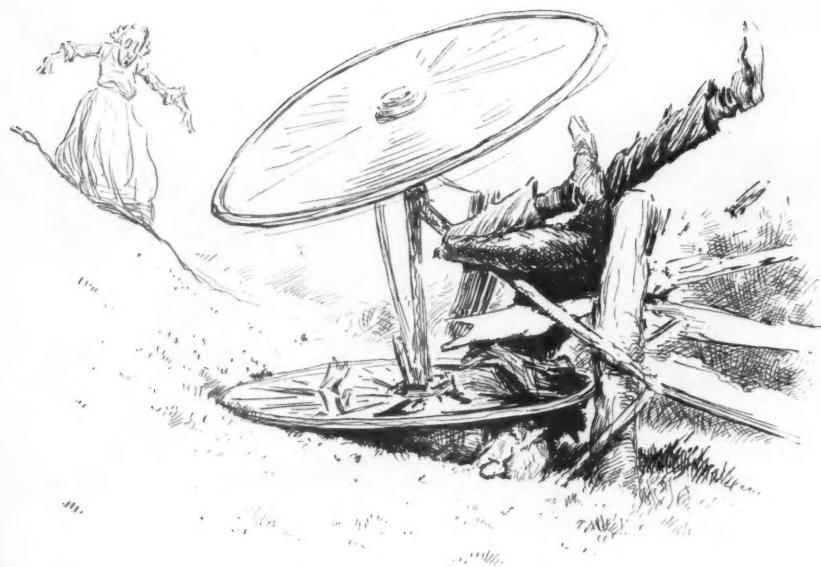
"Yes, sir, it's them oats, gol-ding it. Clear the track!"



"By gizzard, I'm runnin' away—sure—as—"



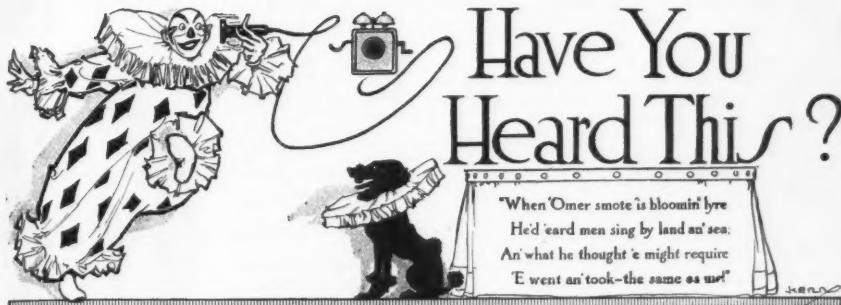
"Help! Some one stop me!"



"Dad-bing them oats! They done it."



"I reckon if you think you can make an ole fool of yerself, I kin be funny, too.  
Whoa there, stand still!"



**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Old anecdotes, like old friends, are more often than not the best, and believing this to be so we pass on to you some that we have recently chosen in the hope that they will give you as hearty a moment of merriment as they have given us. We shall pay liberally for similar available bits of humor, should you know of any that are provocative of mirth.

**MARK TWAIN** and Chauncey M. Depew once went abroad on the same ship. When the ship was a few days out they were both invited to a dinner. Speech-making time came. Mark Twain had the first chance. He spoke twenty minutes and made a great hit. Then it was Mr. Depew's turn.



it. I regret to say that I have lost the notes of his speech and cannot remember anything he was to say."

Then he sat down. There was much laughter. Next day an Englishman who had been in the party came across Mark Twain in the smoking-room. "Mr. Clemens," he said, "I consider you were much imposed upon last night. I have always heard that Mr. Depew is a clever man, but, really, that speech of his you made last night struck me as being the most infernal rot."



One day recently an old darky was brought in from the mountain district of Alabama under suspicion of maintaining an illicit still. There was no real evidence against him.

"What's your name, prisoner?" asked the judge as he peered at the shambling negro.

"My name's Joshua, Judge," was the reply.

"Joshua, eh?" said the judge, as he rubbed his hands. "Joshua, you say? Are you the same Joshua spoken of in the Holy Writ—the Joshua who made the sun stand still?"

"No, Judge," was the hasty reply. "Ah'm de Joshua dat made de moonshine."

## Have You Heard This?

"When 'Omer smote is bloomin' lyre  
Hed'ard men sing by land an' sea;  
An' what he thought 'e might require  
'E went an' took the same as us!"

On a voyage across the ocean an Irishman died and was about to be buried at sea. His friend Mike was the chief mourner at the burial service, at the conclusion of which those in charge wrapped the body in canvas preparatory to dropping it overboard. It is customary to place a heavy shot with a body to insure its immediate sinking, but in this instance, nothing else being available, a large lump of coal was substituted. Mike's cup of sorrow overflowed at this, and he tearfully exclaimed,

"Oh, Pat, I knew you'd never get to heaven, but, begorry, I didn't think you'd have to furnish your own fuel."



A certain captain in the army was summoned by his colonel to answer a charge of assault preferred against him by a sentry, who had stated that the officer had used him pretty roughly one evening at the gate of the barracks.

A humorous phase of the affair was that the officer apparently had no recollection of the alleged assault. The sentry had made so bold as to declare that the officer was intoxicated.

Among those questioned was the captain's orderly, an Irishman, who protested vigorously that the allegation of the sentry was a slander—that he was sure the captain was perfectly sober the evening of the alleged assault.

"Why are you so sure that Captain Blank was sober that evening?" he was asked. "Did he speak to you upon his return to his quarters?"



"He did, sir."

"What did he say?"

"He tould me to be shure an' call him early in the mornin', sir."

"And did the captain say why he wished to be called early?"

"Yis, sir, he did, sir. He said he was goin' to be Queen o' the May, sir," responded the orderly with convincing gravity.

## Have You Heard This?

In Western Kansas a teacher in a primary grade was instructing her class in the composition of sentences. After a talk of several minutes she wrote two sentences on the blackboard, one syntactically wrong and the other a misstatement of fact. The sentences were: "The hen has three legs" and "Who done it?"

"Willie," said the teacher to one of the youngsters, "go to the board and show where the fault lies in those two sentences."

Willie slowly approached the board, evidently studying hard on the tangle. Then to his teacher's consternation he took the crayon and wrote: "The hen never done it. God done it."



Only two months after Chloe's marriage she reappeared in the kitchen and asked for her old place.

"What has happened to your husband?" asked her former employer.

"Dey ain' nothing happen to Willyum, Mis' Franklin."

"Isn't he willing to support you?"

"Oh, yes'm, he's willin' to suppot me, all right."

"Have you quarreled with him, then?"

"No'm, we ain' qua'led none."

"Is he sick?"

"No'm, he ain' sick."

"What is the matter? Has he left you?"

"No, ma'am, he ain' lef' me. I'm leavin' him."

"Well, what are you doing it for?"

Chloe paused, searching for the right phrase.

"Well, I tell you, Mis' Franklin. It seems lak I dun so'f of lost my taste for Willyum."



Little Pollie, taken to school for the first time, passed a naive judgment upon school-ventilation. She looked eagerly around the assembly-room and tugged at her mother's skirts.

"Mama, mama, where's the ephalunt?"

"There's no elephant here, dear. This is not a circus."

"Oh, yes there is," cried Pollie, sniffing the air, "I 'mell him."



The teacher had gone back to the brave days of old for his reading selection for the day and read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

One of the boys giggled when the story was finished, and the teacher turned to him.

"You do not doubt a trained swimmer could do that, do you, James?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered James; "but I wondered why he didn't make it four and get back to the side his clothes were on."

An asylum for the deaf and dumb, being sadly in need of funds, gave a dance. Among the many outsiders present were two good-looking men. As they were talking together, one of them suddenly exclaimed: "By Jove! there's a pretty girl. I would like to dance with her."

"Why don't you ask her?" responded his companion.

"How?"

"Why, by signs, of course."

So he crossed the hall, and, placing himself in front of the girl, pointed with his index finger to her, then to himself, and then whirled the finger round and round to indicate dancing. The girl smilingly nodded an assent.

Finding that her dancing was as perfect as her figure, he went through the same operation a little later in the evening. Again she nodded assent. As they were waiting for the music to start, another gentleman approached the girl and asked for the next dance.

"I am sorry," she replied in the sweetest of tones, nodding toward her silent partne, "but I have this dance with the dummy."



Two lawyers before a probate judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent,

"Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon."

"Order! Order!" said the judge gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."



During the progress of a big "protracted meeting," for which the South is famous, an ardent sister of the church, who usually came in an old-fashioned buckboard drawn by the family horse, was late for a particularly important service, and was being severely censured by the pastor.

Explaining the reason for being late, the good sister said that the horse had taken fright at a passing train and bolted, and that the wreck of the rig had prevented her from being on time.

"My dear sister, such little things should not make you late for divine services. You should trust in the Lord."

"Well, brother," she replied, and there was a look of calm peacefulness on her face, "I did trust in the Lord till the belly-band busted, and then I had to jump."





### "Uncle Joe" Cannon

**W**HO is Joseph Gurney Cannon? Oh, yes, we all know "Uncle Joe," he of the banging gavel and tiptilted cigar. We know him through a thousand caricatures and cartoons; we know him through his whiplashing of the lower House of Congress, his supercilious, arrogant, and often childish attitude toward things that are new, that make for progress. But just who is this man?

What is he? From what has he sprung and for what does he stand?

Is Speaker Cannon a true statesman, a man of fine accomplishments and high ideals? Is he a man of homely, shrewd, and lovable character like Lincoln? His friends and cohorts say that he is. Or is he the mere cunning, self-seeking politician given to small tricks, petty stratagems, low language, and all the mental, moral, and physical mannerisms of the professional ward politician? You shall judge for yourself when you read the character analysis of Cannon by Alfred Henry Lewis which is to be published in the *COSMOPOLITAN* next month. It will give you a clearer conception of just what the Speaker of the House of Representatives is like and what he represents in modern politics than anything that has yet appeared in print.

### "Barbarous" (?) Mexico

It is a curious literary condition of our day that the average magazine writer is less exact in his positive statements concerning men, things, and conditions than is the average newspaper writer. The latter is trained to chase a fact to its ultimate lair and then squeeze its genealogy from the pelt. The reporter who does not verify his facts is more than worthless—he is mendacious, dangerous. But your insouciant magazine contributor treats a new fact like an old friend. He

slaps it on the back, and introduces it promiscuously among the tried and indubitable companions of his "story." The antecedents of the stranger, the genuineness of its purpose, are not generally questioned, and hence a great many allegations and hearsays are masquerading in some of the magazines these days as literal facts.

Of course this is in no wise the case so far as the really great magazine writer-investigators are concerned. Lincoln Steffens, David Graham Phillips, Alfred Henry Lewis, Charles Edward Russell, and others of their class and rating do not pin to paper any concrete statement which they cannot prove. And the more important the fact the more ways and means they have of proving it. It is the untrained, unchecked writer, whose previous work has in no manner prepared him for the responsibility of the up-to-the-minute dispenser of real information, who usually makes a guess when the fact itself is not at hand, or whose love for high-sounding phrases leads him into the belief that the verbal symphonies of expression are the same as the symphonic verities of life.

And, apropos, are some bald misstatements recently made about Mexico in one of our contemporaries. The writer, to make his point, has gone to unbelievable lengths, has stretched some truths until they take on entirely new shapes and meanings, and in one or two instances he declares things hard to prove. Having started with his title, "Barbarous Mexico," his task has been to write up to the heat and flamboyancy of it. Seemingly this has been difficult, for hysteria has, in some of his chapters, been made to take the place of history; he has worked his fancy overtime to give it semblance of verity. We did not believe all that was stated by this writer concerning Mexico. Many of his statements would not square up with known conditions. And so to find the truth about things Mexican we despatched a messenger into the alleged "barbarous" country. We asked him to tell all the facts in the case with-

out bias or coloring, to give us a true picture of the land of the Montezumas, to "show up" Porfirio Diaz whether as dictator, devil, or plain president of the people sincerely "on his job" and alive to his own day and period.

All these things and more Otheman Stevens, the *COSMOPOLITAN*'s special commissioner-investigator, has run to earth. He has whitewashed nothing, exaggerated no condition, and he has presented all the facts in a readable, human way. A vivid writer, Mr. Stevens has in no instance sacrificed truth for mere literary effect, and his first article in this month's *COSMOPOLITAN* presents an accurate picture of modern Mexico and the Mexicans in a manner that must interest and convince every American who loves fair play and square dealing.

### Our Vanishing Ships

CLEVELAND, January 7, 1910.

To the Editor of the *COSMOPOLITAN*:

DEAR SIR: I have just finished reading Lewis Nixon's article on "Conquering the Seven Seas" in the February number of your magazine, and to put it mildly, I was absolutely amazed that a condition such as he points out could exist in a "free" country like ours. Why are we developing our foreign trade? Why are we building the Panama Canal? How can we expect to get the slightest good out of it without ships to carry our goods? A few years ago England thought she was doing a great "stunt" in buying a controlling interest in the bonds of the Suez Canal—although to her credit it should be said that originally she was far-sighted enough to oppose the project. The result was that after the canal was built, England's trade—with scores of ships to our one—fell off. What can we hope to-day from the completion of the canal at Panama except to clinch still further the control of our trade by foreigners? It isn't patriotic; it isn't sense; it isn't business. And as a Connecticut Yankee—transplanted temporarily out here on the Lakes where we have a *real* merchant marine—I want to enter my protest against the weak-kneed policy of the so-called "representatives of the people" down in Washington, in allowing foreigners to drive our ships from the seas. You are doing great work in stirring up the people on this issue.

R. W. S.

We undertook this series of articles with the idea that they *would* "stir up the people" and so accomplish a good work. For the past few decades we, as a nation, have been too busy exploiting our natural resources and piling up fabulous wealth for a few individuals to pay attention to our loss of control of the means of communication with the world oversea. We have been able to buy the things that were brought to our door, and did not question how they got there. We have found a ready market for the maximum output of

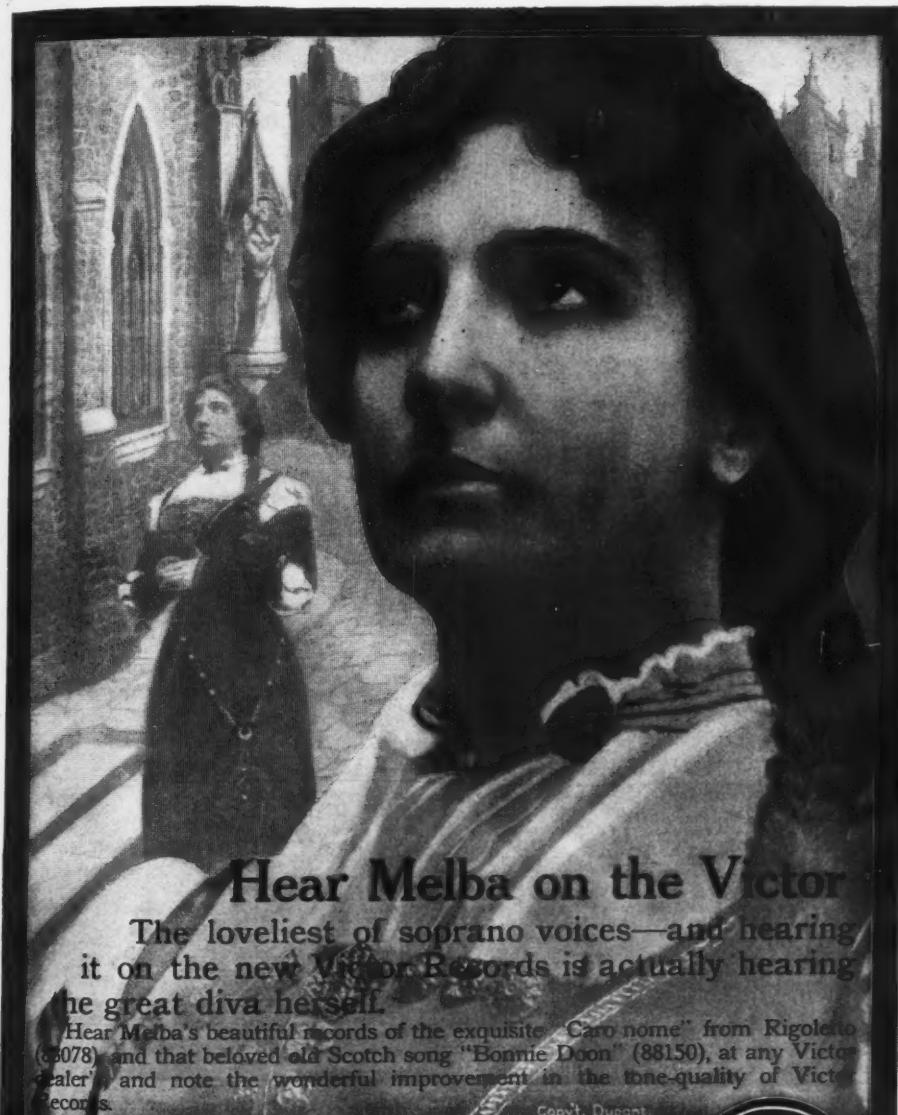
our factories, so have not troubled ourselves about ships to carry merchandise to new customers. The other nations are reaching out to the uttermost ends of the earth for trade, and as we become more and more a manufacturing and less an agricultural nation we shall have to do so, too. Then we shall need our own ships, and a fleet—even a merchant fleet—is not built in a day. Can we begin its building now? In his article in this issue Mr. Nixon points out certain commercial conventions which hamper, if they do not actually prohibit, the restoration of our flag to the seas. Can these conventions be ignored? Can they be abrogated? If so, do we risk panic or commercial war? The definite answer to these questions, which Mr. Nixon will give in his concluding article, will, in our opinion, do more than any other one thing to put us in a position where it will be possible to rebuild our vanished merchant fleet.

### "Letters to My Son"

If you don't read another story in any of the magazines this month, do not fail to give yourself the treat of beginning "Letters to My Son" in this issue. They do not suggest or discuss the heart-wrenching problem of "neglected wives" or "other women." Far better than this, they tell a story—a story of mother-love, gripping and universal. A mother pouring out her soul to her son yet unborn, in imagination following him through babyhood, boyhood, young manhood, rejoicing in his pleasures, sharing his disappointments with the heart-devotion of coming motherhood—this is the theme.

### One More of the Best

Just as we go to press comes the good news that Robert W. Chambers will write a serial story for us. We haven't time with the presses waiting to say much about it, but we did not want this issue of the magazine to leave the shop without passing the good word on to you. Frankly, we have rarely made an announcement of a *COSMOPOLITAN* feature that gave us greater pleasure. Mr. Chambers's stories sell literally by the million. Merely as a matter of business we expect to add thousands of new subscribers; and for your enjoyment we cannot imagine a writer of serial stories whom you would rather have in the magazine—exclusively while his serial is appearing—than this real master of genuinely great fiction.



## Hear Melba on the Victor

The loveliest of soprano voices—and hearing it on the new Victor Records is actually hearing the great diva herself.

Hear Melba's beautiful records of the exquisite "Caro nome" from *Rigoletto* (83078) and that beloved old Scotch song "Bonnie Doon" (88150), at any Victor dealer's, and note the wonderful improvement in the tone-quality of Victor records.

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A 740 1 (Back) "Non più andrai."

10-inch Double-Disc \$1.50

If you haven't heard a Columbia record made during the last few months, you cannot know what the modern graphophone can do. Your machine (Columbia or other make) will play Columbia Double-Disc Records—music on both sides—one selection on the front, another on the back. 65 cents will bring you a sample and the name of a nearby dealer. Catalog free.

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The Columbia Grafonola is the one incomparable musical instrument. The Grafonola "Elite" is the first cabinet machine ever offered at its price; the smallest perfect cabinet machine ever introduced—the beginning of a new era in sound-reproducing instruments. Built of the finest selected, genuine San Domingo mahogany, hand rubbed and piano polished. Catalog free.

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# A Wonderful Business Story

We have told in a book—which we ask you to send for—one of the greatest business stories ever told. A story of how John N. Willys stepped in two years to the topmost place in motordom. Of how **Overland** automobiles rose in 24 months to this year's sale of \$24,000,000. How a factory has grown like magic to a payroll of 4,000 men—to a daily output of 30 carloads of automobiles. And how a large part of the demand of the country has been centered around one remarkable car.

## The Discovery

Here is an outline of the story—just enough to make you want it all.

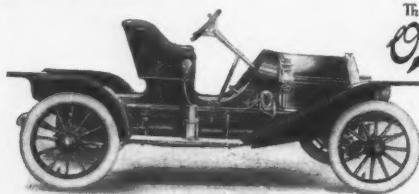
Two years ago, Mr. John N. Willys was a dealer in automobiles. There came to him one day a remarkable car—evidently the creation of a mechanical genius. The simplest, sturdiest, smoothest-running car that anyone around there had seen.

The name of the car was the Overland. And the price—then, \$1,250—was as amazing as the car itself.

The sale of this car spread like wildfire. Each car sold brought a call for twenty others like it. Old and new motor car owners came by the score to deposit advance money—attracted by the Overland's matchless simplicity.

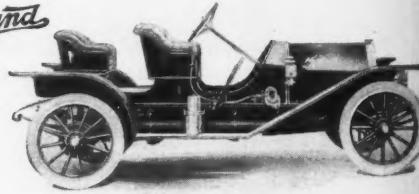
But the cars did not come. And when Mr. Willys went to the makers he found them on the verge of receivership.

The genius which had created this marvelous car could not finance the making in the face of the 1907 panic.



Overland Model 38—Price, \$1,000. 25 h. p.—102-inch wheel base. Made also with single rumble seat, double rumble seat and Toy Tonneau at slightly additional cost.

The  
*Overland*



Overland Model 40—Price \$1,250  
40 h. p.—112-inch Wheel Base  
All Prices Include Magneto

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